THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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THIS OLD TOWN WILL JUST HUM

American Eagle Will Scream as He Never Before Screamed

JULY FOURTH CELEBRATION

A Two-Day Program of Amusements Being Prepared by the Executive Committee — Balloon Ascensions, Baseball and Horse Racing—Prizes for Automobile and Horse Floats.

The following statement has been issued by the executive committee of the Fourth of July celebration:

To the industrial, business and professional men of Clearfield:

Gentlemen:

Before July 4, the war will be over and Mexico will be whipped to astandstill. This being a foregone conclusion, let us prepare to celebrate not only the Declaration of Independence, but our victory over the "Greasers" as well, by all joining in and helping along the Big Celebration now being arranged for under the joint auspices of the Clearfield fire department and the Clearfield Hospital association.

In connection with the coming celebration, to be held on July 3rd and 4th, the committee in charge is arranging a mammoth industrial parade as one of the big features, to be held in the forenoon of July 4th, and we take this means of appealing to all progressive business men who know the value of up-to-the-minute advertising, to participate. During the centennial held a few years ago the industrial parade was one of the big features and brought thousands of people to Clearfield on that day to witness it.

The Industrial Parade.

The industrial parade this year will surpass that one if it lies in the power of the committee to "produce the goods," and we think it does, with the help of all who desire to show their patriotism and public spirit.

The committee is already in touch with a number of the best brass bands in Central Pennsylvania and will have five or six, besides home bands in the line of march.

As an extra inducement to the different business places and citizens generally to take part in the big parade the committee is offering prizes amounting to $50, divided as follows: $15 and $10 for the best and second best auto floats: $15 and $10 for the best and second best horse drawn floats.

Will be a Mile Long.

Besides the floats and bands the home and visiting fire departments, with apparatus, all fraternal organizations—many in uniform and regalia—Dark Town fire brigade, fantastics, saddle and harness horses, draft horses, pony carts, etc,. etc., will stretch the parade to at least a mile in length.

With a view of getting a line on all those who desire to participate in the big parade a sub-committee will visit the different business and industrial establishments in the near future and it is hoped that all who are in a position to do so will signify their intention and willingness to join in and help make this the biggest affair of its kind ever witnessed in Clearfield.

Balloon Ascension.

To give you a slight idea of what has already been accomplished, the executive committee announces that it has secured as one of the attractions the world famous "King Kelly", aeroncut, who will pull off three balloon ascensions with double and triple parachute drops, something never before seen in Clearfield.

Another feature of this attraction will be a balloon ascension in the evening with a fine display of fireworks from the balloon a thousand feet in the air, another stunt never witnessed in our town.

The lovers of base ball and horse racing will have an opportunity of indulging in their favorite sports each day; fast ball teams and faster horses having been secured for the occasion.

Only a Few of Attractions.

The above are only a few of the big things in store for those who will visit Clearfield on July 3rd and 4th.

Continued on 4th page.

FUNSTON'S MEN HOLD VERA CRUZ

Army Replaces Bluejackets and Maintains Order.

NO EXTENSION OF CONTROL.

Huerta Continues Policy of Leaving Americans Alone—Result of Mediation Plans Awaited Before Extending Territory Under American Control. City Conquered.

Vera Cruz, April 29.—The army transports bringing Brigadier General Funston's troops from Galveston arrived in the harbor at dawn. The disembarkation of the troops was completed in the afternoon. The bluejackets, who have been ashore since the occupation of Vera Cruz, were withdrawn, and all returned to their respective ships. The marines will remain ashore for the time being.

President Huerta has decided not to attempt to try conclusions with the American forces near Vera Cruz. This is indicated by reports brought to the city by passengers arriving from the outlying districts. The passengers said they saw General Maas, the former commandant at Vera Cruz, and his men making their way farther into the interior from Soledad. With him were the few cadets who escaped from the Naval academy after the battle fought there in the second day's engagement.

The American forces are tolerant of almost all Mexicans who enter their lines, and it is not improbable that any Mexican officer might with safety openly enter and depart from the city.

Rodrigo de Llano, a reporter of El Imparcial of Mexico City, arrived at Vera Cruz. He visited the American headquarters and surveyed the entire field of operations without molestation. He plans to return to the capital with his story on the first train he can get to take him out.

No Extension of Control.

It is generally understood that there will be no effort to extend the territory now held until further orders to that effect come from Washington. This attitude, it is supposed, is the result of the negotiations regarding mediation, little information of which is reaching here, and because of the desire to continue efforts to bring Americans in Mexico City and elsewhere to the coast.

Several naval officers now administering municipal affairs were not disturbed when the army staff took hold. Among these is Commander Stickney of the Prairie, captain of the port, who is now directing affairs inside the breakwater. Since the Prairie is a marine transport, with all her men ashore, it is not probable that any change will be made so far as the position of captain of the port is concerned.

N. Y. C. OPERATOR DEAD

Lloyd High Unexpectedly Passes Away at Burnside.

Lloyd High, a N. Y. C. operator at Burnside, died very unexpectedly on last Saturday and was buried at New Millport, the home of his wife's people, this morning at 11 o'clock. Mr. High had gone to the Hellwood hospital for an operation, and was thought to be recovering. He wrote his wife that he was getting along well, and before the letter reached Burnside a telegram was received announcing his death.

Mr. High had two brothers, who are well known in this section. One is Prof. High, of Mahaffey, and the other is a resident of New Millport.

AEDRESSED THE STUDENTS

High School Pupils Told of Value of a College Education.

Professor Hutchinson, who holds a chair in Dickinson college, addressed the students of the Clearfield High school Tuesday afternoon on the necessity for a college education. The professor told the students that the government of the nation would in a few years fall upon the shoulders of the boys and girls of today and they could not perform their duties successfully if they had not acquired a college education.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Sir George Doughty, Liberal-Unionist member of parliament for Grimsby, died in London.

Mme. Jeane Dureau, wife of Albert Dureau, a writer, and daughter of Paul Durand-Ruel, the artist, died in Paris. She was the sister of George and Joseph Durand-Ruel of Paris.

WILSON FRAMES HIS DEMANDS

Stipulates That Dictator Huerta Must Surrender Rule

"STRONG MAN" NOW SOUGHT

One on Whom All Factions In Mexico Can Unite Is Needed to Assume Presidency—Carranza and Villa Out of the Question—Mediators Begin Work, and War Ceases Until Climax Is Reached.

General Huerta may be given only seventy-two hours to accede to United States terms, including demand for his abdication. He has accepted the principle of mediation.

General Funston and his expeditionary army of 4,000 landed at Vera Cruz.

Admiral Fletcher seizes Vera Cruz property of the Terminal company, a British concern, over which the British flag was flying.

Generals Villa and Carranza were in a conference which may end in break between the two over Villa's friendliness toward the United States.

Hundreds of American refugees are fleeing from Mexico.

Twenty-one states east of the Mississippi have offered a total of 70,513 militiamen.

American women refugees jailed at Cordoba are being tortured by death threats.

Representative Mendell, speaking in the house, charged Consul General Hanna and Consul Canada with being sensationalists. Consul General Hanna was declared to be a friend of the Mexican rebels.

Envoys of Brazil, Argentina and Chile resumed their sessions to perfect a plan for the settlement of the Mexican trouble which they will lay before both President Wilson and General Huerta.

The Americans remaining in Mexico City leave for the gulf coast by special train.

Tension Is Lessened.

Washington, April 29.—The war tension here has greatly lessened with the formal acceptance by the Huerta government of the offer of Argentina, Brazil and Chili to use their good offices for peace.

Great as are the obstacles in the way of successful mediation, the indications are that the parleys, even if nothing comes of them finally, will stave off war for some days. Formal proposals on each side will soon be made, and these will be thrashed over. Considerable time will doubtless be consumed in this process, so that even if war is to come there will be some waiting.

Making due allowance for the feeling in many quarters that Huerta is merely playing for time and position, and also making allowance for the belief of some that the mediators are not really friendly to this country and are likely to put the United States in a hole if they get a chance, it is also true that this government, having consented to mediation, is bound to give it a sincere trial and not look for an excuse to let loose the war dogs.

In its formal proposals this government will insist on Huerta getting out, and in his proposals Huerta will presumably proceed on the basis of himself remaining and our forces leaving Vera Cruz. While this would seem to point to a quick impasse and speedy blocking of negotiations, the probabilities are that the first proposals on each side will not be followed by immediate rejection by this government or by Huerta, but by repeated exchange of views through the mediators.

It is believed this government will not resume war operations in a hurry, even if it becomes convinced Huerta cannot be pried loose by diplomatic means, provided the president is convinced the Huerta power is being rapidly undermined and the Constitutionalists are going forward rapidly, as they say they are.

As yet the initial steps only have been taken in the effort to settle the difficulties between the two countries without further resort to arms.

Much remains to be done before the outlook can assume any definite form. The stage now reached—that of framing the conditions of mediation—is extremely delicate.

On the other hand, the attitude of Carranza is bound to have an important bearing on the outlook.

The Constitutionalists at present control a large proportion of Mexico, including the important cities of Juarez, Chihuahua and Torreon.

New Pastor for Winburne.

Rev. Andrew Houser, of Altoona, ordained a minister by the Erie Evangelical church conference, in session at Altoona this week, has been appointed to the charge at Winburne.

Mrs. D. L. Krebs and Mrs. J. K. Horton are in Philadelphia.

PASSENGER CAR PLAYS A STUNT

Rear of Coach Jumps From Track on The N. Y. C.

HITS TIES LONG DISTANCE

Train Was Running at Moderate Rate of Speed, and Passengers Escaped With Shaking—A Serious Accident Narrowly Averted—A Queer Performance.

A peculiar accident occurred on the N. Y. C. railroad at a point near "J" tower about a mile below Mahaffey, on Tuesday evening, when th front truck on a passenger coach left the rails and for a distance of several hundred feet rode cross-ways on the tracks, tearing up the ties and temporarily tying up traffic. Owing to the fact that the train was traveling at a very low rate of speed at the time, what might have been a very serious accident was averted.

When the train passed the tower it slowed down to take orders. The brakeman had secured his orders, and was standing on the rear platform, when he noticed that somethin was wrong with the smoking car, which was attached to the baggage car. He reached for the bell cord and was thrown from the train. At the same moment the conductor scented trouble and gave the signal to slow up. The train was quickly brought to a stop and a bad accident was narrowly averted.

The accident is peculiar in that the wheels did not leave the rails at a switch, neither was there anything wrong with the equipment, according to officials of the road. The persons riding in the smoker had the ride of their lives for about a minute, but no one was injured.

The wreck train straightened out the matter, and the performing car was in use again today.

LATEST FROM MEXICO

Most Authentic News of the Conflict in the Republic.

The war with Mexico is on, and thousands of Uncle Sam's boys are either in Mexico or on their way, to uphold the dignity of the United States. Men have been killed, buildings dynamited, and thousands of refugees are moving toward theAmerican border for protection.

These are stirring times, history is being made, and you will wish to read every line in connection with this struggle.

The North American has special correspondents and photographers on the field, which, together with leased lines and Associated Press dispatches will enable them to give their reade s the latest and most authentic reports obtainable, together with photographic illustrations taken on the field.

If you are not a regular subscriber to The North American, place your order with the nearest agent, and have him serve you with a copy each day.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Hike for Boys on Saturday—To Form a Gun Club

On Saturday, May 2, there will be a hike for all boys of the Y. M. C. A. All those who are going are requested to meet at the "Y" on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Everyone be sure to bring his dinner. The hike will be out towards Rockton.

There will be a meeting on Monday May 4, at 7.30, to organize a gun club. Every one that is interested and wants to get into the fun should be present at this meeting.

June 8 is the date set for the six day bicycle trip, and the objective place is Pittsburgh. Details of the trip may be obtained by inquiring at the office. All those who would like to or can go are asked to give their names to the secretary or physical director as soon as possible.

Married at U. B. Parsonage.

Guy Lansberry and Miss Grace Lomadue were married at the parsonage of the U. B. church, East End, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. F. Kelly officiating. They will reside on a farm.

Accident at Houtzdale.

Several men were injured at Houtzdale Monday when powder they were unloading exploded.

EXERCISES HELD IN DARKNESS

Lights go Out at Mahaffey H. S. Commencement

STUDENTS ARE UNDISMAYED

Occasion Made Rather Sorrowful Because Death of Brother Calls Away the Principal of the School—Program Carried Out Despite Untoward Circumstances.

With the principal who had trained them unexpectedly called away on account of the death of his brother, and with the building in which the commencement exercises were being held in darkness, was the peculiar experienc of the graduating class of the Mahaffey High school on Tuesday evening.

The town of Mahaffey is famed for its graduating classes, and these occasions are always largely enjoyed by the good people of that section.

On Tuesday evening the Lutheran church was beautifully decorated with potted plants and the colors of the class. The orchestra was in place and ready for the opening number when the electric lights disappeared for an instant. There was a murmur of amusement until the performance was repeated three times, a signal which in Mahaffey means trouble. There was a hurried search for oil lamps and the class took its position on the platform and carried out the program in a darkness that all but obliterated the speakers.

The exercises were nicely arranged and the graduates displayed evidence of careful training and unusual talent. The following program was given:

Music, orchestra.

Invocation, Rev. I. P. Hawkins.

"A New Phase of Banking," Lisle Stephenson.

"The Life of Clara Barton," Nora Roberts.

Music, orchestra.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun," Martha Sunderlin.

"Future History of the Present Centuries," Florence Conrath.

Presentation of diplomas, T. M. Davidson, secretary of board.

Music, orchestra.

"With the Captain on the Bridge," Supt. W. M. Pierce, of Ridgway.

Benediction, Rev. Hawkins.

County Superintendent Tobias, of this place, was present and introduced Prof. Pierce.

MINERS DISCUSS THE OPERATORS' PROPOSAL

Some of The Men Against Acceptance of 1912 Scale

A meeting of miners of DuBois, Sykesville, Big Soldier, Erlton, and Hildrup mines was held at DuBois, on Tuesday afternoon, and the question of returning to work until it was seen how the men voted on the proposition to accept the scale of 1912 at the election next Monday resulted, as well as the sentiment of the miners relative to how they should vote on that question were discussed.

Speeches were made by Patrick Egan, District President Purcell, National Organizer Reese Watson, J. E. Brown and William Broad. While the speakers did not advise the men to go back to work several of them pointed out that the national organization favored that step. Mr. Brown was in favor of remaining out until an agreement with the operators could be effected. It is believed that unless the men in the DuBois section change their minds they will vote next Monday against accepting the scale of 1912.

The meeting, at which there were about 1500 miners, passed resolutions denouncing the civil war in Colorado and calling upon President White, of the national organization, to call a national strike of all miners under his jurisliction, in protest against "government by gunmen as practiced in Colorado, unless these practices end."

In a number of the mines in this field the miners are working.

Subscribe for the Prorgess.

MANY CRIMES ON THE LIST

Defendants Who Will be Tried at the May Term

TWO MURDER CASES LISTED

Burglaries, Larcenies, Attempts to Kill, Wife Desertions and Dangerous Assault and Battery Suits Will Keep the Court Busy Next Week—Some Will be Settled.

May criminal court, which begins on Monday next, promises to be one of the largest in the history of the county. There are crimes on the list ranging from murder to assault and battery. Two alleged murderers—Philip Cimo and Clay Heaton—are to be tried, the three other men charged with murder appearing later in the month.

The list of cases, with the exception of a few which will be added later, is as follows:

Two Murder Cases.

Murder—Philip Cimo, Clayton Heaton.

Assault and battery with intent to kill—John Spanogle, Dan B. Kline.

Burglary—Joe Howard and John Doe, John Koski and Bernard Kozlowichv, Arthur McCall and Daniel Sheridon, August Piare, Jack Daley.

Wife desertion—Harry Helen, Anson Perrett.

Wife desertion and non-support—George Redding, Mike Rinkus.

Non-support—Lee Slaughter.

Violating mining law—John Stevenson, H. B. Swoope, Daniel J. Hopkins, William Orr, Samuel O. Wolford, Guy Sankey, Harry Hughes.

Three Liquor Cases.

Violating liquor laws—Fred Tost, Solomon Rye, Louis Valentine.

F. & B.—James Stockman, Jacob Yarger, August Courtiet, Ray McFate, George Stephenson, Fred Gallagher, Fred Cameron, Burt Phillips, W. Guy Miller, Sylvester Fetner.

Larceny—Emma Kocsick, Lloyd Rowles, Lewis Eddinger, Gust Cocsick, Dan Brandon and Arthur McCall, Charles Peters.

A. & B.—J. B. Stier, Gust Mahaska and Fred Kashihick, Philip Dotts, Lamer Dotts and Philip S. Dotts, Francis Kerin, John Lachum, Clara Fullerton, Matt Szozedos, Joseph Bilik, David Barto.

Married Too Often.

Bigamy—Arnold E. Poorman.

False pretense—C. P. Umenzie, A. J. Murphy, William Kramer.

Threats—Michael Hippler, Mariana Binaralla.

Statutory rape—John Swan.

Embezzlement — Charles Fowler, Cort Hess.

Fradulent representation — G. A. Schrock.

Burglary and entry—Walter Gallagher.

Charged With Robbery.

Intent to rob—John Willie.

Disorderly conduct and lewdness—Annie Seaburn.

A. & B., desertion and non-support—Mike Rankas.

Receiving and concealing stolen goods—August Piarre.

Larceny and receiving stolen goods—August Piarre.

Maintaining disorderly house—William C Goss.

Assault and attempt to rape—Steve Damit.

The district attorney expects that a number of these cases will be settled and that several defendants will plead guilty when their cases are called next week.

CLERKS AND CARRIERS

Examination of Applicants for Positions at Local Postoffice.

A civil service examination for clerk and city carrier in the postoffice at Clearfield will be held in the High school building, Clearfield, on Saturday, May 9. The salaries of these positions range from $800 to $1200 per annum.

Application blanks may be had of R. C. Ogden, at the Clearfield postoffice, who will give applicants all the information regarding the examination they may desire.

Stop at Jersey Shore.

After next Sunday all New York Central trains will stop at Jersey Shore, and passengers going east will change to the Reading at that town.

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A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

HOUSE-CLEANING SALE Of the ELECTRIC Brand HOUSE-DRESSES



Hundreds of the best made House-Dresses have been selected in America's foremost House-Dress factory for this "House-Cleaning" Sale. Here is your opportunity to secure neat, perfect fitting and thoroughly practical House-Dresses at economy prices--and just when you need them most.

Your first thought on seeing them will be "How is it possible at the price." And there is more to Electric Dresses than the low price. You will note the dependable materials and the superior workmanship. These "Electrics" are the smartest creations in House-Dresses ever shown; they are really the last thought of the style artists. They are famous for comfortable and correct fit at the shoulder, bust, hips, and every other point. During house-cleaning time you need House-Dresses. This special event has been staged particularly for you. Come.



The Best Dollar's Worth of Dress You Ever Purchased

THE ROCHESTER

A smart, semi-round neck model with stitched-down collar of plain color cambric; bias folds of dress material ending in wider fold of plain color used as trimming at front of waist. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves are made of dress material, decorated by tabs of solid color cambric. A special feature of this model is the new peplum belt that fits correctly, long or short-waisted figures. All sizes can be had in this style—16 and 18 years, also 34 to 46 bust measure. Large assortment of checks, figures stripes, in good percales, at only **$1.00**

EVERY ILLUSTRATION.

In this advertisement is an exact reproduction of the original House-Dress and the descriptions are just as you will find garments and assortments to be. In addition to the House-Dresses mentioned here, we have dozens of other fresh and new styles direct from the makers.



THE DETROITER

Here is a model of unusual value. A specially attractive round-neck style with stitched down stole collar of dress material and edged with piping of contrasting color. Loops of cambric and pearl buttons are cambric and pearl buttns are also used as trimming on collar Three-quarter length sleeves and dainty pointed cuff neatly tailored pocket on waist At the back of skirt, at top, are clusters of fine tucks. This charming dress is made in splendid quality percale in small figure patterns, also stripes, checks and solid colors Complete assortment of sizes in all colors and patterns, Price .. **$1.00**

THE CLEARFIELDER.

A classic model, displaying the stylish Poiret collar and turn-back cuff points on the three-quarter length sleeves, corresponding with collar. Piping of contrasting material extends down front of waist and around the waist line. Neatly tailored pocket on the waist. Back of skirt has cluster of fine tucks at top. This desirable model can be had in neat striped and checked percales, with solid color trimmings; also solid color Yale blue percale with figured cambric trimmings. We are showing this model in all sizes: 16 and 18 years, also 36 to 46 bust measure, at only **$1.00**





MATERNITY DRESS.

A Dress for a purpose and constructed to accomplish that purpose.

The outlet for fullness on Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is at the back. The extra fullness is concealed under the back panel in the form of one pleat, and this fullness is let out by simply unbuttoning wo pearl buttons on the back tab. The buttons can be moved to any location that suits the wearer. No matter how much adjustment is necessary the lap-over pleats at the back contain enough fullness.

The outlet for altering the length of Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is in the extra deep hem which can be let out at any point desired and thus drape the dress to an even length all the way round. Note that the hem is basted with a chain stitch which can be pulled out quickly in altering the length.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are entirely washable. They contain no metal devices, no elastic bands, no draw strings; therefore, they can be laundered like any other House Dress.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are designed so that they hang gracefully at all times. They are exactly like ordinary House Dresses in appearance before it becomes necessary to let them out, and when the necessity for using the extra fullness ceases, the dresses again become normal House Dresses. Thus their usefulnes is not over until they are completely worn out.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses can be used to advantage by invalids and Convalescents because they can be let out through the waists and hips, thus making them roomy and comfortable without altering their graceful appearance. Price **$2.25**

THE HANDY DANDY.

A reversible, double-front combination House Dress and Apron, a dress especially desirable for house-cleaning days, because it can be worn as a house dress or slipped on over another to get into when in a hurry, and "Dandy" because it looks so neat and comfortable. Made of a good quality percale, in light and dar patterns, bound around neck, down edges of front, at top of pockets, around arm holes and waist line Slips on like a coat and fastens at the neck and under waist line with loop buttons and four buttons on skirt. Really the "Handiest," "Dandiest" Combination Dress and Apron we have ever seen. Every woman will want one. Priced only **$1.00**

Extraordinary House-Dresses at a Dollar and a Half

THE NEW DELAWARE.

A charming model combining style, neatness and practicability, for which Electric Dresses are famous. Several late style ideas are featured in this model, yet its desirability as a house dress or semi-street dress is unexcelled. Note the loops and buttons on waist, skirt and cuffs; the wide demi-stitched band made of solid color cambon, skirt gives, it the fashionable neck, with stitched down yoke collar. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves. Waist line is finished with the new peplum belt. Seams of the skirt are all double stitched, and tape bound. Your size will be found in our assortment of thes $2.50 dresses and you can buy one for **$1.50**





THE CLEVELANDER.

House-cleaning days require house dresses that have maximum of wearing quality. We are showing this sensible and stylish model made of America's best cambric—a cloth unexcelled for long, hard service. Fancy center to side opening of waist in front. Deep pointed yoke collar that is stitched down and outlined with piping. The sleeves are three-quarter length with neat cuffs that are piped. Waist line also is defined with piping. Wide side pleat extends down center at back of skirt; all seams of skirt being double stitched and tape-bound. We have stocked a splendid assortment of colors and patterns in all sizes of this model. In addition to the regular sizes, 16 and 18 and 34 to 46, we have out-sizes 48 to 56 bust measure at $2.00. Regular sizes at only **$1.50**

THE EXTRA-SIZE MODEL

How often we have heard our stout customers remark, "I cannot be fitted with anything ready-to-wear." At last we hae found House Dresses that will fit out-of-proportion women with ease and comfort. Bust measu e sizes 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56. Made of standard quality percales in light and dark patterns. This model has a comfortable round neck, large, roomy armholes, three-quarter length sleeves that are wide enough to allow the arm to bend, and plenty of width in the skirt at hips. Trimming consists of piping which edges the stitched-down stole collar, the pointed cuffs, pointed tab on pocket and defines the slightly raised waist line. A sensible, comfortable and practical house dress designed for stout women priced at only **$1.25**

IMPORTANT TO CITY CUSTOMERS.

You can order any of these House-Dresses by telephone Just give name, size and color wanted. Out-of-town readers of this "ad" can obtain any dress desired by Mail. Order by name, giving size and color desired.

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention.

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses

2 to 14 Years

At 29c Dainty little Russian Dresses with low neck and short sleeves, made of striped percales in assorted colors, trimmed with plain colors.

At 59c Quite inexpensive Wash Dresses for every day wear, made of plain chambray, trimmed with bands of colored plaid gingham, buttons, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At 75c A clever but inexpensive little Dress in striped percales, with plain blue chambray edge, V-shaped neck, three-quarter sleeves.

At 98c A dainty model, having a style distinction not usually found in a Wash-Dress at this price, made of plain chambray, with neck, belt and sleeves trimmed with white pique.

At $1.50 A sensible and stylish model in plain pink poplin, white button-hole stitch, scalloped edge trimmed, wide belt, round neek, short sleeves.

At $2.50 Stylish model, combining neatness and practicability, pretty little plaid gingham Wash-Dresses, colored band trimmings, square neck, short sleeves, assorted colors.

At $3.00 A real snappy design in plain blue chambray, embroidery and insertion trimmed, wide belt, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At $3.25 Here is a Dress of unusual style, made of plain granite cloth, in copen and neil rose, and has neck, sleeves and belt trimmed with black embroidery, fancy pearl buttons.

White and Colored Aprons in Great Assortments

Large shipment of Aprons in every style and size, brings our showing today to the top notch of efficiency. We can truthfully say that never have we shown so many dainty aprons as you'll find here this week.

Bungalo Aprons These popular Aprons are much in demand at this time and the assortment of check gingham, striped and figured percales are all that you could wish. Price 50c and 59c.

Bib Aprons The cover up wed Bib Aprons in gingham and percale, size 34x44. 25c and 50c.

Children's Aprons Dainty little plain colored chambray for the little ones, 2 to 6 years, 25c, 39c and 48c.

Nurses' Aprons Made of white batiste, with drop H. S hem, others are tucked, and some insertion trimmed. Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Maid's Aprons Made of white batiste, plain or bib, in lace or emb. trimmed, 50c, 75c, $1,

Waitress' Aprons Dainty little white Aprons, with plain hem, at 15c.

Plain White Aprons With lace and embroidery trimmed, at 25c to $1.

Market Street A. W. LEONARDSON CO. Clearfield, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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A Revolutionist

She Passed Through Hairbreadth Escapes

By KATHLEEN EVERSHAM

Henry Cummings, an American, traveling on a train between London and Dover on his way to Paris, left London by an evening train soon after dark. There were four passengers in his compartment when he started, but at the first station two left the train. The remaining passenger besides Cummings was wrapped in a long ulster, with a broad collar turned up about his neck and a felt hat pulled down over his eyes. As soon as the train started after the second stop he roused himself, yawned, cleared his throat with a cough, looked out of the window, peering into the darkness; then turned to a bag beside him and took out a box of cigarettes.

"Do you object to smoke?" he asked of Cummings in broken English.

"Not at all. I am a smoker myself."

"In that case, there being no one else in this compartment except ourselves, I suppose we may smoke."

When the man turned toward Cummings to ask the question the American got such a view of him as was afforded by the dim light from the lamp in the center of the ceiling. He saw a youthful, feminine face, without the sign of a beard, hair of a very light hue and steel gray eyes. The voice, too, was very soft for a man's. He offered his box of cigarettes to Cummings, who noticed that the hand holding it was round and exquisitely shaped.

Cummings took a cigarette from that side of the box nearest him, and the young man took one from the other side before closing and putting it in his bag. Cummings took a silver box from his pocket and, scratching a match on it, held the match for the other to light his cigarette. This gave a better illumination of his fellow passenger's face, and Cummings was very much struck with it. He was sure if he ever saw it again he would know it. It was a serious face, the face of one who might be expected to have some great object in life, and had it not been too feminine it would have been handsome. But only a glimpse was to be had while the young man lighted his cigarette, and Cummings lighted his from the same match. Then the American leaned back to enjoy his smoke.

"I fancy," he said presently, "there is a trace of opium in these cigarettes of yours."

"Do you think so?"

"I am quite sure of it. But nearly all cigarettes that are made now contain some opium. I don't mind a little of it."

A very pleasant languor came over Cummings, and, not having anything in common with the stranger to talk about, he permitted himself to fall into a doze.

He was awakened by a rough shake.

"Wake up!"

A man in police uniform was bending over him. Cummings found it hard to keep his eyes open and closed them again, whereupon he was shaken anew. This time he roused himself and began to take in the situation.

The train was at a standstill. There was no one in the compartment except himself and the policeman, though he could see several persons standing without. On the seat opposite him was an ulster which he recognized as belonging to his fellow passenger. His bag lay open beside him.

"Where is the young man who was in the coach with me?" Cummings asked.

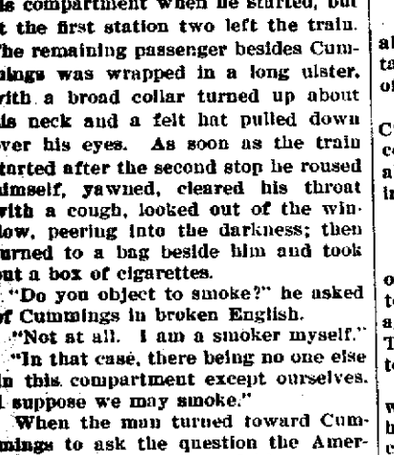
"Was there a young man with you?" asked the policeman quickly.

"Yes; there is his ulster. He gave me a cigarette to smoke, and it put me to sleep." Diving into the bag, he pulled out most of the contents. "My passport!" he exclaimed. "It is gone!"

"We're too late," said the policeman, and, taking Cummings' name and nationality that he might identify the passport if found, he withdrew. Cummings felt for his money, and it was safe. He called to the policeman to ask him for what the missing man was wanted, but the guard slammed the door, locked it, and the train moved on.

The next stop was Dover. Cummings while passing on to the Calais boat asked certain railway officials he met if they knew of what had occurred in his compartment, but none of them could give him any information. Fortunately passports are not needed in most European countries nowadays unless called for specially, and Cummings found no difficulty in entering France without one. He heard nothing from the one that had been taken from him or the person who had taken it. Indeed, no explanation of the matter came to him. There was only the supposition that the young man who had put him to sleep was some one attempting to evade the law.

Two years passed when by a singular freak of fortune Cummings encountered the fugitive from the law again. He was a globe trotter and during the interval had been to America but once and then only for a few months. It is to be admitted that traveling continually he was far more likely to meet any particular person than if he remained in one place.



"YOUR PASSPORT SAVED ME FROM ARREST."

He was traveling northward from Italy. Leaving Lugano one morning for Lucerne, in the same compartment with him was a lady twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who the moment he looked at her attracted his attention. He was sure that he had seen her before, though he could not tell when or where. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that she was the counterpart of the man who two years before had stolen his passport. From this he came very soon to the conclusion that she was the same person, and that person was not a man, but a woman.

Now that he met her again and knew her he had a great advantage, for she didn't seem to know that she had ever met him before. He looked at her steadily. She looked away, as any lady would when being stared at by a man, but showed no embarrassment. Not caring to let her know that he recognized her, he turned away his glance. He desired to satisfy his curiosity with regard to her and determined not to lose her.

She was evidently traveling alone. There was a man in the compartment besides Cummings and another woman. The woman soon left the train. There being no notice that smoking was permitted in the compartment, the man went to another to light a cigar, leaving Cummings temporarily alone with the lady.

"Madame or mademoiselle," he said, "do you object to smoking?"

"I do not."

"This is not a smoking compartment, but if you don't object I will avail myself of your permission."

"Do so, by all means."

Cummings took a box of cigarettes from his pocket and handed it to the lady.

"Thank you very much, but I never smoke."

"You mean that you do not smoke now, not that you have never smoked. If I mistake not, I have had the pleasure of smoking with you and one of your own cigarettes."

The woman gave him a piercing glance, and her face became a shade whiter.

"It was in a coach," he went on, "between London and Dover. The cigarette you offered me was rather heavily charged with opium or some other drug. At any rate, it put me to sleep, and when I awoke you were gone. I have always been curious to know how you left the train."

The young woman's gaze was fixed upon Cummings without reply for some time. She was evidently much frightened, but as he proceeded appeared to gather confidence. Presently she said:

"You are an American."

"Yes. How did you know that?"

"I should know it and not forget it. Your passport saved me from arrest, and arrest for me meant a return to Russia, and that meant Siberia."

"Then I am more than pleased."

"Had I known that you were an American I would not have put you to sleep with a cigarette. I would have confided my situation to you and asked you to help me. America, as your national hymn says, is the 'land of the free.' All oppressed peoples may find sympathy there."

"How did you leave the train?"

"I committed my soul to God and jumped in the darkness. There was no stop after I put you to sleep till the train reached Dover. I must jump or be arrested when I reached the terminal. I landed, fortunately, in a ditch beside the railroad or I should have been killed. I finished the journey on foot, but not to Dover. On reaching the coast I crossed the channel in a fishing boat."

"The passport—how did that help you?"

"Not then; later. I have traveled to Russia for consultation with fellow revolutionists as Henry Cummings and returned by using your passport."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the American. "What sacrifices are made for liberty!"

The two parted at Lucerne, and Cummings never saw the lady again. But she gave him her name, and long afterward he learned that she had illustrated the truth of the adage, "The pitcher that goes too often to the well is at last broken." He learned from a fellow countryman of hers that she had at last been caught and was in the Kara prison.

Not That Kind.

"I understand that your wealthy uncle has entirely given up hope."

"Don't you believe it. That man has never given up anything."—Houston Post.

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clears Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stops Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dull Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyay, just to try it--Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head o catarrhal sore thoat will be gone.

End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils: penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostril closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in"Ely's Cream Balm"and your cold or catarr will surely disappear.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

Children's Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Children's Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs. W. I. Swoope, on Thursday afternoon at 2.00. It is earnestly requested that all members make an effort to be present as there is much work to be done.

April 27 3t .

Hospital Bridge Whist Club.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs. George Bigler on Wednesday, April 29, at 2 o'clock sharp. Tbles will be provided for other games, if desired. Please notify hostess. Secretary.

May Flower Contest.

The Woman's club which expected to hold a flower contest on May 2, has decided to give the contest through the latter's May day fete at the Driving park May 2.

Queer People of Papua.

In the Girara country, Papua, a district of New Guinea, where the country is almost entirely submerged, the natives are said to claim descent from the dog. They possess five totems, which are drawn on all their houses. Their villages are erected on hillocks so as to be clear of the water, and the people of each village inhabit one large, common house, sometimes as much as 400 to 500 feet long and 60 to 80 feet in width. The center of this huge building is a kind of common hall, which is used only by the men, while the walls of the structure are divided into cubicles in three or four floors, access to which is gained by means of ladders. The women are not allowed to enter the building by the same door as the men. A great deal of sorcery prevails in the western division. In the wilder parts of the country the chief is himself a head sorcerer. He claims to be able to separate his spirit from his body and to send it on various missions, including that of killing people.

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready to use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known at "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of muss

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

The Woman's Club

Announces the Wild Flower Contest to be held with the Junior Chautauqua, May Fete at the Lower Witmer Park, Saturday, May 2, 1914, at 2:30 P. M. A committee will be in charge to receive the baskets.

Prizes will be offered as follows:

For Basket Containing the Greatest variety of Wild Flowers.

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

For Basket Most Tastefully Arranged.

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

Contests will be open to all school children in the grades. In case of rain or inclement weather contest will be postponed to Saturday, May 9.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

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CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

There is a remarkable interest in Home Baking and Cooking throughout the land.

This is a most encouraging indication that the battle against impure, improper food is going to be won.

The credit for the victory will belong to the women of the country.

Home cooking has the backing of science and the approval of fashion. It adds to housekeeping a pride; to our food, healthfulness.

It is acknowledged by experts, and by the women who know, that the best cooking in the world to-day is with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances---you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our Vulcanizing Plant can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs---they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.

18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

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The padre spread his hands. "What a way women have of modifying either good or bad impulses! It would have been fine of you to have stopped when you said you were sorry."

"Padre, one would believe that you had taken up his defense!"

"If I had I should have to leave it after today. I return to Rome tomorrow and shall not see you again before you go to America. I have bidden good-by to all save you. My child, my last admonition is, be patient; observe; guard against that impulse born in your blood to move hastily, to form opinions without solid foundations. Be happy while you are young, for old age is happy only in that reflected happiness of recollection. Write to me, here. I return in November. Benedicite?" smiling.

Nora bowed her heard and he put a hand upon it.

* * * * * * * *

Celeste stood behind Abbott and studied his picture through half-closed, critical eyes. "You have painted it over too many times." Then she looked down at the shapely head. Ah, the longing to put her hands upon it, to run her fingers through the tousled hair, to touch it with her lips! But no! "Perhaps you are tired; perhaps you have worked too hard Why not put aside your brushes for a week?"

"I've a good mind to chuck it into the lake. I simply can't paint any more." He flung down the brushes. "I'm a fool, Celeste, a fool. I'm crying for the moon, that's what the matter is. What's the use of beating about the bush? You know as well as I do that it's Nora."

Her heart contracted, and for a little while she could not see him clearly.

"But what earthly chance have I?" he went on, innocently but ruthlessly. "No one can help loving Nora."

"No," in a small voice.

"It's all rot, this talk about affinities. There's always some poor devil left outside. But who can help loving Nora?" he repeated.

"Who indeed!"

"And there's not the least chance in the world for me."

"You never can tell until you put it to the test."

"Do you think I have a chance? Is it possible that Nora may care a little for me?" He turned his head toward her eagerly

"Who knows?" She wanted him to have it over with, to learn the truth that to Nora Harrigan he would never be more than an amiable comrade. He would then have none to turn to but her. What mattered it if her own heart ached so she might soothe the hurt in his? She laid a hand upon his shoulder, so lightly that he was only dimly conscious of the contact.

"It's a rummy old world. Here I've gone alone all these years . . ."

"Twenty-six!" smiling.

"Well, that's a long time. Never bothered my head about a woman. Selfish, perhaps. Had a good time, came and went as I pleased. And then I met Nora."

"Yes."

"If only she'd been stand-offish, like those other singers, why, I'd have been all right today. But she's such a good fellow! She treats us all alike; sings when we ask her to; always ready for a romp. Think of her making us all take the Kneipcure the other night! And we marched around the fountain singing 'Mary had a little lamb.' Barefooted in the grass! When a man marries he doesn't want a wife half so much as a good comrade; somebody to slap him on the back in the morning to hearten him up for the day's work; and to cuddle him up when he comes home tired, or disappointed, or unsuccessful. No matter what mood he's in. Is my English getting away from you?"

"No; I understand all you say." Her hand rested a trifle heavier upon his shoulder.

"Nora would be that kind of a wife. 'Honor, anger, valor, fire,' as Stevenson says. Hang the picture, what am I going to do with it?"

"'Honor, anger, valor, fire,'" Celeste repeated slowly. "Yes, that is Nora." A bitter little smile moved her lips as she recalled the happenings of the last two days. But no; he must find out for himself; he must meet the hurt from Nora, not from her. "How long, Abbott, have you known your friend Mr. Courtlandt?"

"Boys together," playing a light tattoo with his mahlstick.

"How old is he?"

"About thirty-two or three."

"He is very rich?"

"Oceans of money; throws it away, but not fast enough to get rid of it."

"He is what you say in English . . . wild?"

"Well," with mock gravity, "I shouldn't like to be the tiger that crossed his path. Wild; that's the word for it."

"You are laughing. Ah, I know! I should say dissipated."

"Courtlandt? Come, now, Celeste; does he look dissipated?"

"No-o."

"He drinks when he chooses, he flirts with a pretty woman when he chooses, he smokes the finest tobacco there is when he chooses; and he gives them all up when he chooses. He is like the seasons; he comes and he goes, and nobody can change his habits."

"He has had no affair?"

"Why, Courtlandt hasn't any heart. It's a mechanical device to keep his blood in circulation, that's all I am the most intimate friend he has, and yet I know no more than you how he lives and where he goes."

She let her hand fall from his shoulder. She was glad that he did not know.

"But look!" she cried in warning.

Abbott looked.

A woman was coming serenely down the path from the wooded promontory, a woman undeniably handsome in a cedar-tinted linen dress, exquisitely fashioned, with a touch of vivid scarlet on her hat and a most tantalizing flash of scarlet ankle It was Flora Desimone, fresh from her morning bath and a substantial breakfast. The errand that had brought her from Aix-les-Bains was confessedly a merciful one. But she possessed the dramatist's instinct to prolong a situation. Thus, to make her act of mercy seem infinitely larger than it was, she was determined first to cast the Apple of Discord into this charming corner of Eden. The Apple of Discord, as every man knows, is the only thing a woman can throw with any accuracy.

The artist snatched up his brushes, and ruined the painting forthwith, for all time. The foreground was, in his opinion, beyond redemption, so, with a savage humor, he rapidly limned in a score of impossible trees, turned midday into sunset, with a riot of colors which would have made the Chinese New Year in Canton a drab and sober event in comparison He hated Flora Desimone, as all Nora's adherents properly did, but with a hatred wholly reflective and adapted to Nora's moods.

"You have spoiled it!" cried Celeste. She had watched the picture grow, and to see it ruthlessly destroyed this way hurt her "How could you!"

"Worst I ever did." He began to change the whole effect, chuckling audibly as he worked. Sunset divided honors with moonlight. It was no longer incongruous; it was ridiculous He leaned back and laughed "I'm going to send it to L'Asino, and call it an afterthought"

"Give it to me."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Nonsense! I'm going to touch a match to it. I'll give you that picture with the lavender in bloom."

"I want this"

"But you cannot hang it."

"I want it"

"Well!" The more he learned about women the farther out of mental reach they seemed to go. Why on earth did she want this execrable daub? "You may have it; but all the same, I'm going to call an oculist and have him examine your eyes."

"Why, it is the Signorina Fournier!"

In preparing studiously to ignore Flora Desimone's presence they had forgotten all about her

"Good morning, signora," said Celeste in Italian

"And the Signore Abbott, the painter, also!" The Calabrian raised what she considered her most deadly weapon, her lorgnette.

"What is it?" asked Flora, squinting.

"It is a new style of the impressionist which I began this morning," soberly.

"It looks very natural," observed Flora.

"Natural!" Abbott dropped his mahlstick.

"It is Vesuv', is it not, on a cloudy day?"

This was too much for Abbott's gravity, and he laughed.

"It was not necessary to spoil a good picture . . . on my account," said Flora, closing the lorgnette with a snap.

"The signora is wrong. I did not spoil it on her account. It was past helping yesterday. But I shall, however, rechristen it Vesuvius, since it represents an eruption of temper."

Flora tapped the handle of her parasol with the lorgnette. It was distinctly a sign of approval. These Americans were never slow-witted. She swung the parasol to and fro, slowly, like a pendulum.

"It is too bad," she said, her glance roving over the white walls of the villa.

"It was irrevocably lost," Abbott declared.

"No, no; I do not mean the picture. I am thinking of La Toscana. Her voice was really superb; and to lose it entirely . . . !" She waved a sympathetic hand.

Abbott was about to rise up in vigorous protest. But fate itself chose to rebuke Flora From the window came—"Sai cos' ebbe cuore!"—sung as only Nora could sing it.

The ferrule of Flora Desimone's parasol bit deeply into the clover-turf.

* * * * * * * *

"Am I all right?" asked Harrigan.

Courtlandt nodded. "You look like a soldier in mufti, and more than that, like the gentleman that you naturally are," quite sincerely

The ex-gladiator blushed. "This is the reception-room. There's the ballroom right out there. The smoking-room is on the other side Now, how in the old Harry am I going to get across without killing some one?"

Courtlandt resisted the desire to laugh. "Supposing you let me pilot you over?"

"You're the referee. Ring the gong."

"Come on, then."

"What! While they are dancing?" backing away in dismay.

The other caught him by the arm. "Come on."

And in and out they went, hither and thither, now dodging, now pausing to let the swirl pass, until at length Harrigan found himself safe on shore, in the dim cool smoking-room

"I don't see how you did it," admiringly.

"I'll drop in every little while to see how you are getting on," volunteered Courtlandt. "You can sit by the door if you care to see them dance I'm off to see Mrs. Harrigan and tell her where you are. Here's a cigar"

Harrigan turned the cigar over and over in his fingers, all the while gazing at the young man's diminishing back. He sighed. That would make him the happiest man in the world. He examined the carnelian band encircling the six inches of evanescent happiness "What do you think of that!" he murmured. "Same brand the old boy used to smoke. And if he pays anything less than sixty apiece for 'em at wholesale, I'll eat this one."

He lighted his cigar, and gave himself up to the delights of it.

Courtlandt loomed in the doorway. "Comfortable?"

"Perfectly. Good cigar, comfortable chair, fine view"

Young men began to drift in and out. The air became heavy with smoke, the prevailing aroma being that of Turkish tobacco of which Harrigan was not at all fond. But his cigar was so good that he was determined not to stir until the coal began to tickle the end of his nose. Since Molly knew where he was there was no occasion to worry

Abbott came in, pulled a cigarette case out of his pocket, and impatiently struck a match His hands shook a little and the flare of the match revealed a pale and angry countenance.

"Hey, Abbott, here's a seat. Get your second wind"

"Thanks." Abbott dropped into the chair and smoked quickly. "Very stuffy out there. Too many."

"You look it. Having a good time?"

"Oh, fine!" There was a catch in the laugh which followed, but Harrigan's ear was not trained for these subtleties of sound. "How are you making out?"

"I'm getting acclimated Where's the colonel tonight? He ought to be around here somewhere"

"I left him a few moments ago"

"When you see him again, send him in. He's a live one, and I like to hear him talk."

"I'll go at once," crushing his cigarette in the Jeypore bowl.

"What's your hurry? You look like a man who has just lost his job"

"Been steering a German countess. She was wound up to turn only one way, and I am groggy. I'll send the colonel over By by"

"Now, what's stung the boy?"

Nora was enjoying herself famously The men hummed around her like bees around the sweetest rose. From time to time she saw Courtlandt hovering about the outskirts. She was glad he had come, the lepidopterist is latent or active in most women, to impale the butterfly, the moth, falls easily into the daily routine She was laughing and jesting with the men Her mother stood by, admiringly

This time Courtlandt gently pushed his way to Nora's side

"May I have a dance?" he asked

"You are too late," evenly She was becoming used to the sight of him, much to her amazement.

"I am sorry"

"Why, Nora, I didn't know that your card was filled!" said Mrs Harrigan. She had the maternal eye upon Courtlandt.

"Nevertheless," said Nora sweetly, "it is a fact."

"I am disconsolate," replied Courtlandt, who had approached for form's sake only, being fully prepared for a refusal "I have the unfortunate habit of turning up late," with a significance which only Nora understood

"So, those who are late must suffer the consequences."

"Supper?"

"The Barone rather than you."

The music began again, and Abbott whirled her away. She was dressed in Burmese taffeta, a rich orange. In the dark of her beautiful black hair there was the green luster of emeralds, an Indian-princess necklace of emeralds and pearls was looped around her dazzling white throat

Unconsciously Courtlandt sighed audibly, and Mrs. Harrigan heard this note of unrest.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs Harrigan.

"Flora Desimone's husband, the duke. He and Mr. Harrigan were having quite a conversation in the smoke room"

"What!" in consternation.

"They were getting along finely when I left them"

Mrs. Harrigan felt her heart sink. The duke and James together meant nothing short of a catastrophe; for James would not know whom he was addressing, and would make all manner of confidences. She knew something would happen if she let him out of her sight. He was eternally talking to strangers.

"Would you mind telling Mr. Harrigan that I wish to see him?"

"Not at all."

Nora stopped at the end of the ballroom. "Donald, let us go out into the garden. I want a breath of air Did you see her?"

"Couldn't help seeing her. It was the duke, I suppose. It appears that he is an old friend of the duchess. We'll go through the conservatory. It's a short-cut."

The night was full of moonshine; it danced upon the water; it fired the filigree tops of the solemn cypress; it laced the lawn with quivering shadows; and heavy hung the cloying perfume of the box-wood hedges.

"O bellissima notta!" she sang. "Is it not glorious?"

"Nora," said Abbott, leaning suddenly toward her.

"Don't say it, Donald; please don't. Don't waste your love on me. You are a good man, and I should not be worthy the name of woman if I did not feel proud and sad. I want you always as a friend; and if you decide that cannot be, I shall lose faith in everything. I have never had a brother, and in the two short years I have grown to look on you as one I am sorry. But if you will look back you will see that I never gave you any encouragement. I was never



"I Hate You and Detest You!"

more than your comrade. I have many faults, but I am not naturally a coquette I know my heart; I know it well"

"Is there another?" in despair.

"Once upon a time, Donald, there was There is nothing now but ashes. I am telling you this so that it will not be so hard for you to return to the old friendly footing You are a brave man. Any man is who takes his heart in his hand and offers it to a woman You are going to take my hand and promise to be my friend always."

"Ah, Nora!"

"You mustn't, Donald. I can't return to the ballroom with my eyes red. You will never know how a woman on the stage has to fight to earn her bread And that part is only a skirmish compared to the ceaseless war men wage against her She has only the fortifications of her wit and her presence of mind Was I not abducted in the heart of Paris? And but for the cowardice of the man, who knows what might have happened? If I have beauty, God gave it to me to wear, and wear it I will My father, the padre, you and the Barone, I would not trust any other men living. I am often unhappy, but I do not inflict this unhappiness on others Be you the same Be my friend, be brave and fight it out of your heart"

Quickly she drew his head toward her and lightly kissed the forehead. "There! Ah, Donald, I very much need a friend"

All right, Nora," bravely indeed, for the pain in his young heart cried out for the ends of the earth in which to hide "All right! I'm young, maybe I'll get over it in time Always count on me You wouldn't mind going back to the ballroom alone, would you? I've got an idea I'd like to smoke over it No, I'll take you to the end of the conservatory and come back I can't face the rest of them just now"

Nora had hoped against hope that it was only infatuation, but in the last few days she could not ignore the truth that he really loved her. She had thrown him and Celeste together in vain. Poor Celeste, poor lovely Celeste, who wore her heart upon her sleeve, patent to all eyes save Donald's! Thus, it was with defined purpose that she had lured him this night into the garden. She wanted to disillusion him

The baron, glooming in an obscure corner of the conservatory, saw them come in Abbott's brave young face deceived him. At the door Abbott smiled and bowed and returned to the garden. The Barone rose to follow him. He had taken but a step forward, when a tableau formed by the door, causing him to pause irresolutely

Nora was face to face at last with Flora Desimone.

"I wish to speak to you," said the Italian abruptly.

"Nothing you could possibly say would interest me," declared Nora, haughtily and made as if to pass

"Do not be too sure," insolently

Their voices were low, but they reached the ears of the Barone, who wished he was anywhere but here He moved silently behind the palms toward the exit

"Let me be frank. I hate you and detest you with all my heart," continued Flora "I have always hated you, with your supercilious airs, you, whose father "

"Don't you dare to say an ill word of him!" cried Nora, her Irish blood throwing hauteur to the winds "He is kind and brave and loyal, and I am proud of him Say what you will about me, it will not bother me in the least."

CHAPTER XIII.

Courtlandt Tells a Story.

The colonel and his guests at luncheon had listened to Courtlandt without sound or movement beyond the occasional rasp of feet shifting under the table. He had begun with the old familiar phrase—"I've got a story."

"Tell it," had been the instant request.

At the beginning the men had been leaning at various negligent angles—some with their elbows upon the table, some with their arms thrown across the backs of their chairs. The partridge had been excellent, the wine delicious, the tobacco irreproachable. Burma, the tinkle of bells in the temples, the strange pictures in the bazaars, long journeys over smooth and stormy seas; romance, moving and colorful, which began at Rangoon, had zig-zagged around the world, and ended in Berlin.

"And so," concluded the teller of the tale, "that is the story. This man was perfectly innocent of any wrong, a victim of malice on the one hand and of injustice on the other."

"Is that the end of the yarn?" asked the colonel.

"Who in life knows what the end of anything is? This is not a story out of a book." Courtlandt accepted a fresh cigar from the box which Rao passed to him, and dropped his dead weed into the ash-bowl.

"Has he given up?" asked Abbott, his voice strangely unfamiliar in his own ears.

"A man can struggle just so long against odds, then he wins or becomes broken. Women are not logical; generally they permit themselves to be guided by impulse rather than by reason. This man I am telling you about was proud; perhaps too proud. It is a shameful fact, but he ran away. True, he wrote letter after letter, but all these were returned unopened. Then he stopped."

"A woman would a good deal rather believe circumstantial evidence than not. Humph!" The colonel primed his pipe and relighted it. "She couldn't have been worth much."

"Worth much!" cried Abbott. "What do you imply by that?"

"No man will really give up a woman who is really worth while, that is, of course, admitting that your man, Courtlandt, is a man. Perhaps, though, it was his fault. He was not persistent enough, maybe a bit spineless. The fact that he gave up so quickly possibly convinced her that her impressions were correct. Why, I'd have followed her day in and day out, year after year, never would I have let up until I had proved to her that she had been wrong"

"The colonel is right," Abbott approved, never taking his eyes off Courtlandt, who was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the bread crumbs under his fingers

"And more, by hook or crook, I'd have dragged in the other woman by the hair and made her confess."

"I do not doubt it, colonel," responded Courtlandt, with a dry laugh. "And that would really have been the end of the story The heroine of this rambling tale would then have been absolutely certain of collusion between the two"

"That is like a woman," the Barone agreed, and he knew something about them "And where is this man now?"

"Here," said Courtlandt, pushing back his chair and rising. "I am he." He turned his back upon them and sought the garden.

Tableau!

"Dash me!" cried the colonel, who, being the least interested personally, was first to recover his speech.

The Barone drew in his breath sharply. Then he looked at Abbott.

"I suspected it," replied Abbott to the mute question Since the episode of last night his philosophical outlook had broadened He had lost Nora, but had come out of the agony of love refused to fuller manhood. As long as he lived he was certain that the petty affairs of the day were never again going to disturb him.

"Let him be," was the colonel's suggestion, adding a gesture in the direction of the casement door through which Courtlandt had gone. "He's as big a man as Nora is a woman. If he has returned with the determination of winning her, he will!"

They did not see Courtlandt again. After a few minutes of restless to-and-froing, he proceeded down to the landing, helped himself to the colonel's motor-boat, and returned to Bellaggio. At the hotel he asked for the duke, only to be told that the duke and madame had left that morning for Paris Courtlandt saw that he had permitted one great opportunity to slip past. He gave up the battle. One more good look at her, and he would go away. The odds had been too strong for him, and he knew that he was broken.

When the motor-boat came back, Abbott and the baron made use of it also. They crossed in silence, heavy-hearted.

On landing Abbott said "It is probable that I shall not see you again this year I am leaving tomorrow for Paris It's a great world, isn't it, where they toss us around like dice? Some throw sixes and others deuces And in this game you and I have lost two out of three"

"I shall return to Rome," replied the Barone 'My long leave of absence is near its end"

"What in the world can have happened?" demanded Nora, showing the two notes to Celeste 'Here's Donald going to Paris tomorrow and the Barone to Rome. They will bid us good-by at tea I don't understand Donald was to remain until we left for America, and the Barone's leave does not end until October."

"Tomorrow?" dim-eyed, Celeste returned the notes.

"Yes. You play the fourth ballade and I'll sing from Madame. It will be very lonesome without them." Nora gazed into the wall mirror and gave a pat or two to her hair.

When the men arrived, it was impressed on Nora's mind that never had she seen them so amiable toward each other. They were positively friendly. And why not? The test of the morning had proved each of them to his own individual satisfaction, and had done away with those stilted mannerisms that generally make rivals ridiculous in all eyes save their own. The revelation at luncheon had convinced them of the futility of things in general and of woman in particular. They were, without being aware of the fact, each a consolation to the other. The old adage that misery loves company was never more nicely typified.

If Celeste expected Nora to exhibit any signs of distress over the approaching departure, she was disappointed. In truth, Nora was secretly pleased to be rid of these two suitors, much as she liked them. The Barone had not yet proposed, and his sudden determination to return to Rome eliminated this disagreeable possibility. She was glad Abbott was going because she had hurt him without intention, and the sight of him was, in spite of her innocence, a constant reproach. Presently she would have her work, and there would be no time for loneliness.

The person who suffered keenest was Celeste. She was awake; the tender little dream was gone; and bravely she accepted the fact. Never her agile fingers stumbled, and she played remarkably well, from Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein, MacDowell. And Nora, perversely enough, sang from old light opera.

When the two men departed, Celeste went to her room and Nora out upon the terrace. It was after five. No one was about, so far as she could see. She stood enchanted over the transformation that was affecting the mountains and the lakes. How she loved the spot! How she would have liked to spend the rest of her days here! And how beautiful all the world was today!

She gave a frightened little scream. A strong pair of arms had encircled her. She started to cry out again, but the sound was muffled and blotted out by the pressure of a man's lips upon her own. She struggled violently, and suddenly was freed.

"If I were a man," she said, "you should die for that!"

"It was an opportunity not to be ignored," returned Courtlandt. "It is true that I was a fool to run away as I did, but my return has convinced me that I should have been as much a fool had I remained to tag you about, begging for an interview. I wrote you letters. You returned them unopened. You have condemned me without a hearing. So be it. You may consider that kiss the farewell appearance as dear to the operatic heart," bitterly.

He addressed most of this to the back of her head, for she was already walking toward the villa into which she disappeared with the proud air of some queen of tragedy. She was a capital actress.

A heavy hand fell upon Courtlandt's shoulder. He was irresistibly drawn right about face.

"Now, then, Mr. Courtlandt," said Harrigan, his eyes blue and cold as ice, "perhaps you will explain?"

With rage and despair in his heart, Courtlandt flung off the hand and answered: "I refuse!"

"Ah!" Harrigan stood off a few steps and ran his glance critically up and down this man of whom he had thought to make a friend. "You're a husky lad. There's one way out of this for you."

"So long as it does not necessitate any explanations," indifferently.

"In the bottom of one of Nora's trunks is a set of my old gloves. There will not be anyone up at the tennis court this time of day. If you are not a mean cuss, if you are not an ordinary low-down imitation of a man, you'll meet me up there inside of five minutes. If you can stand up in front of me for ten minutes, you need not make any explanations. On the other



"If You Can Stand Up in Front of Me for Ten Minutes You Need Make No Explanations."

hand, you'll hike out of here as fast as boats and trains can take you. And never come back."

Continued on Third Page.

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THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS

Continued from second page.

"I am nearly twenty years younger than you, Mr. Harrigan."

"Oh, don't let that worry you any," with a truculent laugh.

"Very well. You will find me there. After all, you are her father."

"You bet I am!"

Harrigan stole into his daughter's room and soundlessly bored into the bottom of the trunk that contained the relics of past glory. As he pulled them forth, a folded oblong strip of parchment came out with them and fluttered to the floor; but he was too busily engaged to notice it, nor would he have bothered if he had. The bottom of the trunk was littered with old letters and programs and operatic scores. He wrapped the gloves in a newspaper and got away without being seen. He was as happy as a boy who had discovered an opening in the fence between him and the apple orchard. He was rather astonished to see Courtlandt kneeling in the clover patch, hunting for a four-leaf clover. It was patent that the young man was not troubled with nerves.

"Here!" he cried, brusquely, tossing over a pair of gloves. "If this method of settling the dispute isn't satisfactory, I'll accept your explanations."

For reply Courtlandt stood up and stripped to his undershirt. He drew on the gloves and laced them with the aid of his teeth. Then he kneaded them carefully. The two men eyed each other a little more respectfully than they had ever done before

"This single court is about as near as we can make it. The man who steps outside is whipped."

"I agree," said Courtlandt.

"No rounds with rests; until one or the other is outside. Clean breaks. That's about all. Now, put up your dukes and take a man's licking. I thought you were your father's son, but I guess you are like the rest of 'em, hunters of women."

Courtlandt laughed and stepped to the middle of the court. Harrigan did not waste any time He sent in a straight jab to the jaw, but Courtlandt blocked it neatly and countered with a hard one on Harrigan's ear, which began to swell.

"Fine!" growled Harrigan. "You know something about the game. It won't be as if I was walloping a baby" He sent a left to the body, but the right failed to reach his man.

For some time Harrigan jabbed and swung and uppercut; often he reached his opponent's body, but never his face It worried him a little to find that he could not stir Courtlandt more than two or three feet Courtlandt never followed up any advantage, thus making Harrigan force the fighting, which was rather to his liking. But presently it began to enter his mind convincingly that apart from the initial blow, the younger man was working wholly on the defensive As if he were afraid he might hurt him! This served to make the old fellow furious He bored in right and left, left and right, and Courtlandt gave way, step by step until he was so close to the line that he could see it from the corner of his eye This glance, swift as it was came near to being his undoing. Harrigan caught him with a terrible right on the jaw. It was a glancing blow, otherwise the fight would have ended then and there Instantly he lurched forward and clinched before the other could add the finishing touch.

The two pushed about, Harrigan fiercely striving to break the younger man's hold. He was beginning to breathe hard besides. A little longer, and his blows would lack the proper steam. Finally Courtlandt broke away of his own accord. His head buzzed a little, but aside from that he had recovered. Harrigan pursued his tactics and rushed. But this time there was an offensive return. Courtlandt became the aggressor. There was no withstanding him And Harrigan fairly saw the end; but with that indomitable pluck which had made him famous in the annals of the ring, he kept banging away. The swift, cruel jabs here and there upon his body began to tell. Oh, for a minute's rest and a piece of lemon on his parched tongue! Suddenly Courtlandt rushed him tigerishly, landing a jab which closed Harrigan's right eye Courtlandt dropped his hands, and stepped back. His glance traveled suggestively to Harrigan's feet He was outside the "ropes"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for losing my temper."

"What's the odds? I lost mine You win" Harrigan was a true sportsman. He had no excuses to offer He had dug the pit of humiliation with his own hands He recognized this as one of two facts The other was, that had Courtlandt extended himself, the battle would have lasted about one minute It was gall and wormwood, but there you were.

"And now, you ask for explanations. Ask your daughter to make them' Courtlandt pulled off the gloves and got into his clothes. "You may add, sir, that I shall never trouble her again with my unwelcome attentions I leave for Milan in the morning' Courtlandt left the field of victory without further comment

"Well, what do you think of that?" mused Harrigan, as he stooped over to gather up the gloves. 'Any one would say that he was the injured party. I'm in wrong on this deal somewhere I'll ask Miss Nora a question or two"

It was not so easy returning He ran into his wife He tried to dodge her, but without success

"James, where did you get that black eye?" tragically

"It's a daisy, ain't it, Molly?' pushing past her into Nora's room and closing the door after him

"Father'"

"That you, Nora?" blinking.

"Father, if you have been fighting with him, I'll never forgive you."

"Forget it, Nora. I wasn't fighting. I only thought I was."

He raised the lid of the trunk and cast in the gloves haphazard. And then he saw the paper which had fallen out. He picked up and squinted at it, for he could not see very well Nora was leaving the room in a temper.

"Going, Nora?"

"I am. And I advise you to have your dinner in your room."

Alone, he turned on the light. It never occurred to him that he might be prying into some of Nora's private correspondence. He unfolded the parchment and held it under the light. For a long time he stared at the writing, which was in English, at the date, at the names. Then he quietly refolded it and put it away for future use, immediate future use.

"This is a great world," he murmured, rubbing his ear tenderly.

CHAPTER XIV.

Journey's End.

Harrigan dined alone. He was in disgrace, he was sore, mentally as well as physically, and he ate his dinner without relish, in simple obedience to those well-regulated periods of hunger that assailed him three times a day, in spring, summer, autumn and winter. By the time the waiter had cleared away the dishes, Harrigan had a perfecto between his teeth (along with a certain matrimonial bit), and smoked as if he had wagered to finish the cigar in half the usual stretch. He then began to walk the floor, much after the fashion of a man who has the toothache, or the earache, which would be more to the point. To his direct mind no diplomacy was needed; all that was necessary was a few blunt questions. Nora could answer them as she chose. Nora, his baby, his little girl that used to run around barefooted and laugh when he applied the needed birch! How children grew up! And they never grew too old for the birch, they certainly never did.

They heard him from the drawing room, tramp, tramp, tramp.

"Let him be, Nora," said Mrs. Harrigan, wisely. "He is in a rage about something And your father is not the easiest man to approach when he's mad. If he fought Mr. Courtlandt, he believed he had some good reason for doing so"

"Mother, there are times when I believe you are afraid of father."

"I am always afraid of him It is only because I make believe I'm not that I can get him to do anything. It was dreadful. And Mr Courtlandt was such a gentleman. I could cry. But let your father be until tomorrow."

"And have him wandering about with that black eye? Something must be done for it. I'm not afraid of him"

"Sometimes I wish you were."

So Nora entered the lion's den fearlessly "Is there anything I can do for you, dad?"

"You can get the witch hazel and bathe this lamp of mine," grimly.

She ran into her own room and returned with the simpler devices for reducing a swollen eye. She did not notice, or pretended that she didn't, that he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He sat down in a chair, under the light, and she went to work deftly.

"I've got some make-up, and tomorrow morning I'll paint it for you"

"You don't ask any questions," he said, with grimness.

"Would it relieve your eye any?" lightly.

He laughed "No; but it might relieve my mind."

"Well, then, why did you do so foolish a thing? At your age! Don't you know that you can't go on whipping every man you take a dislike to?"

"I haven't taken any dislike to Courtlandt But I saw him kiss you"

"I can take care of myself"

"Perhaps I asked him to explain. He refused One thing puzzled me, though I didn't know what it was at the time Now, when a fellow steals a kiss from a beautiful woman like you, Nora, I don't see why he should feel mad about it When he had all but knocked your daddy to by by, he said that you could explain.

Don't press so hard," warningly. "Well, can you?"

"Since you saw what he did, I do not see where explanations on my part are necessary"

"Nora, I've never caught you in a lie. I never want to When you were little you were the truthfullest thing I ever saw. No matter what kind of a licking was in store for you, you weren't afraid; you told the truth. . . There, that'll do. Put some cotton over it and bind it with a handkerchief It'll be black all right, but the swelling will go down. I can tell 'em a tennis ball hit me It was more like a cannon ball, though Say, Nora, you know I've always poohpoohed these amateurs. People used to say that there were dozens of men in New York in my prime who could have laid me cold I used to laugh Well, I guess they were right Courtlandt's got the stiffest kick I ever ran into. A pile driver, and if he had landed on my jaw, it would have been dormi bene as you say when you bid me good night in dago That's all right now until tomorrow. I want to talk to you. Draw up a chair. There! As I said, I've never caught you in a lie, but I find that you've been living a lie for two years You haven't been square to me, nor to your mother, nor to the chaps that came around and made love to you You probably didn't look at it that way, but there's the fact I'm not Paul Pry, but accidentally I came across this," taking the document from his pocket and handing it to her. "Read it. What's the answer?"

Nora's hands trembled.

"Takes you a long time to read it. Is it true?"

"Yes."

"And I went up to the tennis court with the intention of knocking his head off; and now I'm wondering why he didn't knock off mine. Nora, he's a man; and when you get through with this, I'm going down to the hotel and apologize."

"You will do nothing of the sort; not with that eye."

"All right. I was always worried for fear you'd hook up with some duke you'd have to support. Now, I want to know how this chap happens to be my son-in law. Make it brief, for I don't want to get tangled up more than is necessary."

Nora crackled the certificate in her fingers and stared unseeingly at it for some time "I met him first in Rangoon," she began slowly, without raising her eyes

"When you went around the world on your own?"

"Yes. Oh, don't worry I was always able to take care of myself."

"An Irish idea," answered Harrigan complacently

"I loved him, father, with all my



"I Beg Your Pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for Losing My Temper."

heart and soul He was not only big and strong and handsome, but he was kindly and tender and thoughtful. Why, I never knew that he was rich until after I had promised to be his wife. When I learned that he was the Edward Courtlandt who was always getting into the newspapers, I laughed There were stories about his escapades There were innuendoes regarding certain women, but I put them out of my mind as twaddle. Ah, never had I been so happy! In Berlin we went about like two children It was play. He brought me to the Opera and took me away, and we had the most charming little suppers I never wrote you or mother because I wished to surprise you"

"You have. Go on'

"I had never paid much attention to Flora Desimone, though I knew that she was jealous of my success. Several times I caught her looking at Edward in a way I did not like"

"She looked at him, huh?"

"It was the last performance of the season We were married that afternoon We did not want anyone to know about it I was not to leave the stage until the end of the following season We were staying at the same hotel with rooms across the corridor This was much against his wishes, but I prevailed."

"I see"

"Our rooms were opposite, as I said. After the performance that night I went to mine to complete the final packing. We were to leave at one for the Tyrol. Father, I saw Flora Desimone come out of his room"

Harrigan shut and opened his hands.

'Do you understand? I saw her She was laughing I did not see him My wedding night! She came from his room My heart stopped, the world stopped, everything went black All the stories that I had read and heard came back When he knocked at my door I refused to see him I never saw him again until that night in Paris when he forced his way into my apartment"

"Hang it, Nora, this doesn't sound like him!"

"I saw her"

"He wrote you?"

"I returned the letters, unopened"

'That wasn't square You might have been wrong"

"He wrote five letters After that he went to India, to Africa and back to India, where he seemed to find consolation enough"

Harrigan laid it to his lack of normal vision, but to his single optic there was anything but misery in her beautiful blue eyes True, they sparkled with tears, but that signified nothing, he hadn't been married these thirty-odd years without learning that a woman weeps for any of a thousand and one reasons,

"Do you care for him still?"

'Not a day passed during these many months that I did not vow I hated him.'

"Anyone else know?'

"The padre I had to tell some one or go mad But I didn't hate him I could no more put him out of my life than I could stop breathing Ah, I have been so miserable and unhappy'' She laid her head upon his knees and clumsily he stroked it. His girl!

"That's the trouble with us Irish, Nora. We jump without looking, without finding whether we're right or wrong. Well, your daddy's opinion is that you should have read his first letter. If it didn't ring right, why, you could have jumped the traces. I don't believe he did anything wrong at all. It isn't in the man's blood to do anything underboard."

"But I saw her," a queer look in her eyes as she glanced up at him.

"I don't care a kloodle if you did. Take it from me, it was a put-up job by that Calabrian woman. She might have gone to his room for any number of harmless things. But I think she was curious."

"Why didn't she come to me, if she wanted to ask questions?"

"I can see you answering them. She probably just wanted to know if you were married or not She might have been in love with him, and then she might not. These Italians don't know half the time what they're about, anyhow. But I don't believe it of Courtlandt. He doesn't line up that way. Besides, he's got eyes. You're a thousand times more attractive. He's no fool. Know what I think? As she was coming out she saw you at your door; and the devil in her got busy."

Nora rose, flung her arms around him and kissed him.

"Look out for that tin ear!"

"Oh, you great big, loyal, true-hearted man! Open that door and let me get out to the terrace. I want to sing, sing!"

"He said he was going to Milan in the morning"

She danced to the door and was gone.

"Nora!" he called, impatiently. He listened in vain for the sound of her return. "Well, I'll take the count when it comes to guessing what a woman's going to do. I'll go out and square up with the old girl. Wonder how this news will harness up with her social bug?"

Courtlandt got into his compartment at Varenna He had tipped the guard liberally not to open the door for any one else, unless the train was crowded As the shrill blast of the conductor's horn sounded the warning of "all aboard," the door opened and a heavily veiled woman got in hurriedly. The train began to move instantly. The guard slammed the door and latched it. Courtlandt sighed the futility of trusting these Italians, of trying to buy their loyalty! The woman was without any luggage whatever, not even the usual magazine. She was dressed in brown, her hat was brown, her veil, her gloves, her shoes. But whether she was young or old was beyond his deduction He opened his Corriere and held it before his eyes; but he found reading impossible The newspaper finally slipped from his hands to the floor, where it swayed and rustled unnoticed. He was staring at the promontory across Lecco, the green and restful hill, the little earthly paradise out of which he had been unjustly cast. He couldn't understand He had lived cleanly and decently, he had wronged no man or woman, nor himself And yet, through some evil twist of fate, he had lost all there was in life worth having The train lurched around a shoulder of the mountain He leaned against the window In a moment more the villa was gone

What was it? He felt irresistibly drawn Without intending to do so he turned and stared at the woman in brown Her hand went to the veil and swept it aside Nora was as full of romance as a child She could have stopped him before he made the boat, but she wanted to be alone with him

"Nora!"

She flung herself on her knees in front of him 'I am a wretch!' she said

He could only repeat her name

"I am not worth my salt Ah, why did you run away? Why did you not pursue me, importune me until I wearied? perhaps gladly? There were times when I would have opened my arms had you been the worst scoundrel in the world instead of the dearest lover, the patientest! Ah, can you forgive me?"

Forgive you, Nora?' He was numb

'I am a miserable wretch' I doubted you I' When all I had to do was to recall the way people misrepresented things I had done! I sent back your letters and read and re-



"I Am a Wretch," She Said.

read the old blue ones Don't you remember how you used to write them on blue paper? . . . Flora told me everything. It was only because she hated me, not that she cared anything about you She told me that night at the ball She was at the bottom of the abduction. When you kissed me . . . didn't you know that I kissed you back. Edward, I am a miserable wretch, but I shall follow you wherever you go, and I haven't even a vanity box in my handbag!" There were tears in her eyes. "Say that I am a wretch!"

He drew her up beside him. His arms closed around her so hungrily, so strongly, that she gasped a little. He looked into her eyes; his glance traveled here and there over her face, searching for the familiar dimple at one corner of her mouth.

"Nora!" he whispered.

"Kiss me!"

And then the train came to a stand, jerkily. They fell back against the cushions

"Lecco!" cried the guard through the window.

They laughed like children.

"I bribed him," she said gaily. "And now . . ."

"Yes, and now?" eagerly, if still bewildered.

"Let's go back!"

THE END.

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean thus avoiding serious complications.

A well known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Too Commercial.

"Remember that this is a commercial age, said a colleague to Senator Sherman, in justification of the doubtful practices of a certain magnate.

"A little too commercial," Senator Sherman replied. 'Take the artist's experience.

"A picture dealer entered a well known artist s studio in Boston the other day and bargained for a large canvas—a landscape of meadowland and cattle When the price was agreed on and paid, the dealer took out his knife and, to the artist's horror, with one sweep of the blade, cut the canvas in two

"'There now,' said the dealer complacently I have two pictures, one of beautiful meadowland and a lake, the other of an interesting group of cattle I can get for each about what I paid you for the whole canvas Now just sign this half, too, please'"

Her Quest Ended.

An elderly lady from the country one day decided to adopt two children from the county orphan asylum

She walked several miles before reaching the car line. It was the first time she had been on a car She stared wide eyed at everything she saw, then her gaze stopped on a sign, she read thus

"The Ohio Traction company—Children under twelve years of age 3 cents, or two for 5 cents"

Well,' she said, "that is the best bargain ever" Calling the conductor she said 'Young man, I'll take two of those children for 5 cents right now, a boy and a girl please"—National Monthly

Woman Explorer of Arabia.

A Russian woman, Countess Molitor, has just started on an attempt to cross Arabia at its widest part from west to east, penetrating the Desert of Roba-el Khali This huge desert is absolutely blank on the maps, has never been entered by a European and is practically unknown even to the natives of adjoining parts of Arabia The countess proposes to dress as a man and to become an [illegible]

Professional Sagacity

Dentist's Wife Why do you open the door of the patients room when I ring? Dentist Want to let the waiter know it isn't the patients.—Columbia Jester

If the power to do hard work is not talent it is the best possible substitute for it Garfield

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Christy Mathewson at Practice in California.



Photo by American Press Association.

Christy Mathewson, idol of the New York fans, is bound to get in another record breaking season in the big leagues. Last year the veteran was the most consistent winner in the National league, and he is now working out in the warm air of southern California in an endeavor to strike a winning stride at the season's opening.

Matty figures on thirty victories during the coming pennant chase and predicts another winning team for the Giants

Power Boat Races.

Preparations are being made for the southern championship speed boat races, which will be held over the Matanzas course at St. Augustine, Fla., during the first week of April. Secretary Hopkins already has a fine list of entries, including many of the fastest speed boats afloat, and a number of others are still to be heard from For the accommodation of the boats which have to be removed from the water in case of damage during a race work has begun on the erection of a suitable house just south of the Power Boat club. This structure will be built to accommodate at least six boats and will be fitted out with hoisting facilities to quickly handle the craft and lift them from the water

Princeton in Soccer League.

Princeton will compete in the Intercollegiate Soccer league in their spring series, according to the action taken by the executive committee of the Athletic association The Tigers have been making progress in this sport, and it is expected that with membership in the league even more interest will be shown Sixty men reported to Captain McMaster in the fall for the autumn season which resulted in seven victories, two defeats and one tie. Practice for the league series of games with Harvard, Haverford, Columbia, Cornell, Yale and Pennsylvania will commence this month The opening game will take place in March

Childs to Coach Indiana Eleven.

Clarence C Childs was chosen football coach at Indiana university to succeed James Sheldon, who resigned at the close of last season Mr Childs if he accepts will begin his duties Sept 1 next and will remain at the university during the entire school year Mr. Childs is a graduate of Yale 1912 and has a successful record as a football coach at Wooster university, Wooster, O He played guard and tackle on the Yale eleven and as a burdlet was a member of the American team that won the majority of the track events at the Olympic games in Stockholm in 1912 Mr Childs is twenty nine years old

Richards Can't Compete.

The faculty committee on student affairs at Cornell refuses to sanction Alma Richards participation in track athletics in any outside meet Richards, who captured first high jump honors in the Olympic games at Stockholm in 1912, has received many invitations to compete in games in New York city and elsewhere Richards is a freshman and will be allowed to compete only in meets in which Cornell's freshman team participates

Hard on Gavigan

Tommy Gavigan the American middleweight who has been fighting in Paris is disgusted with the place and will soon sail for home Tommy fought a French fighter a few weeks ago and after being forced to pay $125 for being two pounds overweight he lost the decision and also only received $125 for his end.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

10,000 TROOPS NOW IN VERA CRUZ

Funston, With Fifth Brigade, Takes Charge of City.

ANTI-HUERTA FEELING GROWS

Secret Circular Warning Against Him Is Distributed In Capital—Foreigners Allowed to Come and Go as They Please—Stores Reopen and Confidence Largely Restored.

Vera Cruz, April 28.—The four regiments of the Fifth brigade, under command of Brigadier General Funston, were landed at Vera Cruz.

The detachment of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers was ordered to land immediately on its arrival.

With the arrival of the troops under General Funston it is possible to marshal a force of 10,000 men in Vera Cruz in case of attack. It is believed, however, that the marines and bluejackets may be withdrawn and that the land operations may now be left to the army.

The territory guarded by the outposts under the command of Major Butler has been extended several miles, and trenches have been thrown up by the marines.

Machine guns have been mounted, but the infantry and artillery will now probably relieve the men from the ships in guarding the approach to the city.

Funston In Command Ashore.

General Funston is in supreme command ashore. Vera Cruz is now completely under martial law. The natives are rapidly being disarmed, and from the constant line of men, women and children reporting to turn over rifles, revolvers, stilettos and other weapons it is estimated that at least 20 per cent of the population was armed. Hereafter any one found bearing arms will be promptly court martialed.

Rear Admiral Fletcher received information which leads him to believe that all Americans in the City of Mexico will receive better treatment than had been heretofore thought probable. Fletcher believes another train of refugees will arrive here from the capital.

Commander Tweedy of the British warship Essex should arrive in the City of Mexico with dispatches from Admiral Cradock to Sir Lionel Carden, the British minister. The real object of Tweedy's trip is to learn exactly how Americans are being treated in the capital and also to communicate to Minister Carden the exact conditions in Vera Cruz, so that he may treat with Huerta and urge the speedy liberation of all Americans. Strong pressure is to be brought to bear on Huerta to permit Americans to leave the capital, as well as other interior towns, at will.

Communication with the City of Mexico by cable was restored, and the first word in sixty hours was received.

All reports indicate that for the present conditions have improved in the City of Mexico, and the danger of Americans being attacked and murdered has abated.

This does not mean that Americans are free from insults or that they may not be molested, however. Another toss of the dice might be against foreigners in the capital.

In addition to the pacific influence of the submission of mediation plans probably exercised in the City of Mexico, there is a strong undercurrent of opposition to the dictator in the capital, which, refugees arriving here declare, began to assert itself before they left.

Many In Capital Against Huerta.

There are hundreds of Mexicans in the capital who are still against Huerta. Of course the opposition is not shown openly, but the existence of this anti-government faction has been indicated in many ways. The most recent was the secret distribution of a circular warning Mexicans against being drawn to Huerta's support by the anti-American demonstrations and pointing out that the United States was warring on the dictator and not upon the Mexican people.

This circular read:

Don't let Huerta fool you. He is encouraging the mobs in hopes of bringing Mexicans under his banner. He is trying to make them believe he is the fatherland and that the United States is fighting Mexico. Such is not the case. The United States is not fighting Mexico and Mexicans, but Huerta. Huerta has seized our government and does not represent Mex-

The Strange Truth.

"Do you ever tell a lie to your wife?"

"Never, unless I am sure she won't believe the truth."—Detroit Free Press



(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

OFFICIAL LIST OF CASUALTIES

Americans Killed and Wounded In Tuesday's Fighting.

Washington, April 23.—The following official list of casualties at Vera Cruz was received at the navy department from Admiral Fletcher.

"Dead—J. F. Schumacher, coxswain; C. J. Poinsett, seaman; D. A. Haggarty, private; S. Martin, private.

"Seriously wounded—C. R. Harshberger, seaman; G. Draine, private; E. A. Gisburne, electrician; E. P. Peterson, private; P. N. Nickerson, boatswain's mate, second class; J. L. Kwapick, seaman.

"Wounded—N. Swartz, ordinary seaman; W. M. Davidson, private; J. McMillan, private; F. Nauz, ordinary seaman; R. Shoker, private; J. Copeland, seaman; V. J. Reed, private; W. A. Mangels, seaman.

"Other men slightly wounded were not reported."

YPIRANGA IS DOCKED.

United States In Possession of 15,000,000 Rounds of Ammunition.

Washington, April 23.—The German steamer Ypiranga was docked at Vera Cruz, and the United States forces are in possession of the 15,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 200 field guns consigned to Huerta.

The Ypiranga unloaded at the custom house, which the United States marines and bluejackets hold.

Official confirmation of this was sent to the navy department by Rear Admiral Fletcher.

CORN CONTEST

The County National Bank of Clearfield, Pennsylvania

For the purpose of encouraging the improvement of farm products and the soil on which they are grown this bank offers for the year 1914, the following prizes, to wit:

For the best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $50.00.

For the second best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $25.00.

For the third best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $15.00.

For the fourth best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $10.00.

The contest is to be open to all residents of Clearfield county within the age named.

Contestants must register with the bank either in person or by letter not later than May 15, 1914. When and as contestants register the rules governing the contest will be made known to them.

The prizes will be awarded by 3 practical farmers, who shall be named as judges by the committee of the bank's directors, which has the matter in charge.

H. B. POWELL,
President.

April 20 1914.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel. Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large General Store

Rain Coats
Men's and Ladies' Specials at . . . $1.00
Boy's Rain Coats, 8 to 12 years, . . . 2.75
Boy's Rain Coats, 12 to 18 years, . . . 3.00
Children's Rain Coats, ... 2.00

Ladies' House Dresses
Nice New Line of House Dresses at $1.00
Misses' and Children's Dresses. 50c, 98c, $1
Middy Blouses, . . . 79c, $1

Kleinerts Dress Shields
New Line Just Received
Prices, ... 10c to 50c
Ask to See The Gem Shield at . . 50c

Ladies' Neckwear
New Shipment, the Latest at Popular Prices. . . 25c up

Salt Fish
Lake Herring, . 8-lbs 75c, 10-lbs 90c, 15-lbs $1.20
Mackerel . . . 5c; Larger Size 2 for 25c

Musterole Will Not Blister
For Coughs and Colds in the Chest, Pneumonia, Asthma, Rheumatism, etc., in Jars . 25c and 50c

Turnips, Sweet Potatoes, Pine Apples, Cranberries, Spanish Onions, Texas Onions, Oranges, Bananas, Celery Lettuce, Cocoanuts, Grape Fruit.

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after yau start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit---come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Louis Dammers



PHILADELPHIA
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
Dimeling Hotel Parlors
Wednesday, April 29

Special Office Hours
9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

MY SPECIAL OFFER
$1.00 GLASSES
This Visit Only

I will make you a fine pair of glasses, including Dammers' eye examination, clear crystal lenses, a 12-karat solid gold filled frame and an elegant leather case.

ALL FOR $1.00

Thirty days' trial of glasses allowed. Others charge as high as $3 to $5 for these same glasses.

EYE EXAMINATION

by the Dammers' Scientific method, without drops, without asking questions, without test cards or charts

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer

SPECIAL NOTICE

Invisible Bifocals. Two pair in One. No Lines. No Cement. Last for Years. Regular Price, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00

MY PRICE $5.00

Special ground Lenses at lowest prices.

Monthly Visits to Clearfield

OFFICES—238 Mutual Life Building, 1011 Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROGRESS -:- -:- -:- -:- SUCCESS

POLLACK'S BARGAIN STORE

306 Market St. G. L. NORRIS BLDG. Clearfield, Penn.

We wish to announce to the people of Clearfield and vicinity that this ad is not a special sale advertisement, such as you sometimes see, but to call your attention to the fact that Pollack's Bargain Store the goods are sold at Sale Prices all the time. Every day throughout the week, month and year, is a Bargain Day there. Pollack commenced business here with the express purpose of treating you right. He intends to stay here, his methods of retailing will appeal to every one of his present or expected customers, because any purchase not satisfactory, he will refund your money. What more can you ask.

A visit to his Bargain Store, chock full of New and Up-to-date Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes--for this is a brand new store--will convince the most particular, that it is the place to buy.

We will let you judge for yourself of the Great Saving Event by mentioning some Prices--not all of them--space will not permit us to enumerate all our Big Bargains.

Men's Shoes

Regular price			Sale price
$ 2.50	men's black shoes,	very dressy	$1.69
3.00	" "	"	1.95
4.00	Russia tan shoes	latest style	2.69
2.50	men's working shoes		1.79
3.00	" "	" extra heavy	1.90

Ladies' Shoes

$ 3.00	Ladies tan shoes		$ 1.95
3.00	"	gun metal	1.95
3.00	"	patent leather	1.95
3.00	"	vici kid, flexible sole	1.95
2.50	"	gun metal	1.79
2.00	"	very dressy shoe	1.48

Misses' Shoes

$ 2.00	Misses patent leather		$1.39
2.00	"	gun metal	1.39
1.75	"	dongola	1.25
1.50	"	gun metal	1.19
1.50	"	patent leather	1.19

Children's Shoes

$ 1.25	Children's dongola		98c
1.25	"	gun metal	98c
75c	"	patent leather kid top	60c
75c	"	tan	60c
75c	"	vici kid	55c
75c	"	tan	55c

Boys' Shoes

$ 2.00	Boy's black shoes		$ 1.49
2.00	"	tan	1.49

A full assortment of Baby Shoes 8c and 21c a pair, all colors.

A full assortment of Men's working shirts worth 50c for 39c, all sizes.

Men's soft dress shirts worth 50c for 39c.

Men's extra fine dress shirts, $1.25 for 85c.

A large assortment of Men's linen collars 9c each.

Men's and Boys' black and tan belts worth 25c for 19c.

Men's suspenders worth 35c for 19; extra heavy, worth 50 for 23c.

Men's red, white and blue Handkerchiefs worth 5c, two for 5c.

Ladies black and tan Hosiery, 8c pair

Children's black and white stockings 8c pair.

Men's working Socks worth 10c pr. for 6c.

Men's dress Socks worth 10c pair for 8c.

Men's extra dressy Socks worth 25c for 13c pair.

Men's Summer Underwear worth $1.00 suit for 78c.

Men's SummerUnderwear worth 75c, as a bargain for 44c suit.

Men's Overalls, Railroaders specials,	69c
Men's Overalls, double knee,	69c
Men's Jackets, all sizes,	69c
Boys' Overalls	22c
Boys' Blouses	22c
Boys' Shirts	25c

A full assortment of Handbags and Valises worth from $1.00 to $3.00. for 79c to $1.98.

When you spend $2.00 be sure to ask for a FREE premium worth 50c.

Are you ready for these Bargains? Read the list over carefully and then follow the crowd for your square deal. Be sure to come and bring your fkiends to

Pollack's Bargain Store,

G. L. Norris Building 306 Market Street Clearfield, Penn.

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - -	$225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - -	865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - -	$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

TROOPS TO END COLORADO WAR

Ammons Proclaims Martial Law Over Entire State.

SEVEN KILLED IN BATTLE.

Guards Killed at Walsen—Two Men Dead and Two Persons Wounded, One a Woman, at McNally—Sheriff Reports That Fifty Troopers Are Outnumbered Ten to One.

Washington, April 29—Following a lengthy series of conferences, a general discussion in the cabinet and a conference between President Wilson and Secretary of War Garrison, the president ordered federal regular troops immediately to proceed to the strike zone and restore order

At the same time President Wilson prepared a proclamation, which was telegraphed to Colorado and will be published there immediately, calling upon all persons to lay down their arms and repair to their homes

Call For Volunteers.

Denver, April 29—Governor E M Ammons issued a call for volunteers for the state militia and simultaneously declared the whole state of Colorado under martial law The governor declares that "a state of insurrection exists" and he calls on all peace officers to arrest all persons found arming themselves and against the authorities. He also ordered 100 troops from Canon City to Boulder county to restore order there The soldiers left Canon City by special train

The governor said Sheriff Bustet and a force of deputies and mine guards are cornered in the Hecla mine and in danger of extermination.

The fighting at Walsenburg and the sending of troops to Boulder county have effectively shattered the armed truce which was declared last Friday

SEVEN DEAD IN WALSEN.

All the Dead Are Mine Guards—Troops Sent as Re-enforcements.

Walsenburg, Colo., April 29—Sheriff Jeff Farr reported that firing continued at the Walsen mine, near here, and that seven men had been killed All of the dead, he said, were mine guards Troops arrived and at once set out for the mine

Later Sheriff Farr reported that the fighting at the Walsen mine had grown more serious The fifty members of the state militia are outnumbered ten to one, and a clash between them and the strikers is expected No further fatalities were reported Fighting continued all night

Much uneasiness is felt here for the safety of the troops The troopers marched directly to the mine upon detraining here, each provided with 100 rounds of ammunition

The union officials had made no report to the sheriff of the fatalities on either side

NO AMERICANS HELD.

Brazilian Minister Says None Was Killed In Mexico City.

Washington, April 29—No Americans have been killed in Mexico City none is in danger and only one is under arrest, according to assurances to the state department from the Brazilian minister in that capital

The only man under arrest is held at Aguas Calientes under a judicial proceeding which is in no way connected with the anti-American demonstrations

The minister declared he had "full assurances" that all foreigners will be allowed to leave Mexico City and that arrangements were under way to get them out if they cared to go

THIS OLD TOWN WILL JUST HUM

Continued from First page.

Dozens of big attractions are writing in for these dates and a number will be contracted with and will be announced from time to time as they are signed up

Watch the newspapers and posters from now on and be prepared to enjoy a big day's sport and recreation

Watch the newspapers and posters from now on and be prepared to enjoy a big day's sport and recreation

The town will be beautifully decorated, the hospitable people of Clearfield will welcome all visitors, the hotel accommodations will be first class—as they always are—so, "Here's to the American Eagle' Loud may he ever scream"

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

TOO MANY CIHLDREN AT LARGE ON SABBATH

Attendance at Sunday School Not as Large as Should be

G A Brooks and wife, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs H C Walker

Solomon Jaffey is all smiles Cause—a bouncing baby girl at his house

The attendance at the Sunday schools in this place last Sunday shows only 268 present. This village has a population of more than 1200 people and by a little home missionary work among dilinquents it is possible to raise the attendance to 600 Our efforts should not be confined to getting new scholars on the roll, but strive to get the ones already enrolled to attend

Sunday, May 3, will be observed as Mother's day in the churches All turn out and make this day a record breaker in attendance and then continue it throughout the year

We have a few young ladies in this town who could get married if they would, and a whole lot who would if they could

Mrs. H O Barger transacted business in Clearfield Monday

D F Baird, who has been confined to the house for the past ten days with a bealing on his foot, is able to be arcund again

Rev. I J Duke, pastor of the United Brethren church, of Rockwood Pa, delivered an able sermon to a large congregation in the U B church of tis place Sunday evening

This town is at present without a barber shop, a drug store a nickelodeum and a cash grocery This is one of the best towns in Central Pennsylvania for the size, and any one looking for a location for either of the above businesses will do well to pay this place a visit before locating elsewhere

James Polkinghorn, who has charge of the Harbison-Walker Ref Co's operations at Marta, Pa, spentSunday with his family Mr Polkinghorn expects to move to Martha just as soon as he can find a desirable property to move into

H B Varner is receiving congratulations over the arrival of a new daughter at his home, Sunday evening

A day should be set aside in our village for "Clean Up Day" It is now the time of year to wage war on the onslaught of the fly and mosquito, besides a little redding up will add greatly to the appearance of your property, also it is essential to the good health of the community

George Cole and wife, of Punxsutawney, are visiting relatives and friends here this week

Miss Eva Wilson, who is employed at the silk mill in Clearfield spent Sunday with her parents

It you want to be progressive and be conversant with the happenings in town and county, subscribe for the Progress The obliging news agent, Master James Baird, will be pleased to deliver the paper to your door each night for the small sum of 25 cents per month, and your correspondent promises to give you the news "hot off the griddle" at least once a week

R D Pearce, of Clearfield, was in town Sunday evening 'Bob" is a hustling insurance agent, but there is something more attractive than prospects that lure him here so frequently

I N Conrad has purchased a Ford automobile He can manipulate the machine like an old timer

Advertise in the Progress

EXPECT CARRANZA AND VILLA TO CLASH

"Showdown" Comes as Rebel Leaders Meet Each Other.

El Paso, Tex April 29—The arrest of Villa by Carranza or the seizure and deposition of Carranza by Villa will not surprise those who have been following developments of the last few days in Constitutionalist circles

Villa has hurried south on a special train, taking with him a carload of ammunition supposed to have been smuggled across the border His destination was Chihuahua, where Carranza and several military lieutenants of Villa are reported to have been plotting the overthrow of the conqueror of Torreon. Villa although he gave no intimation of his plans before he left, is supposed to have gone to have "a showdown"

The difficulty has arisen over Carranza's announced disapproval of American interference in Mexico, that being directly counter to Villa's avowed attitude of friendliness toward the United States and approval of all steps taken thus far by President Wilson

Villa's ten day absence from the army, it is certain, has been taken advantage of by enemies in his own camp to stir up feeling against him Villa's troops, however, are intensely loyal to him personally, in the main

European Surgeons In Boston.

Boston April 29—European members of the International Surgical society concluded their visit to this city by attending additional clinics at several hospitals Numerous difficult operations were performed under their observation by Boston surgeons

Killed In Motor Upset.

Norwich Conn, April 29—John Blumley, thirty-five years old, was killed instantly and Dr Frank H Coles severely injured when the automobile in which they were driving skidded and turned over when descending a steep hill near here

Embassy Not United States Property.

Washington April 29—Should anti American demonstrations develop an attack on the American embassy in Mexico City the offenders will be injuring Mexican property and not American The United States does not own the embassy building in the Mexican capital, and its lease expires June 1 next

Representative Hardy asked congress to thank Captain Paul H Kreiboim officers and crew of the Kroonland, heroes of the Volturno disaster

Destroying Line to Vera Cruz.

Washington, April 29.—That the railroad between Vera Cruz and Mexico City was being rapidly destroyed by federals from Tejeria was reported in state department dispatches from Consul Canada on authority of a Vera Cruz refugee. He said the ties were being burned and the tracks loaded on cars

Drinks Coffee Fast; Dies.

Wallingford, Conn., April 29.—A cup of coffee swallowed in haste caused the death of Frank Boesi, aged forty-five, in a local lunch room. After drinking the coffee Boesi was seized with a choking spell and died in a few moments The medical examiner's verdict was death due to choking.

Your Gardener

To produce the best results should be supplied with good tools. It matters not how good the seed may be if he does not thoroughly cultivate the soil you are "throwing good money to the birds." We have a line of

Garden Tools

All moderately priced and hard to beat. Shovels, hoes, spading forks, rakes, trowels, weeders, hand plows, barrows, mattocks, watering cans, pruning shears, etc.

And remember too that gardens and chickens do not mix well, i. e,—not well for the garden. So if you expect to get any "garden sass" it would be gaining a strategic point to throw a peaceable blockade around the chickens just now—and we have the material with which to do it -

Poultry Netting

Galvanized after weaving in both one and two inch mesh from one to six feet high. Cambria and Youngstown Poultry Fence, thirty-four to fifty-eight inches high. For the farm, barbed and smooth wire, hog and cattle woven fence.

Orders by telephone receive careful attenton .

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET

Cost More—Worth Most

"Waverly" Oils and Gasolines

Gasolines—Illuminants—Lubricants—Wax—Specialties
Waverly Oil Works Co, Pittsburgh

Sugar, Coffee and [illegible] Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell
100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.[illegible]
White House Coffee, lb for [illegible]
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for [illegible]
3-lb con for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to [illegible]

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

Keystone Carpet Cleaning Company

Is prepared to clean your CARPET and RUGS at the shortest possible notice

We have installed our new electric motor which gives the best of satisfaction.

All carpets called for and promptly returned, sweet and clean. Three cents per yard.

E. G. OGDEN, Mgr.
H. & C. Phone, Hillsdale.

Frederick's

WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE

New Victor Records For May

Every one is Cordially Invited to our Store and Enjoy These
Wonderful Selections



Come Whether you are an Owner of a VICTROLA or not. Here you may hear the greatest artists in the musical world.

Our Record Approval Service
Will Interest You.

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY.

G. N. Ellenberger, ... Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.. .... Clearfield
J S Beahan..... Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ... Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,.... Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars,..... Hyde
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile,..... Curwensville
Harry Teats, ... Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ... Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ... Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,..... Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,. Grampian
W. E. Derrick,. .... Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wrigleworth, .. Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles, ... Woodland
W. D Walker & Bro.,.. Digler
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DUBOIS, PA.,
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Big Special Cut Price ON Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits		Ladie's Coats and Suits	
$ 8.50 Suits, only	$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit	$ 5.98
10.00 " "	7.25	10.00 " "	6.75
12.50 " "	9.00	12.50 " "	8.50
15.00 " "	11 00	15.00 " "	9.95
18.00 " "	13.25	16.50 " "	10.75
20.00 " "	15.00	18.00 " "	12.75
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The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

ROBINSON & CO.

CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50

Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield county.

OFFICERS:

Robert H. Sommerville, President.
James H. Minds, Vice President.
E. W. Hess, Treasurer.
Harry A. Reed, Sec. and Gen. Mgr.
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
One Month	.25
Three Months	.75

Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the Second class.

Wednsday, April 29, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.
Primary election Tuesday, May 19.
General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.
Saturday, May 2, May Day at the Driving Park.

Good evening! Naturally you are taking advantage of these fine evenings to view the animated statuary on the street corners and in store doors.

MEDIATION.

Dictator Huerta has at last signified his willingness to accept the proposition that the dispute between President Wilson and himself shall be arbitrated. While this procedure is in operation war will not be declared by either country. There is a suspicion in many quarters that the offer of the Latin American states to bring about a peaceful termination of the disagreement was made with a view to preventing Huerta from receiving the chastisement he deserves and that in agreeing to permit a cessation of hostilities the United States has adopted a ruse that will result to her detriment in more ways than one.

There are few who believe that any beneficial result will follow the arbitration of the matter in dispute and that at the end the United States will find itself in the position of a big country being fooled by tricky nations who are combined to make things unpleasant for her. Members of congress do not look with favor up on the proposition which had been suggested by friends of Mexico, seeing in the scheme an attempt to bring discredit if not dishonor upon the United States. While the American government awaits the uncertain outcome of arbitration Huerta will undoubtedly take advantage of the armistice to strengthen his position.

THE CORN CLUB.

Clearfield county boys and girls should endeavor to prove that as good corn can be grown on the farms of this county as in any other part of the state. The opportunity to do this is given by the County National bank, which, in order to encourage agriculture in Clearfield county and not for its own aggrandizement, offers prizes aggregating one hundred dollars for the four best acres of corn grown by boys or girls, residents of the county.

The boys and girls should get busy The weather at present is good corn growing weather, and in a week or two the seeds should be planted. The prizes offered are of themselves sufficient value to cause the boys and girls to make an effort to grow big corn, while the fact that in growing this corn the children will be learning something which will be of incalculable value to them in after y rs should by no means be overlooked.

SWAT THE FLY.

It ought not to occupy more than an hour of your time in reading abou the Mexican situation, and by the time you have read that President Wilson is still watching and waiting while American citizens are slain in that country your anger may have reached such a pitch as to cause you to be ready to kill anything in sight. Then would be an excellent opportunity to display your ability as a warrior by swatting every fly within sight.

The fly that is now to be seen will multiply into millions by the end of the summer unless it is swatted. And while you are swatting the flies remember that there would be a less number of flies to swat if your and your neighbors' back yards were in a sanitary condition. Clean up your own premises and if your neighbor does not follow suit report his case to the board of health. Clearfield should be a flyless as well as a spotless town this summer.

Some of Clearfield's would-be warriors mourn because they are forced to remain at home to beat the carpets. Uncle Sam should not go to war in housecleaning season.

The male population should be prepared for almost anything in feminine fashions this winter. The tyrants of fashion have been living on Welsh rarebits all winter.

editorial .,.... ... .,... ... ,"" ""—

Doesn't matter much how you pronounce Huerta's name—but don't give voice to your thoughts of him before the children.

After much meditation Huerta has decided to accept mediation.

With General Funston in Mexico there is something sure to happen.

APRIL A WAR MONTH.

Of the nineteen wars in which the United States has engaged, ten have been declared in the month of April, as follows:

April, 1775—War of the Revolution.
April, 1831—Black Hawk Indian war.
April, 1836—Cherokee removal war.
April, 1846—War with Mexico.
April, 1849.—Apache, Navajo and Utah war.
April, 1850—Seminole Indian war.
April, 1861—Civil war.
April, 1898—Spanish-American war.
April, 1899—Philippine insurrection.
April, 1914.—Mexican disturbance.

PERSONAL MENTION

John W. Bailey, of DuBois, is one of the delegates to the big Shriner convention at Atlanta, Ga., May 13 and 14.

Mrs. Al Tompkins and two children, of Madera, are the guests of Miss Maggie O'Rourke, on Second street .

Mrs .Mitchell Graffius and son, Ray, of Woodland, were visitors to Clearfield yesterday.

Mrs. Pearl Mentzer, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hannah Hipler of Fourth street.

Hon. Frank G. Harris is confined to his home on Fourth avenue, suffering from grip.

J. W. Reed, editor of the Houtzdale Citizen, stopped off here several hours yesterday. Mr. Reed was on his way to northern Michigan, where he will pay a visit to a brother.

Alfred Graham and William Kurtz, two well known West Market street residents, are on the sick list. The former's illness is caused by acute indigestion and Mr. Kurtz's trouble is said to be blood poison.

Mrs. Fred B. Kerr has returned from a visit to New York city and Atlantic City.

Mrs. W. A. Porter and children, who came here to bury the husband and father have returned to their home in Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs .S. A. Gaylor, of Jeannette,Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. V. Brown on Pine street.

Miss Pearl Moore, of Clearfield, and Miss Daisy Hegarty, of Madera, were guests of DuBois friends this week.

James Collins, of Punxsutawney, visited friends in this place this week.

J. E. Fry, of Penfield, had business in town yesterday.

J. H. Shafer, of DuBois, was at the county seat yesterday.

J. B. Beausinger, of Leconts Mills, was stopping at the Dimeling yesterday .

Harry Fred Bigler and William Wrigley have returned from a visit of several days in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Roland D. Swoope entertained a party of ladies from Clearfield and Curwensville at her home in Curwensville yesterday.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Gus Smith, of Springs Pa., and Beulah Hulliton, of Mahaffey.

Clyde Gawley, of Punxsutawney,and Ivie Smith of Irvona.

Walko Berezansky and Italia Trukan, both of Smoke Run.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

GEN. FUNSTON'S FEATS IN WAR

Captured Aguinaldo Almost Single Handed.

WON HIM A BRIGADIERSHIP.

Leader of Fifth Brigade Into Mexico Entered Army in 1901—Wounded Ten Times In Battle—Such a Factor In Cuban Troubles That "Butcher" Weyler Set Price Upon His Head.

Fighting Fred Funston, who has been ordered to lead the first advance of the army to Vera Cruz, is the senior brigadier general of the American army, although he is now only forty-nine years old and did not enter the regular army until 1901. He came into the regular establishment with the rank he now holds, his commission having been given by President McKinley in appreciation of his remarkable feat in capturing almost single handed, Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino insurrecto leader.

Funston had been in the volunteer service from the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when he recruited the Twentieth Kansas among the same kind of men forming the backbone of the rough riders. Before he engaged in the enterprise he had been for about two years a soldier in the Cuban army of liberation, and so big a factor was he in the warfare that "Butcher" Weyler, the Spanish generalissimo, set a price upon his head.

Daring Explorer and Soldier.

Funston is a product of the University of Kansas. After his student days he became a newspaper man, then entered the service of the United States department of agriculture and was sent to Alaska to study the flora. He showed the stuff of which he is made by floating down the Yukon alone in a canoe in 1893.

He was wounded ten times in battle. During his Cuban experience he took part in twenty-three engagements, and he kept that pace after entering the American volunteers. Once he was arrested in Cuba by Spaniards as he was trying to reach the seacoast. He represented himself as a deserter from the patriot army, having swallowed his passport, which indicated his rank. He was condemned to death, but eventually was liberated and got back to this country.

His Kansas regiment was assigned to Philippine duty, and on his way he met and married his present wife in San Francisco. He joined General Merritt before Manila, which he aided in reducing. Leading the pursuit of Aguinaldo in April, 1899, he came to the Muriac river, on the other side of which was a considerable force of the enemy. The bridge had been destroyed, but Funston, with twenty of the many men who volunteered, swam the river, drove the hostiles back and took eighty prisoners.

As "Prisoner," Took Aguinaldo.

A few days later he crossed the Rio Grande at Calumpit on a raft and drove the enemy, 2,500 strong, from an intrenched position. This feat won his brigadiership of volunteers.

It was in 1901 that he made his big mark. From his hiding place in the province of Isabella, Aguinaldo had called the insurgents to rendezvous near his headquarters. Funston captured the messenger who carried this command. He and several comrades made their way through the thick of a hostile country with eighty Macabebes, who passed as insurgent Tagalogs who had captured the Americans. Word was sent to Aguinaldo, and orders were given for the prisoners to be brought to him.

Before the strategy was suspected Funston had entered the rebel's house and taken him prisoner. That act broke the neck of the insurrection, and peace negotiations were at once begun.

Funston is a little man, with a limp, a memento of several wounds. He possesses a bubbling sense of humor.

SPECIAL SERVICE SHIPS.

Winslow's Command Recalls Schley's Famous "Flying Squadron."

The creation of the special service squadron for operations in Mexican waters recalls to naval veterans the assembly of the famous "flying squadron," under the command of the late Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, in the early days of the Spanish war. In the present instance the special service squadron is made up of most incongruous elements, ranging from the most powerful battleships in the world to the tiniest gunboats.

This squadron, starting with sixteen vessels and likely to be augmented to twoscore, will be serviceable for blockading purposes, and the smaller craft will be particularly useful for inshore work.

Rear Admiral Cameron McRae Winslow, commander of the squadron, is a nephew of the Winslow who commanded the famous old Kearsarge in her battle with the Alabama. In the Spanish war Rear Admiral Winslow, then a lieutenant, cut the telegraph cable near Santiago, Cuba, and was wounded in the hand. The cable cutting work was done from a small boat commanded by Lieutenant Winslow. Although himself wounded and the boat was subjected to a hot fire from the Spanish riflemen ashore. Winslow kept at the work until the cable had been grappled, hauled across the bow of the boat and a piece cut out of it.

Doctors Endorse

If we did not believe doctors endorsed *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you.

Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time .

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

SUMMER NORMAL
WILL BE CONDUCTED AT
Curwensville, Penn.

Special attention given to TEACHERS and those preparing to teach.

40 DAY TERM 40
Beginning May 5. Tuition $8

G. R. ZIEGENFUSS
L. J. GILLILAND

Geo. W. Johnson

Sanitary Plumbing, Tinning, Heating and Ventilating.

GIVE US A CALL

28 S. SECOND ST.,
CLEARFIELD, - PENN'A

The Whip of Interest Drives the Reader On



"PUT DOWN THAT WHIP, FATHER, OR I'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU!"

In "The Story of Waitstill Baxter"

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

It Will Be Our Next Serial

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4, 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

Eggs For Hatching.

Kellerstrass, Crystal White Orpington. $1 for 15. Mrs. Amos Hess, 801 Third street, H. & C. 'Phone. April 29 6t.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Automobile agent—Clearfield territory for car selling for about $1200, fully equipped. A high grade car selling at a moderate price. Answer immediately. Address M., Progress office Apr. 17 tf.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

Junior Chautauqua.

There will be a meeting of the Junior Chautauqua club Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock sharp. All the children are requested to be there. Apr. 28 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



SUGAR BOWL
Ice Cream Factory

Pure Ice Cream and Ices
Delivered All Over town
Ask For Prices.
Wholesale and Retail. Market St.



A Residence Awning
Good Material and First Class Workmanship for
$2.35
Complete
Call on or Phone
A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

Get the Best...
Mother's Bread
Has no Superior. Few Equals.
CITY BAKERY
NO. 18 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, April 29, 1914 | Number 216

THIS OLD TOWN WILL JUST HUM

American Eagle Will Scream as He Never Before Screamed

JULY FOURTH CELEBRATION

A Two-Day Program of Amusements Being Prepared by the Executive Committee — Balloon Ascensions, Baseball and Horse Racing—Prizes for Automobile and Horse Floats.

The following statement has been issued by the executive committee of the Fourth of July celebration:

To the industrial, business and professional men of Clearfield:

Gentlemen:

Before July 4, the war will be over and Mexico will be whipped to astandstill. This being a foregone conclusion, let us prepare to celebrate not only the Declaration of Independence, but our victory over the "Greasers" as well, by all joining in and helping along the Big Celebration now being arranged for under the joint auspices of the Clearfield fire department and the Clearfield Hospital association.

In connection with the coming celebration, to be held on July 3rd and 4th, the committee in charge is arranging a mammoth industrial parade as one of the big features, to be held in the forenoon of July 4th, and we take this means of appealing to all progressive business men who know the value of up-to-the-minute advertising, to participate. During the centennial held a few years ago the industrial parade was one of the big features and brought thousands of people to Clearfield on that day to witness it.

The Industrial Parade.

The industrial parade this year will surpass that one if it lies in the power of the committee to "produce the goods," and we think it does, with the help of all who desire to show their patriotism and public spirit.

The committee is already in touch with a number of the best brass bands in Central Pennsylvania and will have five or six, besides home bands in the line of march.

As an extra inducement to the different business places and citizens generally to take part in the big parade the committee is offering prizes amounting to $50, divided as follows: $15 and $10 for the best and second best auto floats: $15 and $10 for the best and second best horse drawn floats.

Will be a Mile Long.

Besides the floats and bands the home and visiting fire departments, with apparatus, all fraternal organizations—many in uniform and regalia—Dark Town fire brigade, fantastics, saddle and harness horses, draft horses, pony carts, etc,. etc., will stretch the parade to at least a mile in length.

With a view of getting a line on all those who desire to participate in the big parade a sub-committee will visit the different business and industrial establishments in the near future and it is hoped that all who are in a position to do so will signify their intention and willingness to join in and help make this the biggest affair of its kind ever witnessed in Clearfield.

Balloon Ascension.

To give you a slight idea of what has already been accomplished, the executive committee announces that it has secured as one of the attractions the world famous "King Kelly", aeroncut, who will pull off three balloon ascensions with double and triple parachute drops, something never before seen in Clearfield.

Another feature of this attraction will be a balloon ascension in the evening with a fine display of fireworks from the balloon a thousand feet in the air, another stunt never witnessed in our town.

The lovers of base ball and horse racing will have an opportunity of indulging in their favorite sports each day; fast ball teams and faster horses having been secured for the occasion.

Only a Few of Attractions.

The above are only a few of the big things in store for those who will visit Clearfield on July 3rd and 4th.

Continued on 4th page.

FUNSTON'S MEN HOLD VERA CRUZ

Army Replaces Bluejackets and Maintains Order.

NO EXTENSION OF CONTROL.

Huerta Continues Policy of Leaving Americans Alone—Result of Mediation Plans Awaited Before Extending Territory Under American Control. City Conquered.

Vera Cruz, April 29.—The army transports bringing Brigadier General Funston's troops from Galveston arrived in the harbor at dawn. The disembarkation of the troops was completed in the afternoon. The bluejackets, who have been ashore since the occupation of Vera Cruz, were withdrawn, and all returned to their respective ships. The marines will remain ashore for the time being.

President Huerta has decided not to attempt to try conclusions with the American forces near Vera Cruz. This is indicated by reports brought to the city by passengers arriving from the outlying districts. The passengers said they saw General Maas, the former commandant at Vera Cruz, and his men making their way farther into the interior from Soledad. With him were the few cadets who escaped from the Naval academy after the battle fought there in the second day's engagement.

The American forces are tolerant of almost all Mexicans who enter their lines, and it is not improbable that any Mexican officer might with safety openly enter and depart from the city.

Rodrigo de Llano, a reporter of El Imparcial of Mexico City, arrived at Vera Cruz. He visited the American headquarters and surveyed the entire field of operations without molestation. He plans to return to the capital with his story on the first train he can get to take him out.

No Extension of Control.

It is generally understood that there will be no effort to extend the territory now held until further orders to that effect come from Washington. This attitude, it is supposed, is the result of the negotiations regarding mediation, little information of which is reaching here, and because of the desire to continue efforts to bring Americans in Mexico City and elsewhere to the coast.

Several naval officers now administering municipal affairs were not disturbed when the army staff took hold. Among these is Commander Stickney of the Prairie, captain of the port, who is now directing affairs inside the breakwater. Since the Prairie is a marine transport, with all her men ashore, it is not probable that any change will be made so far as the position of captain of the port is concerned.

N. Y. C. OPERATOR DEAD

Lloyd High Unexpectedly Passes Away at Burnside.

Lloyd High, a N. Y. C. operator at Burnside, died very unexpectedly on last Saturday and was buried at New Millport, the home of his wife's people, this morning at 11 o'clock. Mr. High had gone to the Heilwood hospital for an operation, and was thought to be recovering. He wrote his wife that he was getting along well, and before the letter reached Burnside a telegram was received announcing his death.

Mr. High had two brothers, who are well known in this section. One is Prof. High, of Mahaffey, and the other is a resident of New Millport.

AEDRESSED THE STUDENTS

High School Pupils Told of Value of a College Education.

Professor Hutchinson, who holds a chair in Dickinson college, addressed the students of the Clearfield High school Tuesday afternoon on the necessity for a college education. The professor told the students that the government of the nation would in a few years fall upon the shoulders of the boys and girls of today and they could not perform their duties successfully if they had not acquired a college education.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Sir George Doughty, Liberal-Unionist member of parliament for Grimsby, died in London.

Mme. Jeane Dureau, wife of Albert Dureau, a writer, and daughter of Paul Durand-Ruel, the artist, died in Paris. She was the sister of George and Joseph Durand-Ruel of Paris.

WILSON FRAMES HIS DEMANDS

Stipulates That Dictator Huerta Must Surrender Rule

"STRONG MAN" NOW SOUGHT

One on Whom All Factions In Mexico Can Unite Is Needed to Assume Presidency—Carranza and Villa Out of the Question—Mediators Begin Work, and War Ceases Until Climax Is Reached.

General Huerta may be given only seventy-two hours to accede to United States terms, including demand for his abdication. He has accepted the principle of mediation.

General Funston and his expeditionary army of 4,000 landed at Vera Cruz.

Admiral Fletcher seizes Vera Cruz property of the Terminal company, a British concern, over which the British flag was flying.

Generals Villa and Carranza were in a conference which may end in break between the two over Villa's friendliness toward the United States.

Hundreds of American refugees are fleeing from Mexico.

Twenty-one states east of the Mississippi have offered a total of 70,513 militiamen.

American women refugees jailed at Cordoba are being tortured by death threats.

Representative Mendell, speaking in the house, charged Consul General Hanna and Consul Canada with being sensationalists. Consul General Hanna was declared to be a friend of the Mexican rebels.

Envoys of Brazil, Argentina and Chile resumed their sessions to perfect a plan for the settlement of the Mexican trouble, which they will lay before both President Wilson and General Huerta.

The Americans remaining in Mexico City leave for the gulf coast by special train.

Tension Is Lessened.

Washington, April 29.—The war tension here has greately lessened with the formal acceptance by the Huerta government of the offer of Argentina, Brazil and Chili to use their good offices for peace.

Great as are the obstacles in the way of successful mediation, the indications are that the parleys, even if nothing comes of them finally, will stave off war for some days. Formal proposals on each side will soon be made, and these will be thrashed over. Considerable time will doubtless be consumed in this process, so that even if war is to come there will be some waiting.

Making due allowance for the feeling in many quarters that Huerta is merely playing for time and position, and also making allowance for the belief of some that the mediators are not really friendly to this country and are likely to put the United States in a hole if they get a chance, it is also true that this government, having consented to mediation, is bound to give it a sincere trial and not look for an excuse to let loose the war dogs.

In its formal proposals this government will insist on Huerta getting out, and in his proposals Huerta will presumably proceed on the basis of himself remaining and our forces leaving Vera Cruz. While this would seem to point to a quick impasse and speedy blocking of negotiations, the probabilities are that the first proposals on each side will not be followed by immediate rejection by this government or by Huerta, but by repeated exchange of views through the mediators.

It is believed this government will not resume war operations in a hurry, even if it becomes convinced Huerta cannot be pried loose by diplomatic means, provided the president is convinced the Huerta power is being rapidly undermined and the Constitutionalists are going forward rapidly, as they say the are.

As yet the initial steps only have been taken in the effort to settle the difficulties between the two countries without further resort to arms.

Much remains to be done before the outlook can assume any definite form. The stage now reached—that of framing the conditions of mediation—is extremely delicate.

On the other hand, the attitude of Carranza is bound to have an important bearing on the outlook.

The Constitutionalists at present control a large proportion of Mexico, including the important cities of Juarez, Chihuahua and Torreon.

New Pastor for Winburne.

Rev. Andrew Houser, of Altoona, ordained a minister by the Erie Evangelical church conference, in session at Altoona this week, has been appointed to the charge at Winburne.

Mrs. D. L. Krebs and Mrs. J. K. Horton are in Philadelphia.

PASSENGER CAR PLAYS A STUNT

Rear of Coach Jumps From Track on The N. Y. C.

HITS TIES LONG DISTANCE

Train Was Running at Moderate Rate of Speed, and Passengers Escaped With Shaking—A Serious Accident Narrowly Averted—A Queer Performance.

A peculiar accident occurred on the N. Y. C. railroad at a point near "J" tower about a mile below Mahaffey, on Tuesday evening, when th front truck on a passenger coach left the rails and for a distance of several hundred feet rode cross-ways on the tracks, tearing up the ties and temporarily tying up traffic. Owing to the fact that the train was traveling at a very low rate of speed at the time, what might have been a very serious accident was averted.

When the train passed the tower it slowed down to take orders. The brakeman had secured his orders, and was standing on the rear platform, when he noticed that somethin was wrong with the smoking car, which was attached to the baggage car. He reached for the bell cord and was thrown from the train. At the same moment the conductor scented trouble and gave the signal to slow up. The train was quickly brought to a stop and a bad accident was narrowly averted.

The accident is peculiar in that the wheels did not leave the rails at a switch, neither was there anything wrong with the equipment, according to officials of the road. The persons riding in the smoker had the ride of their lives for about a minute, but no one was injured.

The wreck train straightened out the matter, and the performing car was in use again today.

LATEST FROM MEXICO

Most Authentic News of the Conflict in the Republic.

The war with Mexico is on, and thousands of Uncle Sam's boys are either in Mexico or on their way, to uphold the dignity of the United States. Men have been killed, buildings dynamited, and thousands of refugees are moving toward theAmerican border for protection.

These are stirring times, history is being made, and you will wish to read every line in connection with this struggle.

The North American has special correspondents and photographers on the field, which, together with leased lines and Associated Press dispatches will enable them to give their readers the latest and most authentic reports obtainable, together with photographic illustrations taken on the field.

If you are not a regular subscriber to The North American, place your order with the nearest agent, and have him serve you with a copy each day.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Hike for Boys on Saturday—To Form a Gun Club

On Saturday, May 2, there will be a hike for all boys of the Y. M. C. A. All those who are going are requested to meet at the "Y" on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Everyone be sure to bring his dinner. The hike will be out towards Rockton.

There will be a meeting on Monday May 4, at 7.30, to organize a gun club. Every one that is interested and wants to get into the fun should be present at this meeting.

June 8 is the date set for the six day bicycle trip, and the objective place is Pittsburgh. Details of the trip may be obtained by inquiring at the office. All those who would like to or can go are asked to give their names to the secretary or physical director as soon as possible.

Married at U. B. Parsonage.

Guy Lansberry and Miss Grace Lomadue were married at the parsonage of the U. B. church, East End, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock.Rev. J. F. Kelly officiating. They will reside on a farm.

Accident at Houtzdale.

Several men were injured at Houtzdale Monday when powder they were unloading exploded.

EXERCISES HELD IN DARKHESS

Lights go Out at Mahaffey H. S. Commencement

STUDENTS ARE UNDISMAYED

Occasion Made Rather Sorrowful Because Death of Brother Calls Away the Principal of the School—Program Carried Out Despite Untoward Circumstances.

With the principal who had trained them unexpectedly called away on account of the death of his brother, and with the building in which the commencement exercises were being held in darkness,was the peculiar experienc of the graduating class of the Mahaffey High school on Tuesday evening.

The town of Mahaffey is famed for its graduating classes, and these occasions are always largely enjoyed by the good people of that section.

On Tuesday evening the Lutheran church was beautifully decorated with potted plants and the colors of the class. The orchestra was in place and ready for the opening number when the electric lights disappeared for an instant. There was a murmur of amusement until the performance was repeated three times, a signal which in Mahaffey means trouble. There was a hurried search for oil lamps and the class took its position on the platform and carried out the program in a darkness that all but obliterated the speakers.

The exercises were nicely arranged and the graduates displayed evidence of careful training and unusual talent. The following program was given:

Music, orchestra.

Invocation, Rev. I. P. Hawkins.

"A New Phase of Banking," Lisle Stephenson.

"The Life of Clara Barton," Nora Roberts.

Music, orchestra.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun," Martha Sunderlin.

"Future History of the Present Centuries," Florence Conrath.

Presentation of diplomas, T. M. Davidson, secretary of board.

Music, orchestra.

"With the Captain on the Bridge," Supt. W. M. Pierce, of Ridgway.

Benediction, Rev. Hawkins.

County Superintendent Tobias, of this place, was present and introduced Prof. Pierce.

MINERS DISCUSS THE OPERATORS' PROPOSAL

Some of The Men Against Acceptance of 1912 Scale

A meeting of miners of DuBois, Sykesville, Big Soldier, Eriton, and Hildrup mines was held at DuBois, on Tuesday afternoon, and the question of returning to work until it was seen how the men voted on the proposition to accept the scale of 1912 at the election next Monday resulted, as well as the sentiment of the miners relative to how they should vote on that question were discussed.

Speeches were made by Patrick Egan, District President Purcell, National Organizer Reese Watson, J. E. Brown and William Broad. While the speakers did not advise the men to go back to work several of them pointed out that the national organization favored that step. Mr. Brown was in favor of remaining out until an agreement with the operators could be effected. It is believed that unless the men in the DuBois section change their minds they will vote next Monday against accepting the scale of 1912.

The meeting, at which there were about 1500 miners, passed resolutions denouncing the civil war in Colorado and calling upon President White, of the national organization, to call a national strike of all miners under his jurisdiction, in protest against "government by gunmen as practiced in Colorado, unless these practices end."

In a number of the mines in this field the miners are working.

Subscribe for the Progress.

MANY CRIMES ON THE LIST

Defendants Who Will be Tried at the May Term

TWO MURDER CASES LISTED

Burglaries, Larcenies, Attempts to Kill, Wife Desertions and Numerous Assault and Battery Suits Will Keep the Court Busy Next Week—Some Will be Settled.

May criminal court, which begins on Monday next, promises to be one of the largest in the history of the county. There are crimes on the list ranging from murder to assault and battery. Two alleged murderers—Philip Cimo and Clay Hoston—are to be tried, the three other men charged with murder appearing later in the month.

The list of cases, with the exception of a few which will be added later, is as follows:

Two Murder Cases.

Murder—Philip Cimo, Clayton Hoston.

Assault and battery with intent to kill—John Spanogle, Don B. Kline.

Burglary—Joe Howard and John Doe, John Koski and Bernard Kanjechv, Arthur McCall and Daniel Brandon, August Piare, Jack Daley.

Wife desertion—Harry Holes, Arson Perrott.

Wife desertion and non-support—George Redding, Mike Rinkas.

Non-support—Lee Slaughter.

Violating mining law—John Stevenson, H. B. Swoope, Daniel J. Hopkins, William Orr, Samuel O. Walker, Guy Sankey, Harry Hughes.

Three Liquor Cases.

Violating liquor laws—Fred Pent, Solomon Rye, Louis Valentime.

F. & B.—James Steckman, Jerry Yarger, August Coutriet, Roy McFaul, George Stephenson, Fred Gallagher, Fred Cameron, Bert Phillips, W. Guy Miller, Sylvester Fetzer.

Larceny—Emma Koscick, Lloyd Rowles, Lewis Eddinger, Gust Cosick, Dan Brandon and Arthur Mc Call, Charles Peters.

A. & B.—J. B. Stier, Gust Makofka and Fred Kashihick, Philip Dotts, Lamer Dotts and Philip S. Dotts,Francis Kerin, John Lachum, Clara Fullerton, Matt Szozedos, Joseph Bilik, David Barto.

Married Too Often.

Bigamy—Arnold E. Poorman.

False pretense—C. P. Umezzie, A. J. Murphy, William Kramer.

Threats—Michael Hippler, Bariana Binaralla.

Statutory rape—John Swan.

Embezzlement — Charles Fowler, Cort Hess.

Fradulent representation — G. A. Schrock.

Burglary and entry—Walter Gallagher.

Charged With Robbery.

Intent to rob—John Willie.

Disorderly conduct and lewdness — Annie Seaburn.

A. & B., desertion and non-support —Mike Rankas.

Receiving and concealing stolen goods—August Piarre.

Larceny and receiving stolen goods —August Piarre.

Maintaining disorderly house--William C Goss.

Assault and attempt to rape—Steve Damit.

The district attorney expects that a number of these cases will be settled and that several defendants will plead guilty when their cases are called next week.

CLERKS AND CARRIERS

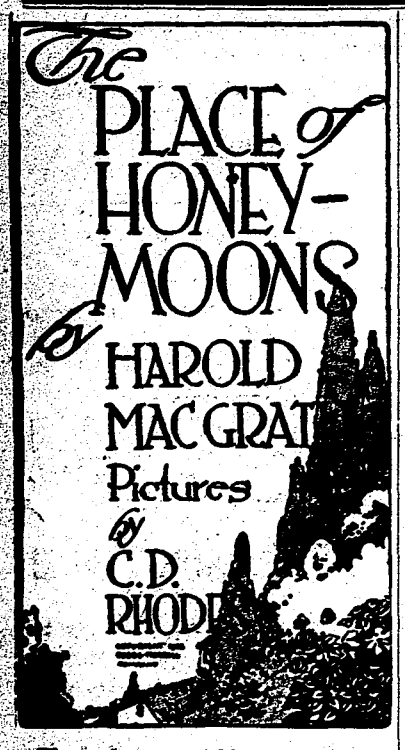
Examination of Applicants for Positions at Local Postoffice.

A civil service examination for clerk and city carrier in the postoffice at Clearfield will be held in the High school building, Clearfield, on Saturday, May 9. The salaries of these positions range from $800 to $1200 per annum.

Application blanks may be had of R. C. Ogden, at the Clearfield postoffice, who will give applicants all the information regarding the examination they may desire.

Stop at Jersey Shore.

After next Sunday all New York Central trains will stop at Jersey Shore, and passengers going east will change to the Reading at that town.



The padre spread his hands. "What a way women have of modifying either good or bad impulses! It would have been fine of you to have stopped when you said you were sorry."

"Padre, one would believe that you had taken up his defense!"

"If I had I should have to leave it after today. I return to Rome tomorrow and shall not see you again before you go to America. I have bidden good-by to all save you. My child, my last admonition is, be patient; observe; guard against that impulse born in your blood to move hastily, to form opinions without solid foundations. Be happy while you are young, for old age is happy only in that reflected happiness of recollection. Write to me, here. I return in November. Benedicite?" smiling.

Nora bowed her heard and he put a hand upon it.

* * * * * * *

Celeste stood behind Abbott and studied his picture through half-closed, critical eyes. "You have painted it over too many times." Then she looked down at the shapely head. Ah, the longing to put her hands upon it, to run her fingers through the tousled hair, to touch it with her lips! But no! "Perhaps you are tired; perhaps you have worked too hard. Why not put aside your brushes for a week?"

"I've a good mind to chuck it into the lake. I simply can't paint any more." He flung down the brushes. "I'm a fool, Celeste, a fool. I'm crying for the moon, that's what the matter is. What's the use of beating about the bush? You know as well as I do that it's Nora."

Her heart contracted, and for a little while she could not see him clearly.

"But what earthly chance have I?" he went on, innocently but ruthlessly. "No one can help loving Nora."

"No," in a small voice.

"It's all rot, this talk about affinities. There's always some poor devil left outside. But who can help loving Nora?" he repeated.

"Who indeed!"

"And there's not the least chance in the world for me."

"You never can tell until you put it to the test."

"Do you think I have a chance? Is it possible that Nora may care a little for me?" He turned his head toward her eagerly.

"Who knows?" She wanted him to have it over with, to learn the truth that to Nora Harrigan he would never be more than an amiable comrade. He would then have none to turn to but her. What mattered it if her own heart ached so she might soothe the hurt in his? She laid a hand upon his shoulder, so lightly that he was only dimly conscious of the contact.

"It's a rummy old world. Here I've gone alone all these years . . ."

"Twenty-six!" smiling.

"Well, that's a long time. Never bothered my head about a woman. Selfish, perhaps. Had a good time, came and went as I pleased. And then I met Nora."

"Yes."

"If only she'd been stand-offish, like these other singers, why, I'd have been all right today. But she's such a brick! She's such a good fellow! She treats us all alike; sings when we ask her to; always ready for a romp. Think of her making us all take the Kneipcure the other night! And we marched around the fountain singing 'Mary had a little lamb.' Barefooted in the grass! When a man marries he doesn't want a wife half so much as a good comrade; somebody to slap him on the back in the morning to hearten him up for the day's work; and to cuddle him up when he comes home tired, or disappointed, or unsuccessful. No matter what mood he's in. Is my English getting away from you?"

"No; I understand all you say." Her hand rested a trifle heavier upon his shoulder.

"Nora would be that kind of a wife. 'Honor, anger, valor, fire,' as Stevenson says. Hang the picture; what am I going to do with it?"

"'Honor, anger, valor, fire,'" Celeste repeated slowly. "Yes, that is Nora." A bitter little smile moved her lips as she recalled the happenings of the last two days. But no; he must find out for himself; he must meet the hurt from Nora, not from her. "How long, Abbott, have you known your friend Mr. Courtlandt?"

"Boys together," playing a light tattoo with his mahlstick.

"How old is he?"

"About thirty-two or three."

"He is very rich?"

"Oceans of money; throws it away, but not fast enough to get rid of it."

"He is what you say in English . . . wild?"

"Well," with mock gravity, "I shouldn't like to be the tiger that crossed his path. Wild; that's the word for it."

"You are laughing. Ah, I know! I should say dissipated."

"Courtlandt? Come, now, Celeste; does he look dissipated?"

"No-o."

"He drinks when he chooses, he flirts with a pretty woman when he chooses, he smokes the finest tobacco there is when he chooses; and he gives them all up when he chooses. He is like the seasons; he comes and he goes, and nobody can change his habits."

"He has had no affair?"

"Why, Courtlandt hasn't any heart. It's a mechanical device to keep his blood in circulation; that's all. I am the most intimate friend he has, and yet I know no more than you how he lives and where he goes."

She let her hand fall from his shoulder. She was glad that he did not know.

"But look!" she cried in warning.

Abbott looked.

A woman was coming serenely down the path from the wooded promontory, a woman undeniably handsome in a cedar-tinted linen dress, exquisitely fashioned, with a touch of vivid scarlet on her hat and a most tantalizing flash of scarlet ankle. It was Flora Desimone, fresh from her morning bath and a substantial breakfast. The errand that had brought her from Aix-les-Bains was confessedly a merciful one. But she possessed the dramatist's instinct to prolong a situation. Thus, to make her act of mercy seem infinitely larger than it was, she was determined first to cast the Apple of Discord into this charming corner of Eden. The Apple of Discord, as every man knows, is the only thing a woman can throw with any accuracy.

The artist snatched up his brushes, and ruined the painting forthwith, for all time. The foreground was, in his opinion, beyond redemption; so, with a savage humor, he rapidly limned in a score of impossible trees, turned midday into sunset, with a riot of colors which would have made the Chinese New Year in Canton a drab and sober event in comparison. He hated Flora Desimone, as all Nora's adherents properly did, but with a hatred wholly reflective and adapted to Nora's moods.

"You have spoiled it!" cried Celeste. She had watched the picture grow, and to see it ruthlessly destroyed this way hurt her. "How could you!"

"Worst I ever did." He began to change the whole effect, chuckling audibly as he worked. Sunset divided honors with moonlight. It was no longer incongruous; it was ridiculous. He leaned back and laughed. "I'm going to send it to L'Asino, and call it an afterthought."

"Give it to me."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Nonsense! I'm going to touch a match to it. I'll give you that picture with the lavender in bloom."

"I want this."

"But you cannot hang it."

"I want it."

"Well!" The more he learned about women the farther out of mental reach they seemed to go. Why on earth did she want this execrable daub? "You may have it; but all the same, I'm going to call an oculist and have him examine your eyes."

"Why, it is the Signorina Fournier!" In preparing studiously to ignore Flora Desimone's presence they had forgotten all about her.

"Good morning, signora," said Celeste in Italian.

"And the Signore Abbott, the painter, also!" The Calabrian raised what she considered her most deadly weapon, her lorgnette.

"What is it?" asked Flora, squinting.

"It is a new style of the impressionist which I began this morning," soberly.

"It looks very natural," observed Flora.

"Natural!" Abbott dropped his mahlstick.

"It is Vesuv', is it not, on a cloudy day?"

This was too much for Abbott's gravity, and he laughed.

"It was not necessary to spoil a good picture . . . on my account," said Flora, closing the lorgnette with a snap.

"The signora is wrong. I did not spoil it on her account. It was past helping yesterday. But I shall, however, rechristen it Vesuvius, since it represents an eruption of temper."

Flora tapped the handle of her parasol with the lorgnette. It was distinctly a sign of approval. These Americans were never slow-witted. She swung the parasol to and fro, slowly, like a pendulum.

"It is too bad," she said, her glance roving over the white walls of the villa.

"It was irrevocably lost," Abbott declared.

"No, no; I do not mean the picture. I am thinking of La Toscana. Her voice was really superb; and to lose it entirely . . . !" She waved a sympathetic hand.

Abbott was about to rise up in vigorous protest. But fate itself chose to rebuke Flora. From the window came—"Sai cos' ebbe cuore!"—sung as only Nora could sing it.

The ferrule of Flora Desimone's parasol bit deeply into the clover-turf.

* * * * * * *

"Am I all right?" asked Harrigan.

Courtlandt nodded. "You look like a soldier in mufti, and more than that, like the gentleman that you naturally are," quite sincerely.

The ex-gladiator blushed. "This is the reception-room. There's the ballroom right out there. The smoking-room is on the other side. Now, how in the old Harry am I going to get across without killing some one?"

Courtlandt resisted the desire to laugh. "Supposing you let me pilot you over?"

"You're the referee. Ring the gong."

"Come on, then."

"What! While they are dancing?" backing away in dismay.

The other caught him by the arm. "Come on."

And in and out they went, hither and thither, now dodging, now pausing to let the swirl pass, until at length Harrigan found himself safe on shore, in the dim cool smoking-room.

"I don't see how you did it," admiringly.

"I'll drop in every little while to see how you are getting on," volunteered Courtlandt. "You can sit by the door if you care to see them dance. I'm off to see Mrs. Harrigan and tell her where you are. Here's a cigar."

Harrigan turned the cigar over and over in his fingers, all the while gazing at the young man's diminishing back. He sighed. That would make him the happiest man in the world. He examined the carnelian band encircling the six inches of evanescent happiness. "What do you think of that!" he murmured. "Same brand the old boy used to smoke. And if he pays anything less than sixty apiece for 'em at wholesale, I'll eat this one."

He lighted his cigar, and gave himself up to the delights of it.

Courtlandt loomed in the doorway. "Comfortable?"

"Perfectly. Good cigar, comfortable chair, fine view."

Young men began to drift in and out. The air became heavy with smoke, the prevailing aroma being that of Turkish tobacco of which Harrigan was not at all fond. But his cigar was so good that he was determined not to stir until the coal began to tickle the end of his nose. Since Molly knew where he was there was no occasion to worry.

Abbott came in, pulled a cigarette case out of his pocket, and impatiently struck a match. His hands shook a little and the flare of the match revealed a pale and angry countenance.

"Hey, Abbott, here's a seat. Get your second wind."

"Thanks." Abbott dropped into the chair and smoked quickly. "Very stuffy out there. Too many."

"You look it. Having a good time?"

"Oh, fine!" There was a catch in the laugh which followed, but Harrigan's ear was not trained for these subtleties of sound. "How are you making out?"

"I'm getting acclimated. Where's the colonel tonight? He ought to be around here somewhere."

"I left him a few moments ago."

"When you see him again, send him in. He's a live one, and I like to hear him talk."

"I'll go at once," crushing his cigarette in the Jeypore bowl.

"What's your hurry? You look like a man who has just lost his job."

"Been steering a German countess. She was wound up to turn only one way, and I am groggy. I'll send the colonel over. By-by."

"Now, what's stung the boy?"

Nora was enjoying herself famously. The men hummed around her like bees around the sweetest rose. From time to time she saw Courtlandt hovering about the outskirts. She was glad he had come; the lepidopterist is latent or active in most women; to impale the butterfly, the moth, falls easily into the daily routine. She was laughing and jesting with the men. Her mother stood by, admiringly.

This time Courtlandt gently pushed his way to Nora's side.

"May I have a dance?" he asked.

"You are too late," evenly. She was becoming used to the sight of him, much to her amazement.

"I am sorry."

"Why, Nora, I didn't know that your card was filled!" said Mrs. Harrigan. She had the maternal eye upon Courtlandt.

"Nevertheless," said Nora sweetly, "it is a fact."

"I am disconsolate," replied Courtlandt, who had approached for form's sake only, being fully prepared for a refusal. "I have the unfortunate habit of turning up late," with a significance which only Nora understood.

"So, those who are late must suffer the consequences."

"Supper?"

"The Barone rather than you."

The music began again, and Abbott whirled her away. She was dressed in Burmese taffeta, a rich orange. In the dark of her beautiful black hair there was the green luster of emeralds; an Indian-princess necklace of emeralds and pearls was looped around her dazzling white throat.

Unconsciously Courtlandt sighed audibly, and Mrs. Harrigan heard this note of unrest.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Harrigan.

"Flora Desimone's husband, the duke. He and Mr. Harrigan were having quite a conversation in the smoke room."

"What!" in consternation.

"They were getting along finely when I left them."

Mrs. Harrigan felt her heart sink. The duke and James together meant nothing short of a catastrophe; for James would not know whom he was addressing, and would make all manner of confidences. She knew something would happen if she let him out of her sight. He was eternally talking to strangers.

"Would you mind telling Mr. Harrigan that I wish to see him?"

"Not at all."

Nora stopped at the end of the ballroom. "Donald, let us go out into the garden. I want a breath of air. Did you see her?"

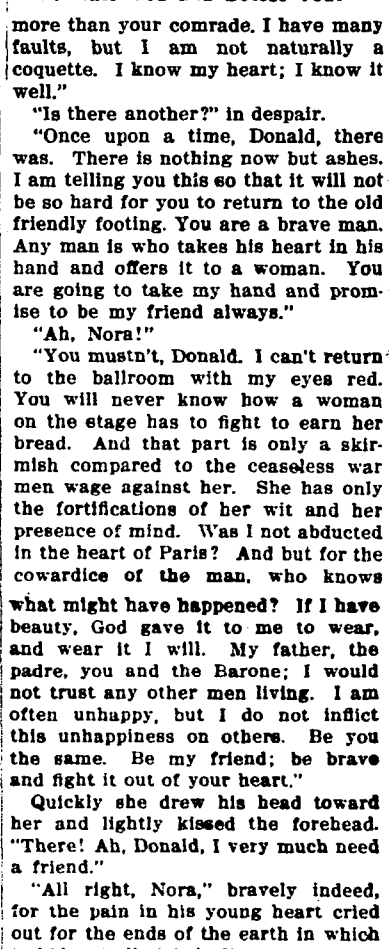
"Couldn't help seeing her. It was the duke, I suppose. It appears that he is an old friend of the duchess. We'll go through the conservatory. It's a short-cut."

The night was full of moonshine; it danced upon the water; it fired the filigree tops of the solemn cypress; it laced the lawn with quivering shadows; and heavy hung the cloying perfume of the box-wood hedges.

"O bellissima notta!" she sang. "Is it not glorious?"

"Nora," said Abbott, leaning suddenly toward her.

"Don't say it, Donald; please don't. Don't waste your love on me. You are a good man, and I should not be worthy the name of woman if I did not feel proud and sad. I want you always as a friend; and if you decide that cannot be, I shall lose faith in everything. I have never had a brother, and in the two short years I have grown to look on you as one. I am sorry. But if you will look back you will see that I never gave you any encouragement. I was never



"I Hate You and Detest You!"

more than your comrade. I have many faults, but I am not naturally a coquette. I know my heart; I know it well."

"Is there another?" in despair.

"Once upon a time, Donald, there was. There is nothing now but ashes. I am telling you this so that it will not be so hard for you to return to the old friendly footing. You are a brave man. Any man is who takes his heart in his hand and offers it to a woman. You are going to take my hand and promise to be my friend always."

"Ah, Nora!"

"You mustn't, Donald. I can't return to the ballroom with my eyes red. You will never know how a woman on the stage has to fight to earn her bread. And that part is only a skirmish compared to the ceaseless war men wage against her. She has only the fortifications of her wit and her presence of mind. Was I not abducted in the heart of Paris? And but for the cowardice of the man, who knows what might have happened? If I have beauty, God gave it to me to wear, and wear it I will. My father, the padre, you and the Barone; I would not trust any other men living. I am often unhappy, but I do not inflict this unhappiness on others. Be you the same. Be my friend; be brave and fight it out of your heart."

Quickly she drew his head toward her and lightly kissed the forehead. "There! Ah, Donald, I very much need a friend."

"All right, Nora," bravely indeed, for the pain in his young heart cried out for the ends of the earth in which to hide. "All right! I'm young; maybe I'll get over it in time. Always count on me. You wouldn't mind going back to the ballroom alone, would you? I've got an idea I'd like to smoke over it. No, I'll take you to the end of the conservatory and come back. I can't face the rest of them just now."

Nora had hoped against hope that it was only infatuation, but in the last few days she could not ignore the truth that he really loved her. She had thrown him and Celeste together in vain. Poor Celeste, poor lovely Celeste, who wore her heart upon her sleeve, patent to all eyes save Donald's! Thus, it was with defined purpose that she had lured him this night into the garden. She wanted to disillusion him.

The baron, glooming in an obscure corner of the conservatory, saw them come in. Abbott's brave young face deceived him. At the door Abbott smiled and bowed and returned to the garden. The Barone rose to follow him. He had taken but a step forward, when a tableau formed by the door, causing him to pause irresolutely.

Nora was face to face at last with Flora Desimone.

"I wish to speak to you," said the Italian abruptly.

"Nothing you could possibly say would interest me," declared Nora, haughtily and made as if to pass.

"Do not be too sure," insolently.

Their voices were low, but they reached the ears of the Barone, who wished he was anywhere but here. He moved silently behind the palms toward the exit.

"Let me be frank. I hate you and detest you with all my heart," continued Flora. "I have always hated you, with your supercilious airs, you, whose father . . ."

"Don't you dare to say an ill word of him!" cried Nora, her Irish blood throwing hauteur to the winds. "He is kind and brave and loyal, and I am proud of him. Say what you will about me; it will not bother me in the least."

CHAPTER XIII.

Courtlandt Tells a Story.

The colonel and his guests at luncheon had listened to Courtlandt without sound or movement beyond the occasional rasp of feet shifting under the table. He had begun with the old familiar phrase—"I've got a story."

"Tell it," had been the instant request.

At the beginning the men had been leaning at various negligent angles—some with their elbows upon the table, some with their arms thrown across the backs of their chairs. The partridge had been excellent, the wine delicious, the tobacco irreproachable. Burma, the tinkle of bells in the temples, the strange pictures in the bazaars, long journeys over smooth and stormy seas; romance, moving and colorful, which began at Rangoon, had zig-zagged around the world, and ended in Berlin.

"And so," concluded the teller of the tale, "that is the story. This man was perfectly innocent of any wrong, a victim of malice on the one hand and of injustice on the other."

"Is that the end of the yarn?" asked the colonel.

"Who in life knows what the end of anything is? This is not a story out of a book." Courtlandt accepted a fresh cigar from the box which Rao passed to him, and dropped his dead weed into the ash-bowl.

"Has he given up?" asked Abbott, his voice strangely unfamiliar in his own ears.

"A man can struggle just so long against odds, then he wins or becomes broken. Women are not logical; generally they permit themselves to be guided by impulse rather than by reason. This man I am telling you about was proud; perhaps too proud. It is a shameful fact, but he ran away. True, he wrote letter after letter, but all these were returned unopened. Then he stopped."

"A woman would a good deal rather believe circumstantial evidence than not. Humph!" The colonel primed his pipe and relighted it. "She couldn't have been worth much."

"Worth much!" cried Abbott. "What do you imply by that?"

"No man will really give up a woman who is really worth while, that is, of course, admitting that your man, Courtlandt, is a man. Perhaps, though, it was his fault. He was not persistent enough, maybe a bit spineless. The fact that he gave up so quickly possibly convinced her that her impressions were correct. Why, I'd have followed her day in and day out, year after year; never would I have let up until I had proved to her that she had been wrong."

"The colonel is right," Abbott approved, never taking his eyes off Courtlandt, who was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the bread crumbs under his fingers.

"And more, by hook or crook, I'd have dragged in the other woman by the hair and made her confess."

"I do not doubt it, colonel," responded Courtlandt, with a dry laugh. "And that would really have been the end of the story. The heroine of this rambling tale would then have been absolutely certain of collusion between the two."

"That is like a woman," the Barone agreed, and he knew something about them. "And where is this man now?"

"Here," said Courtlandt, pushing back his chair and rising. "I am he." He turned his back upon them and sought the garden.

Tableau!

"Dash me!" cried the colonel, who, being the least interested personally, was first to recover his speech.

The Barone drew in his breath sharply. Then he looked at Abbott.

"I suspected it," replied Abbott to the mute question. Since the episode of last night his philosophical outlook had broadened. He had lost Nora, but had come out of the agony of love refused to fuller manhood. As long as he lived he was certain that the petty affairs of the day were never again going to disturb him.

"Let him be," was the colonel's suggestion, adding a gesture in the direction of the casement door through which Courtlandt had gone. "He's as big a man as Nora is a woman. If he has returned with the determination of winning her, he will."

They did not see Courtlandt again. After a few minutes of restless to-and-froing, he proceeded down to the landing, helped himself to the colonel's motor-boat, and returned to Bellaggio. At the hotel he asked for the duke, only to be told that the duke and madame had left that morning for Paris. Courtlandt saw that he had permitted one great opportunity to slip past. He gave up the battle. One more good look at her, and he would go away. The odds had been too strong for him, and he knew that he was broken.

When the motor-boat came back, Abbott and the baron made use of it also. They crossed in silence, heavy-hearted.

On landing Abbott said: "It is probable that I shall not see you again this year. I am leaving tomorrow for Paris. It's a great world, isn't it, where they toss us around like dice? Some throw sixes and others deuces. And in this game you and I have lost two out of three."

"I shall return to Rome," replied the Barone. "My long leave of absence is near its end."

"What in the world can have happened?" demanded Nora, showing the two notes to Celeste. "Here's Donald going to Paris tomorrow and the Barone to Rome. They will bid us good-by at tea. I don't understand. Donald was to remain until we left for America, and the Barone's leave does not end until October."

"Tomorrow?" dim-eyed, Celeste returned the notes.

"Yes. You play the fourth ballade and I'll sing from Madame. It will be very lonesome without them." Nora gazed into the wall mirror and gave a pat or two to her hair.

When the men arrived, it was impressed on Nora's mind that never had she seen them so amiable toward each other. They were positively friendly. And why not? The test of the morning had proved each of them to his own individual satisfaction, and had done away with those stilted mannerisms that generally make rivals ridiculous in all eyes save their own. The revelation at luncheon had convinced them of the futility of things in general and of woman in particular. They were, without being aware of the fact, each a consolation to the other. The old adage that misery loves company was never more nicely typified.

If Celeste expected Nora to exhibit any signs of distress over the approaching departure, she was disappointed. In truth, Nora was secretly pleased to be rid of these two suitors, much as she liked them. The Barone had not yet proposed, and his sudden determination to return to Rome eliminated this disagreeable possibility. She was glad Abbott was going because she had hurt him without intention, and the sight of him was, in spite of her innocence, a constant reproach. Presently she would have her work, and there would be no time for loneliness.

The person who suffered keenest was Celeste. She was awake; the tender little dream was gone; and bravely she accepted the fact. Never her agile fingers stumbled, and she played remarkably well, from Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein, MacDowell. And Nora, perversely enough, sang from old light opera.

When the two men departed, Celeste went to her room and Nora out upon the terrace. It was after five. No one was about, so far as she could see. She stood enchanted over the transformation that was affecting the mountains and the lakes. How she loved the spot! How she would have liked to spend the rest of her days here! And how beautiful all the world was today!

She gave a frightened little scream. A strong pair of arms had encircled her. She started to cry out again, but the sound was muffled and blotted out by the pressure of a man's lips upon her own. She struggled violently, and suddenly was freed.

"If I were a man," she said, "you should die for that!"

"It was an opportunity not to be ignored," returned Courtlandt. "It is true that I was a fool to run away as I did, but my return has convinced me that I should have been as much a fool had I remained to tag you about, begging for an interview. I wrote you letters. You returned them unopened. You have condemned me without a hearing. So be it. You may consider that kiss the farewell appearance so dear to the operatic heart," bitterly.

He addressed most of this to the back of her head, for she was already walking toward the villa into which she disappeared with the proud air of some queen of tragedy. She was a capital actress.

A heavy hand fell upon Courtlandt's shoulder. He was irresistibly drawn right about face.

"Now, then, Mr. Courtlandt," said Harrigan, his eyes blue and cold as ice, "perhaps you will explain?"

With rage and despair in his heart, Courtlandt flung off the hand and answered: "I refuse!"

"Ah!" Harrigan stood off a few steps and ran his glance critically up and down this man of whom he had thought to make a friend. "You're a husky lad. There's one way out of this for you."

"So long as it does not necessitate any explanations," indifferently.

"In the bottom of one of Nora's trunks is a set of my old gloves. There will not be anyone up at the tennis court this time of day. If you are not a mean cuss, if you are not an ordinary low-down imitation of a man, you'll meet me up there inside of five minutes. If you can stand up in front of me for ten minutes, you need not make any explanations. On the other



"If You Can Stand Up in Front of Me for Ten Minutes You Need Make No Explanations."

hand, you'll hike out of here as fast as boats and trains can take you. And never come back."

Continued on Third Page.

THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS

Continued from second page.

"I am nearly twenty years younger than you, Mr. Harrigan."

"Oh, don't let that worry you any," with a truculent laugh.

"Very well. You will find me there. After all, you are her father."

"You bet I am!"

Harrigan stole into his daughter's room and soundlessly bored into the bottom of the trunk that contained the relics of past glory. As he pulled them forth, a folded oblong strip of parchment came out with them and fluttered to the floor; but he was too busily engaged to notice it, nor would he have bothered if he had. The bottom of the trunk was littered with old letters and programs and operatic scores. He wrapped the gloves in a newspaper and got away without being seen. He was as happy as a boy who had discovered an opening in the fence between him and the apple orchard. He was rather astonished to see Courtlandt kneeling in the clover patch, hunting for a four-leaf clover. It was patent that the young man was not troubled with nerves.

"Here!" he cried, brusquely, tossing over a pair of gloves. "If this method of settling the dispute isn't satisfactory, I'll accept your explanations."

For reply Courtlandt stood up and stripped to his undershirt. He drew on the gloves and laced them with the aid of his teeth. Then he kneaded them carefully. The two men eyed each other a little more respectfully than they had ever done before.

"This single court is about as near as we can make it. The man who steps outside is whipped."

"I agree," said Courtlandt.

"No rounds with rests; until one or the other is outside. Clean breaks. That's about all. Now, put up your dukes and take a man's licking. I thought you were your father's son, but I guess you are like the rest of 'em, hunters of women."

Courtlandt laughed and stepped to the middle of the court. Harrigan did not waste any time. He sent in a straight jab to the jaw, but Courtlandt blocked it neatly and countered with a hard one on Harrigan's ear, which began to swell.

"Fine!" growled Harrigan. "You know something about the game. It won't be as if I was walloping a baby." He sent a left to the body, but the right failed to reach his man.

For some time Harrigan jabbed and swung and uppercut; often he reached his opponent's body, but never his face. It worried him a little to find that he could not stir Courtlandt more than two or three feet. Courtlandt never followed up any advantage, thus making Harrigan force the fighting, which was rather to his liking. But presently it began to enter his mind convincingly that apart from the initial blow, the younger man was working wholly on the defensive. As if he were afraid he might hurt him! This served to make the old fellow furious. He bored in right and left, left and right, and Courtlandt gave way, step by step until he was so close to the line that he could see it from the corner of his eye. This glance, swift as it was, came near to being his undoing. Harrigan caught him with a terrible right on the jaw. It was a glancing blow, otherwise the fight would have ended then and there. Instantly he lurched forward and clinched before the other could add the finishing touch.

The two pushed about, Harrigan fiercely striving to break the younger man's hold. He was beginning to breathe hard besides. A little longer, and his blows would lack the proper steam. Finally Courtlandt broke away of his own accord. His head buzzed a little, but aside from that he had recovered. Harrigan pursued his tactics and rushed. But this time there was an offensive return. Courtlandt became the aggressor. There was no withstanding him. And Harrigan fairly saw the end; but with that indomitable pluck which had made him famous in the annals of the ring, he kept banging away. The swift, cruel jabs here and there upon his body began to tell. Oh, for a minute's rest and a piece of lemon on his parched tongue! Suddenly Courtlandt rushed him tigerishly, landing a jab which closed Harrigan's right eye. Courtlandt dropped his hands, and stepped back. His glance traveled suggestively to Harrigan's feet. He was outside the "ropes."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for losing my temper."

"What's the odds? I lost mine. You win." Harrigan was a true sportsman. He had no excuses to offer. He had dug the pit of humiliation with his own hands. He recognized this as one of two facts. The other was, that had Courtlandt extended himself, the battle would have lasted about one minute. It was gall and wormwood, but there you were.

"And now, you ask for explanations. Ask your daughter to make them." Courtlandt pulled off the gloves and got into his clothes. "You may add, sir, that I shall never trouble her again with my unwelcome attentions. I leave for Milan in the morning." Courtlandt left the field of victory without further comment.

"Well, what do you think of that?" mused Harrigan, as he stooped over to gather up the gloves. "Any one would say that he was the injured party. I'm in wrong on this deal somewhere. I'll ask Miss Nora a question or two."

It was not so easy returning. He ran into his wife. He tried to dodge her, but without success.

"James, where did you get that black eye?" tragically.

"It's a daisy, ain't it, Molly?" pushing past her into Nora's room and closing the door after him.

"Father!"

"That you, Nora?" blinking.

"Father, if you have been fighting with him, I'll never forgive you."

"Forget it, Nora. I wasn't fighting. I only thought I was."

He raised the lid of the trunk and cast in the gloves haphazard. And then he saw the paper which had fallen out. He picked up and squinted at it, for he could not see very well. Nora was leaving the room in a temper.

"Going, Nora?"

"I am. And I advise you to have your dinner in your room."

Alone, he turned on the light. It never occurred to him that he might be prying into some of Nora's private correspondence. He unfolded the parchment and held it under the light. For a long time he stared at the writing, which was in English, at the date, at the names. Then he quietly refolded it and put it away for future use, immediate future use.

"This is a great world," he murmured, rubbing his ear tenderly.

CHAPTER XIV.

Journey's End.

Harrigan dined alone. He was in disgrace; he was sore, mentally as well as physically; and he ate his dinner without relish, in simple obedience to those well-regulated periods of hunger that assailed him three times a day, in spring, summer, autumn and winter. By the time the waiter had cleared away the dishes, Harrigan had a perfecto between his teeth (along with a certain matrimonial bit), and smoked as if he had wagered to finish the cigar in half the usual stretch. He then began to walk the floor, much after the fashion of a man who has the toothache, or the earache, which would be more to the point. To his direct mind no diplomacy was needed; all that was necessary was a few blunt questions. Nora could answer them as she chose. Nora, his baby, his little girl that used to run around barefooted and laugh when he applied the needed birch! How children grew up! And they never grew too old for the birch; they certainly never did.

They heard him from the drawing-room; tramp, tramp, tramp.

"Let him be, Nora," said Mrs. Harrigan, wisely. "He is in a rage about something. And your father is not the easiest man to approach when he's mad. If he fought Mr. Courtlandt, he believed he had some good reason for doing so."

"Mother, there are times when I believe you are afraid of father."

"I am always afraid of him. It is only because I make believe I'm not that I can get him to do anything. It was dreadful. And Mr. Courtlandt was such a gentleman. I could cry. But let your father be until tomorrow."

"And have him wandering about with that black eye? Something must be done for it. I'm not afraid of him."

"Sometimes I wish you were."

So Nora entered the lion's den fearlessly. "Is there anything I can do for you, dad?"

"You can get the witch hazel and bathe this lamp of mine," grimly.

She ran into her own room and returned with the simpler devices for reducing a swollen eye. She did not notice, or pretended that she didn't, that he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He sat down in a chair, under the light; and she went to work deftly.

"I've got some make-up, and tomorrow morning I'll paint it for you."

"You don't ask any questions," he said, with grimness.

"Would it relieve your eye any?" lightly.

He laughed. "No; but it might relieve my mind."

"Well, then, why did you do so foolish a thing? At your age! Don't you know that you can't go on whipping every man you take a dislike to?"

"I haven't taken any dislike to Courtlandt. But I saw him kiss you."

"I can take care of myself."

"Perhaps. I asked him to explain. He refused. One thing puzzled me, though I didn't know what it was at the time. Now, when a fellow steals a kiss from a beautiful woman like you, Nora, I don't see why he should feel mad about it. When he had all but knocked your daddy to by-by, he said that you could explain. . . . Don't press so hard," warningly. "Well, can you?"

"Since you saw what he did, I do not see where explanations on my part are necessary."

"Nora, I've never caught you in a lie. I never want to. When you were little you were the truthfullest thing I ever saw. No matter what kind of a licking was in store for you, you weren't afraid; you told the truth. . . . There, that'll do. Put some cotton over it and bind it with a handkerchief. It'll be black all right, but the swelling will go down. I can tell 'em a tennis ball hit me. It was more like a cannon ball, though. Say, Nora, you know I've always poohpoohed these amateurs. People used to say that there were dozens of men in New York in my prime who could have laid me cold. I used to laugh. Well, I guess they were right. Courtlandt's got the stiffest kick I ever ran into. A pile driver, and if he had landed on my jaw, it would have been dormi bene as you say when you bid me good night in dago. That's all right now until tomorrow. I want to talk to you. Draw up a chair. There! As I said, I've never caught you in a lie, but I find that you've been living a lie for two years. You haven't been square to me, nor to your mother, nor to the chaps that came around and made love to you. You probably didn't look at it that way, but there's the fact. I'm not Paul Pry; but accidentally I came across this," taking the document from his pocket and handing it to her. "Read it. What's the answer?"

Nora's hands trembled.

"Takes you a long time to read it. Is it true?"

"Yes."

"And I went up to the tennis court with the intention of knocking his head off; and now I'm wondering why he didn't knock off mine. Nora, he's a man; and when you get through with this, I'm going down to the hotel and apologize."

"You will do nothing of the sort; not with that eye."

"All right. I was always worried for fear you'd hook up with some duke you'd have to support. Now, I want to know how this chap happens to be my son-in-law. Make it brief, for I don't want to get tangled up more than is necessary."

Nora crackled the certificate in her fingers and stared unseeingly at it for some time. "I met him first in Rangoon," she began slowly, without raising her eyes.

"When you went around the world on your own?"

"Yes. Oh, don't worry. I was always able to take care of myself."

"An Irish idea," answered Harrigan complacently.

"I loved him, father, with all my



"I Beg Your Pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for Losing My Temper."

heart and soul. He was not only big and strong and handsome, but he was kindly and tender and thoughtful. Why, I never knew that he was rich until after I had promised to be his wife. When I learned that he was the Edward Courtlandt who was always getting into the newspapers, I laughed. There were stories about his escapades. There were innuendoes regarding certain women, but I put them out of my mind as twaddle. Ah, never had I been so happy! In Berlin we went about like two children. It was play. He brought me to the Opera and took me away; and we had the most charming little suppers. I never wrote you or mother because I wished to surprise you."

"You have. Go on."

"I had never paid much attention to Flora Desimone, though I knew that she was jealous of my success. Several times I caught her looking at Edward in a way I did not like."

"She looked at him, huh?"

"It was the last performance of the season. We were married that afternoon. We did not want anyone to know about it. I was not to leave the stage until the end of the following season. We were staying at the same hotel with rooms across the corridor. This was much against his wishes, but I prevailed."

"I see."

"Our rooms were opposite, as I said. After the performance that night I went to mine to complete the final packing. We were to leave at one for the Tyrol. Father, I saw Flora Desimone come out of his room."

Harrigan shut and opened his hands.

"Do you understand? I saw her. She was laughing. I did not see him. My wedding night! She came from his room. My heart stopped, the world stopped, everything went black. All the stories that I had read and heard came back. When he knocked at my door I refused to see him. I never saw him again until that night in Paris when he forced his way into my apartment."

"Hang it, Nora, this doesn't sound like him!"

"I saw her."

"He wrote you?"

"I returned the letters, unopened."

"That wasn't square. You might have been wrong."

"He wrote five letters. After that he went to India, to Africa and back to India, where he seemed to find consolation enough."

Harrigan laid it to his lack of normal vision, but to his single optic there was anything but misery in her beautiful blue eyes. True, they sparkled with tears; but that signified nothing; he hadn't been married these thirty-odd years without learning that a woman weeps for any of a thousand and one reasons.

"Do you care for him still?"

"Not a day passed during these many months that I did not vow I hated him."

"Anyone else know?"

"The padre. I had to tell some one or go mad. But I didn't hate him. I could no more put him out of my life than I could stop breathing. Ah, I have been so miserable and unhappy!" She laid her head upon his knees and clumsily he stroked it. His girl!

"That's the trouble with us Irish, Nora. We jump without looking, without finding whether we're right or wrong. Well, your daddy's opinion is that you should have read his first letter. If it didn't ring right, why, you could have jumped the traces. I don't believe he did anything wrong at all. It isn't in the man's blood to do anything underboard."

"But I saw her," a queer look in her eyes as she glanced up at him.

"I don't care a kloodle if you did. Take it from me, it was a put-up job by that Calabrian woman. She might have gone to his room for any number of harmless things. But I think she was curious."

"Why didn't she come to me, if she wanted to ask questions?"

"I can see you answering them. She probably just wanted to know if you were married or not. She might have been in love with him, and then she might not. These Italians don't know half the time what they're about, anyhow. But I don't believe it of Courtlandt. He doesn't line up that way. Besides, he's got eyes. You're a thousand times more attractive. He's no fool. Know what I think? As she was coming out she saw you at your door; and the devil in her got busy."

Nora rose, flung her arms around him and kissed him.

"Look out for that tin ear!"

"Oh, you great big, loyal, true-hearted man! Open that door and let me get out to the terrace. I want to sing, sing!"

"He said he was going to Milan in the morning."

She danced to the door and was gone.

"Nora!" he called, impatiently. He listened in vain for the sound of her return. "Well, I'll take the count when it comes to guessing what a woman's going to do. I'll go out and square up with the old girl. Wonder how this news will harness up with her social bug?"

Courtlandt got into his compartment at Varenna. He had tipped the guard liberally not to open the door for anyone else, unless the train was crowded. As the shrill blast of the conductor's horn sounded the warning of "all aboard," the door opened and a heavily veiled woman got in hurriedly. The train began to move instantly. The guard slammed the door and latched it. Courtlandt sighed: the futility of trusting these Italians, of trying to buy their loyalty! The woman was without any luggage whatever, not even the usual magazine. She was dressed in brown, her hat was brown, her veil, her gloves, her shoes. But whether she was young or old was beyond his deduction. He opened his Corriere and held it before his eyes; but he found reading impossible. The newspaper finally slipped from his hands to the floor, where it swayed and rustled unnoticed. He was staring at the promontory across Lecco, the green and restful hill, the little earthly paradise out of which he had been unjustly cast. He couldn't understand. He had lived cleanly and decently; he had wronged no man or woman, nor himself. And yet, through some evil twist of fate, he had lost all there was in life worth having. The train lurched around a shoulder of the mountain. He leaned against the window. In a moment more the villa was gone.

What was it? He felt irresistibly drawn. Without intending to do so, he turned and stared at the woman in brown. Her hand went to the veil and swept it aside. Nora was as full of romance as a child. She could have stopped him before he made the boat, but she wanted to be alone with him.

"Nora!"

She flung herself on her knees in front of him. "I am a wretch!" she said.

He could only repeat her name.

"I am not worth my salt. Ah, why did you run away? Why did you not pursue me, importune me until I wearied? . . . perhaps gladly? There were times when I would have opened my arms had you been the worst scoundrel in the world instead of the dearest lover, the patientest! Ah, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Nora?" He was numb.

"I am a miserable wretch! I doubted you. I! When all I had to do was to recall the way people misrepresented things I had done! I sent back your letters . . . and read and re-



"I Am a Wretch," She Said.

read the old blue ones. Don't you remember how you used to write them on blue paper? . . . Flora told me everything. It was only because she hated me, not that she cared anything about you. She told me that night at the ball. She was at the bottom of the abduction. When you kissed me . . . didn't you know that I kissed you back. Edward, I am a miserable wretch, but I shall follow you wherever you go, and I haven't even a vanity box in my handbag!" There were tears in her eyes. "Say that I am a wretch!"

He drew her up beside him. His arms closed around her so hungrily, so strongly, that she gasped a little. He looked into her eyes; his glance traveled here and there over her face, searching for the familiar dimple at one corner of her mouth.

"Nora!" he whispered.

"Kiss me!"

And then the train came to a stand, jerkily. They fell back against the cushions.

"Lecco!" cried the guard through the window.

They laughed like children.

"I bribed him," she said gaily. "And now . . ."

"Yes, and now?" eagerly, if still bewildered.

"Let's go back!"

THE END.

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe head aches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidney active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush cloged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Too Commercial.

"Remember that this is a commercial age, said a colleague to Senator Sherman, in justification of the doubtful practices of a certain magnate.

"A little too commercial," Senator Sherman replied. "Take the artist's experience.

"A picture dealer entered a well known artist's studio in Boston the other day and bargained for a large canvas—a landscape of meadowland and cattle. When the price was agreed on and paid, the dealer took out his knife and, to the artist's horror, with one sweep of the blade, cut the canvas in two.

"'There now,' said the dealer complacently, 'I have two pictures, one of beautiful meadowland and a lake, the other of an interesting group of cattle. I can get for each about what I paid you for the whole canvas. Now just sign this half, too, please.'"

Her Quest Ended.

An elderly lady from the country one day decided to adopt two children from the county orphan asylum.

She walked several miles before reaching the car line. It was the first time she had been on a car. She stared wide-eyed at everything she saw, then her gaze stopped on a sign, she read thus:

"The Ohio Traction company—Children under twelve years of age 3 cents, or two for 5 cents."

"Well," she said, "that is the best bargain ever." Calling the conductor she said: "Young man, I'll take two of those children for 5 cents right now, a boy and a girl, please."—National Monthly.

Woman Explorer of Arabia.

A Russian woman, Countess Molitor, has just started on an attempt to cross Arabia at its widest part, from west to east, penetrating the Desert of Roba'a-el-Khali. This huge desert is absolutely blank on the maps, has never been entered by a European, and is practically unknown even to the natives of adjoining parts of Arabia. The countess proposes to dress as an Arab and to be accompanied only . . .

Professional Sagacity.

Dentist's Wife—Why do you open the door of the patients' room when I sing?

Dentist—Want to let the waiters know it isn't the patients.—Columbia Jester

If the power to do hard work is not talent it is the best possible substitute for it.—Garfield.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Christy Mathewson at Practice In California.



Photo by American Press Association.

Christy Mathewson, idol of the New York fans, is bound to get in another record breaking season in the big leagues. Last year the veteran was the most consistent winner in the National league, and he is now working out in the warm air of southern California in an endeavor to strike a winning stride at the season's opening.

Matty figures on thirty victories during the coming pennant chase and predicts another winning team for the Giants.

Power Boat Races.

Preparations are being made for the southern championship speed boat races, which will be held over the Matanzas course at St. Augustine, Fla., during the first week of April. Secretary Hopkins already has a fine list of entries, including many of the fastest speed boats afloat, and a number of others are still to be heard from. For the accommodation of the boats which have to be removed from the water in case of damage during a race work has begun on the erection of a suitable house just south of the Power Boat club. This structure will be built to accommodate at least six boats and will be fitted out with hoisting facilities to quickly handle the craft and lift them from the water.

Princeton In Soccer League.

Princeton will compete in the Intercollegiate Soccer league in their spring series, according to the action taken by the executive committee of the Athletic association. The Tigers have been making progress in this sport, and it is expected that with membership in the league even more interest will be shown. Sixty men reported to Captain McMaster in the fall for the autumn season, which resulted in seven victories, two defeats and one tie. Practice for the league series of games with Harvard, Haverford, Columbia, Cornell, Yale and Pennsylvania will commence this month. The opening game will take place in March.

Childs to Coach Indiana Eleven.

Clarence C. Childs was chosen football coach at Indiana university to succeed James Sheldon, who resigned at the close of last season. Mr. Childs if he accepts will begin his duties Sept. 1 next and will remain at the university during the entire school year. Mr. Childs is a graduate of Yale 1912 and has a successful record as a football coach at Wooster university, Wooster, O. He played guard and tackle on the Yale eleven and as a hurdler was a member of the American team that won the majority of the track events at the Olympic games in Stockholm in 1912. Mr. Childs is twenty-nine years old.

Richards Can't Compete.

The faculty committee on student affairs at Cornell refuses to sanction Alma Richards' participation in track athletics in any outside meet. Richards, who captured first high jump honors in the Olympic games at Stockholm in 1912, has received many invitations to compete in games in New York city and elsewhere. Richards is a freshman and will be allowed to compete only in meets in which Cornell's freshman team participates.

Hard on Gavigan.

Tommy Gavigan, the American middleweight who has been fighting in Paris, is disgusted with the place and will soon sail for home. Tommy fought a French fighter a few weeks ago, and after being forced to pay $150 for being two pounds overweight he lost the decision and also only received $135 for his end.

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COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.

Primary election Tuesday, May 19.

General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.

Saturday, May 2, May Day at the Driving Park.

Good evening! Naturally you are taking advantage of these fine evenings to view the animated statuary on the street corners and in store doors.

MEDIATION.

Dictator Huerta has at last signified his willingness to accept the proposition that the dispute between President Wilson and himself shall be arbitrated. While this procedure is in operation war will not be declared by either country. There is a suspicion in many quarters that the offer of the Latin American states to bring about a peaceful termination of the disagreement was made with a view to preventing Huerta from receiving the chastisement he deserves and that in agreeing to permit a cessation of hostilities the United States has adopted a ruse that will result to her detriment inmore ways than one.

There are few who believe that any beneficial result will follow the arbitration of the matter in dispute and that at the end the United States will find itself in the position of a big country being fooled by tricky nations who are combined to make things unpleasant for her. Members of congress do not look with favor up on the proposition which had been suggested by friends of Mexico, seeing in the scheme an attempt to bring discredit if not dishonor upon the United States. While the American government awaits the uncertain outcome of arbitration Huerta will undoubtedly take advantage of the armistice to strengthen his position.

THE CORN CLUB.

Clearfield county boys and girls should endeavor to prove that as good corn can be grown on the farms of this county as in any other part of the state. The opportunity to do this is given by the County National bank, which, in order to encourage agriculture in Clearfield county and not for its own aggrandizement, offers prizes aggregating one hundred dollars for the four best acres of corn grown by boys or girls, residents of the county.

The boys and girls should get busy The weather at present is good corn growing weather, and in a week or two the seeds should be planted. The prizes offered are of themselves sufficient value to cause the boys and girls to make an effort to grow big corn, while the fact that in growing this corn the children will be learning something which will be of incalculable value to them in after y rs should by no means be overlooked.

SWAT THE FLY.

It ought not to occupy more than an hour of your time in reading abou the Mexican situation, and by the time you have read that President Wilson is still watching and waiting while American citizens are slain in that country your anger may have reached such a pitch as to cause you to be ready to kill anything in sight. Then would be an excellent opportunity to display your ability as a warrior by swatting every fly within sight.

The fly that is now to be seen will multiply into millions by the end of the summer unless it is swatted. And while you are swatting the flies remember that there would be a less number of flies to swat if your and your neighbors' back yards were in a sanitary condition. Clean up your own premises and if your neighbor does not follow suit report his case to the board of health. Clearfield should be a flyless as well as a spotless town this summer.

Some of Clearfield's would-be warriors mourn because they are forced to remain at home to beat the carpets. Uncle Sam should not go to war in housecleaning season.

The male population should be prepared for almost anything in feminine fashions this winter. The tyrants of fashion have been living on Welsh rarebits all winter.

editorial ., .,... ... ,,,,,.... ... ,"" ""—

Doesn't matter much how you pronounce Huerta's name—but don't give voice to your thoughts of him before the children.

After much meditation Huerta has decided to accept mediation.

With General Funston in Mexico there is something sure to happen.

APRIL A WAR MONTH.

Of the nineteen wars in which the United States has engaged, ten have been declared in the month of April, as follows:

April, 1775—War of the Revolution.

April, 1831—Black Hawk Indian war.

April, 1836—Cherokee removal war.

April, 1846—War with Mexico.

April, 1849.—Apache, Navajo and Utah war.

April, 1856—Seminole Indian war.

April, 1861—Civil war.

April, 1898—Spanish-American war.

April, 1899—Philippine insurrection.

April, 1914.—Mexican disturbance.

PERSONAL MENTION

John W. Bailey, of DuBois, is one of the delegates to the big Shriner convention at Atlanta, Ga., May 13 and 14.

Mrs. Al Tompkins and two children, of Madera, are the guests of Miss Maggie O'Rourke, on Second street .

Mrs .Mitchell Graffius and son, Ray, of Woodland, were visitors to Clearfield yesterday.

Mrs. Pearl Mentzer, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hannah Hipler of Fourth street.

Hon. Frank G. Harris is confined to his home on Fourth avenue, suffering from grip.

J. W. Reed, editor of the Houtzdale Citizen, stopped off here several hours yesterday. Mr. Reed was on his way to northern Michigan, where he will pay a visit to a brother.

Alfred Graham and William Kurtz, two well known West Market street residents, are on the sick list. The former's illness is caused by acute indigestion and Mr. Kurtz's trouble is said to be blood poison.

Mrs. Fred B. Kerr has returned from a visit to New York city and Atlantic City.

Mrs. W. A. Porter and children, who came here to bury the husband and father have returned to their home in Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs .S. A. Gaylor, of Jeannette,Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. V. Brown on Pine street.

Miss Pearl Moore, of Clearfield, and Miss Daisy Hegarty, of Madera, were guests of DuBois friends this week.

James Collins, of Punxsutawney, visited friends in this place this week.

J. E. Fry, of Penfield, had business in town yesterday.

J. H. Shafer, of DuBois, was at the county seat yesterday.

J. B. Beausinger, of Leconts Mills, was stopping at the Dimeling yesterday .

Harry Fred Bigler and William Wrigley have returned from a visit of several days in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Roland D. Swoope entertained a party of ladies from Clearfield and Curwensville at her home in Curwensville yesterday.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Gus Smith, of Springs Pa., and Beulah Hulliton, of Mahaffey.

Clyde Gawley, of Punxsutawney,and Ivie Smith of Irvona.

Walko Berezansky and Italia Trukan, both of Smoke Run.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

GEN. FUNSTON'S FEATS IN WAR

Captured Aguinaldo Almost Single Handed.

WON HIM A BRIGADIERSHIP.

Leader of Fifth Brigade Into Mexico Entered Army In 1901—Wounded Ten Times In Battle—Such a Factor In Cuban Troubles That "Butcher" Weyler Set Price Upon His Head.

Fighting Fred Funston, who has been ordered to lead the first advance of the army to Vera Cruz, is the senior brigadier general of the American army, although he is now only forty-nine years old and did not enter the regular army until 1901. He came into the regular establishment with the rank he now holds, his commission having been given by President McKinley in appreciation of his remarkable feat in capturing almost single handed, Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino insurrecto leader.

Funston had been in the volunteer service from the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when he recruited the Twentieth Kansas among the same kind of men forming the backbone of the rough riders. Before he engaged in the enterprise he had been for about two years a soldier in the Cuban army of liberation, and so big a factor was he in the warfare that "Butcher" Weyler, the Spanish generalissimo, set a price upon his head.

Daring Explorer and Soldier.

Funston is a product of the University of Kansas. After his student days he became a newspaper man, then entered the service of the United States department of agriculture and was sent to Alaska to study the flora. He showed the stuff of which he is made by floating down the Yukon alone in a canoe in 1893.

He was wounded ten times in battle. During his Cuban experience he took part in twenty-three engagements, and he kept that pace after entering the American volunteers. Once he was arrested in Cuba by Spaniards as he was trying to reach the seacoast. He represented himself as a deserter from the patriot army, having swallowed his passport, which indicated his rank. He was condemned to death, but eventually was liberated and got back to this country.

His Kansas regiment was assigned to Philippine duty, and on his way he met and married his present wife in San Francisco. He joined General Merritt before Manila, which he aided in reducing. Leading the pursuit of Aguinaldo in April, 1899, he came to the Murilac river, on the other side of which was a considerable force of the enemy. The bridge had been destroyed, but Funston, with twenty of the many men who volunteered, swam the river, drove the hostiles back and took eighty prisoners.

As "Prisoner," Took Aguinaldo.

A few days later he crossed the Rio Grande at Calumpit on a raft and drove the enemy, 2,500 strong, from an intrenched position. This feat won his brigadiership of volunteers.

It was in 1901 that he made his big mark. From his hiding place in the province of Isabella, Aguinaldo had called the insurgents to rendezvous near his headquarters. Funston captured the messenger who carried this command. He and several comrades made their way through the thick of a hostile country with eighty Macabebes, who passed as insurgent Tagalogs who had captured the Americans. Word was sent to Aguinaldo, and orders were given for the prisoners to be brought to him.

Before the strategy was suspected Funston had entered the rebel's house and taken him prisoner. That act broke the neck of the insurrection, and peace negotiations were at once begun.

Funston is a little man, with a limp, a memento of several wounds. He possesses a bubbling sense of humor.

SPECIAL SERVICE SHIPS.

Winslow's Command Recalls Schley's Famous "Flying Squadron."

The creation of the special service squadron for operations in Mexican waters recalls to naval veterans the assembly of the famous "flying squadron," under the command of the late Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, in the early days of the Spanish war. In the present instance the special service squadron is made up of most incongruous elements, ranging from the most powerful battleships in the world to the tiniest gunboats.

This squadron, starting with sixteen vessels and likely to be augmented to twoscore, will be serviceable for blockading purposes, and the smaller craft will be particularly useful for inshore work.

Rear Admiral Cameron McRae Winslow, commander of the squadron, is a nephew of the Winslow who commanded the famous old Kearsarge in her battle with the Alabama. In the Spanish war Rear Admiral Winslow, then a lieutenant, cut the telegraph cable near Santiago, Cuba, and was wounded in the hand. The cable cutting work was done from a small boat commanded by Lieutenant Winslow. Although himself wounded and the boat was subjected to a hot fire from the Spanish riflemen ashore. Winslow kept at the work until the cable had been grappled, hauled across the bow of the boat and a piece cut out of it.

Doctors Endorse

If we did not believe doctors endorsed *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you.

Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time .

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

SUMMER NORMAL
WILL BE CONDUCTED AT
Curwensville, Penn.

Special attention given to TEACHERS and those preparing to teach.

40 DAY TERM 40
Beginning May 5. Tuition $8

G. R. ZIEGENFUSS
L. J. GILLILAND

Geo. W. Johnson

Sanitary Plumbing, Tinning, Heating and Ventilating.

GIVE US A CALL

28 S. SECOND ST.,
CLEARFIELD, - PENN'A

The Whip of Interest Drives the Reader On



"PUT DOWN THAT WHIP, FATHER, OR I'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU!"

In "The Story of Waitstill Baxter"

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

It Will Be Our Next Serial

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4. 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

Eggs For Hatching.

Kellerstrass, Crystal White Orpington. $1 for 15. Mrs. Amos Hess, 801 Third street, H. & C. 'Phone. April 29 6t.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Automobile agent—Clearfield territory for car selling for about $1200, fully equipped. A high grade car selling at a moderate price. Answer immediately. Address M., Progress office Apr. 17 tf.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

Junior Chautauqua.

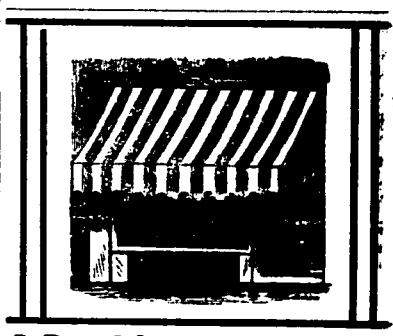
There will be a meeting of the Junior Chautauqua club Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock sharp. All the children are requested to be there. Apr. 28 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



SUGAR BOWL
Ice Cream Factory

Pure Ice Cream and Ices
Delivered All Over town
Ask For Prices.
Wholesale and Retail. Market St.



A Residence Awning
Good Material and First Class Workmanship for
$2.35
Complete

Call on or Phone
A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

Get the Best...
Mother's Bread
Has no Superior: Few Equals.
CITY BAKERY
NO. 18 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

HOUSE-CLEANING SALE Of the ELECTRIC Brand HOUSE-DRESSES



Hundreds of the best made House-Dresses have been selected in America's foremost House-Dress factory for this "House-Cleaning" Sale. Here is your opportunity to secure neat, perfect fitting and thoroughly practical House-Dresses at economy prices--and just when you need them most.

Your first thought on seeing them will be "How is it possible at the price." And there is more to Electric Dresses than the low price. You will note the dependable materials and the superior workmanship. These "Electrics" are the smartest creations in House-Dresses ever shown; they are really the last thought of the style artists. They are famous for comfortable and correct fit at the shoulder, bust, hips, and every other point. During house-cleaning time you need House-Dresses. This special event has been staged particularly for you. Come.



The Best Dollar's Worth of Dress You Ever Purchased

THE ROCHESTER

A smart, semi-round neck model with stitched-down co lar of plain color cambric; bias folds of dress material ending in wider fold of plain color used as trimming at front of waist. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves are made of dress material, decorated by tabs of solid color cambric. A special feature of this model is the new peplum belt that fits correctly, long or short-waisted figures. All sizes can be had in this style—16 and 18 years, also 34 to 46 bust measure. Large assortment of checks, figures stripes, in good percales, at only **$1.00**

EVERY ILLUSTRATION.

In this advertisement is an exact reproduction of the original House-Dress and the descriptions are just as you will find garments and assortments to be. In addition to the House-Dresses mentioned here, we have dozens of other fresh and new styles direct from the makers .



THE DETROITER

Here is a model of unusual value. A specially attractive round-neck style with stitched down stole collar of dress material and edged with piping of contrasting color. Loops of cambric and pearl buttons are cambric and pearl buttns are also used as trimming on collar Three - quarter length sleeves and dainty pointed cuff neatly tailored pocket on waist At the back of skirt, at top, are clusters of fine tucks. This charming dress is made in splendid quality percale in small figure patterns, also stripes, checks and solid colors. Complete assortment of sizes in all colors and patterns, Price .. **$1.00**

THE CLEARFIELDER.

A classic model, displaying the stylish Poiret collar and turn-back cuff points on the three-quarter length sleeves, corresponding with collar. Piping of contrasting material extends down front of waist and around the waist line. Neatly tailored pocket on the waist. Back of skirt has cluster of fine tucks at top. This desirable model can be had in neat striped and checked percales, with solid color trimmings; also solid color Yale blue percale with figured cambric trimmings. We are showing this model in all sizes: 16 and 18 years, also 36 to 46 bust measure, at only **$1.00**





MATERNITY DRESS.

A Dress for a purpose and constructed to accomplish that purpose.

The outlet for fullness on Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is at the back. The extra fullness is concealed under the back panel in the form of one pleat, and this fullness is let out by simply unbuttoning wo pearl buttons on the back tab. The buttons can be moved to any location that suits the wearer. No matter how much adjustment is necessary the lap-over pleats at the back contain enough fullness .

The outlet for altering the length of Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is in the extra deep hem which can be let out at any point desired and thus drape the dress to an even length all the way round . Note that the hem is basted with a chain stitch which can be pulled out quickly in altering the length.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are entirely washable. They contain no metal devices, no elastic bands, no draw strings; therefore, they can be laundered like any other House Dress .

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are designed so that they hang gracefully at all times . They are exactly like ordinary House Dresses in appearance before it becomes necessary to let them out, and when the necessity for using the extra fullness ceases, the dresses again become normal House Dresses. Thus their usefulnes is not over until they are completely worn out.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses can be used to advantage by invalids and Convalescents because they can be let out through the waists and hips, thus making them roomy and comfortable without altering their graceful appearance. Price **$2.25**

THE HANDY DANDY.

A reversible, double-front combination House Dress and Apron, a dress especially desirable for house-cleaning days, because it can be worn as a house dress or slipped on over another to get into when in a hurry, and "Dandy" because it looks so neat and comfortable. Made of a good quality percale, in light and dar patterns, bound around neck, down edges of front, at top of pockets, around arm holes and waist line Slips on like a coat and fastens at the neck and under waist line with loop buttons and four buttons on skirt. Really the "Handiest," "Dandiest" Combination Dress and Apron we have ever seen. Every woman will want one. Priced only **$1.00**

Extraordinary House-Dresses at a Dollar and a Half

THE NEW DELAWARE.

A charming model combining style, neatness and practicability, for which Electric Dresses are famous. Several late style ideas are featured in this model, yet its desirability as a house dress or semi-street dress is unexcelled. Note the loops and buttons on waist, skirt and cuffs; the wide demi-stitched band made of solid color cambon,skirt gives,it.the fashionable neck, with stitched down yoke collar. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves. Waist line is finished with the new peplum belt. Seams of the skirt are all double stitched,and tape bound. Your size will be found in our assortment of these $2.50 dresses and you can buy one for **$1.50**





THE CLEVELANDER.

House-cleaning days require house dresses that have maximum of wearing quality. We are showing this sensible and stylish model made of America's best cambric—a cloth unexcelled for long, hard service. Fancy center to side opening of waist in front. Deep pointed yoke collar that is stitched down and outlined with piping. The sleeves are three-quarter length with neat cuffs that are piped. Waist line also is defined with piping. Wide side pleat extends down center at back of skirt; all seams of skirt being double stitched and tape-bound. We have stocked a splendid assortment of colors and patterns in all sizes of this model. In addition to the regular sizes, 16 and 18 and 34 to 46, we have out-sizes 48 to 56 bust measure at $2.00. Regular sizes at only..... **$1.50**

THE EXTRA-SIZE MODEL

How often we have heard our stout customers remark, "I cannot be fitted with anything ready-to-wear." At last we hae found House Dresses that will fit out-of-proportion women with ease and comfort. Bust measu e sizes 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56. Made of standard quality percales in light and dark patterns. This model has a comfortable round neck, large, roomy armholes, three-quarter length sleeves that are wide enough to allow the arm to bend, and plenty of width in the skirt at hips. Trimming consists of piping which edges the stitched-down stole collar, the pointed cuffs, pointed tab on pocket and defines the slightly raised waist line. A sensible, comfortable and practical house dress designed for stout women priced at only **$1.25**

IMPORTANT TO CITY CUSTOMERS.

You can order any of these House-Dresses by telephone Just give name, size and color wanted. Out-of-town readers of this "ad" can obtain any dress desired by Mail . Order by name, giving size and color desired .

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention.

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses

2 to 14 Years

At 29c Dainty little Russian Dresses with low neck and short sleeves, made of striped percales in assorted colors, trimmed with plain colors.

At 59c Quite inexpensive Wash Dresses for every day wear, made of plain chambray, trimmed with bands of colored plaid gingham, buttons, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At 75c A clever but inexpensive little Dress in striped percales, with plain blue chambray edge, V-shaped neck, three-quarter sleeves.

At 98c A dainty model, having a style distinction not usually found in a Wash-Dress at this price, made of plain chambray, with neck, belt and sleeves trimmed with white pique.

At $1.50 A sensible and stylish model in plain pink poplin, white button-hole stitch, scalloped edge trimmed, wide belt, round neek, short sleeves.

At $2.50 Stylish model, combining neatness and practicability, pretty little plaid gingham Wash-Dresses, colored band trimmings, square neck, short sleeves, assorted colors.

At $3.00 A real snappy design in plain blue chambray, embroidery and insertion trimmed, wide belt, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At $3.25 Here is a Dress of unusual style, made of plain granite cloth, in copen and neil rose, and has neck, sleeves and belt trimmed with black embroidery, fancy pearl buttons.

White and Colored Aprons in Great Assortments

Large shipment of Aprons in every style and size, brings our showing today to the top notch of efficiency. We can truthfully say that never have we shown so many dainty aprons as you'll find here this week.

Bungalo Aprons These popular Aprons are much in demand at this time and the assortment of check gingham, striped and figured percales are all that you could wish. Price 50c and 59c.

Bib Aprons The cover up wed Bib Aprons in gingham and percale, size 34x44. 25c and 50c.

Children's Aprons Dainty little plain colored chambray for the little ones, 2 to 6 years, 25c, 39c and 48c.

Nurses' Aprons Made of white batiste, with drop H. S hem, others are tucked, and some insertion trimmed. Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Maid's Aprons Made of white batiste, plain or bib, in lace or emb. trimmed, 50c, 75c, $1,

Waitress' Aprons Dainty little white Aprons, with plain hem, at 15c.

Plain White Aprons With lace and embroidery trimmed, at 25c to $1.

Market Street A. W. LEONARDSON CO. Clearfield, Pa.

A Revolutionist

She Passed Through Hairbreadth Escapes

By KATHLEEN EVERSHAM

Henry Cummings, an American, traveling on a train between London and Dover on his way to Paris, left London by an evening train soon after dark. There were four passengers in his compartment when he started, but at the first station two left the train. The remaining passenger besides Cummings was wrapped in a long ulster, with a broad collar turned up about his neck and a felt hat pulled down over his eyes. As soon as the train started after the second stop he roused himself, yawned, cleared his throat with a cough, looked out of the window, peering into the darkness; then turned to a bag beside him and took out a box of cigarettes.

"Do you object to smoke?" he asked of Cummings in broken English.

"Not at all. I am a smoker myself."

"In that case, there being no one else in this compartment except ourselves, I suppose we may smoke."

When the man turned toward Cummings to ask the question the American got such a view of him as was afforded by the dim light from the lamp in the center of the ceiling. He saw a youthful, feminine face, without the sign of a beard, hair of a very light hue and steel gray eyes. The voice, too, was very soft for a man's. He offered his box of cigarettes to Cummings, who noticed that the hand holding it was round and exquisitely shaped.

Cummings took a cigarette from that side of the box nearest him, and the young man took one from the other side before closing and putting it in his bag. Cummings took a silver box from his pocket and, scratching a match on it, held the match for the other to light his cigarette. This gave a better illumination of his fellow passenger's face, and Cummings was very much struck with it. He was sure if he ever saw it again he would know it. It was a serious face, the face of one who might be expected to have some great object in life, and had it not been too feminine it would have been handsome. But only a glimpse was to be had while the young man lighted his cigarette, and Cummings lighted his from the same match. Then the American leaned back to enjoy his smoke.

"I fancy," he said presently, "there is a trace of opium in these cigarettes of yours."

"Do you think so?"

"I am quite sure of it. But nearly all cigarettes that are made now contain some opium. I don't mind a little of it."

A very pleasant languor came over Cummings, and, not having anything in common with the stranger to talk about, he permitted himself to fall into a doze.

He was awakened by a rough shake.

"Wake up!"

A man in police uniform was bending over him. Cummings found it hard to keep his eyes open and closed them again, whereupon he was shaken anew. This time he roused himself and began to take in the situation.

The train was at a standstill. There was no one in the compartment except himself and the policeman, though he could see several persons standing without. On the seat opposite him was an ulster which he recognized as belonging to his fellow passenger. His bag lay open beside him.

"Where is the young man who was in the coach with me?" Cummings asked.

"Was there a young man with you?" asked the policeman quickly.

"Yes; there is his ulster. He g[ave] me a cigarette to smoke, and it [put] me to sleep." Diving into the [open] bag, he pulled out most of the contents. "My passport!" he exclaimed. "It is gone!"

"We're too late," said the policeman, and, taking Cummings' name and nationality that he might identify the passport if found, he withdrew. Cummings felt for his money, and it was safe. He called to the policeman to ask him for what the missing man was wanted, but the guard slammed the door, locked it, and the train moved on.

The next stop was Dover. Cummings while passing on to the Calais boat asked certain railway officials he met if they knew of what had occurred in his compartment, but none of them could give him any information. Fortunately passports are not needed in most European countries nowadays unless called for specially, and Cummings found no difficulty in entering France without one. He heard nothing from the one that had been taken from him or the person who had taken it. Indeed, no explanation of the matter came to him. There was only the supposition that the young man who had put him to sleep was some one attempting to evade the law.

Two years passed when by a singular freak of fortune Cummings encountered the fugitive from the law again. He was a globe trotter and during the interval had been to America but once and then only for a few months. It is to be admitted that traveling continually he was far more likely to meet any particular person than if he remained in one place.

He was traveling northward from Italy. Leaving Lugano one morning for Lucerne, in the same compartment with him was a lady twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who the moment he looked at her attracted his attention. He was sure that he had seen her before, though he could not tell when or where. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that she was the counterpart of the man who two years before had stolen his passport. From this he came very soon to the conclusion that she was the same person, and that person was not a man, but a woman.

Now that he met her again and knew her he had a great advantage, for she didn't seem to know that she had ever met him before. He looked at her steadily. She looked away, as any lady would when being stared at by a man, but showed no embarrassment. Not caring to let her know that he recognized her, he turned away his glance. He desired to satisfy his curiosity with regard to her and determined not to lose her.

She was evidently traveling alone. There was a man in the compartment besides Cummings and another woman. The woman soon left the train. There being no notice that smoking was permitted in the compartment, the man went to another to light a cigar, leaving Cummings temporarily alone with the lady.

"Madame or mademoiselle," he said, "do you object to smoking?"

"I do not."

"This is not a smoking compartment, but if you don't object I will avail myself of your permission."

"Do so, by all means."

Cummings took a box of cigarettes from his pocket and handed it to the lady.

"Thank you very much, but I never smoke."

"You mean that you do not smoke now, not that you have never smoked. If I mistake not, I have had the pleasure of smoking with you and one of your own cigarettes."

The woman gave him a piercing glance, and her face became a shade whiter.

"It was in a coach," he went on, "between London and Dover. The cigarette you offered me was rather heavily charged with opium or some other drug. At any rate, it put me to sleep, and when I awoke you were gone. I have always been curious to know how you left the train."

The young woman's gaze was fixed upon Cummings without reply for some time. She was evidently much frightened, but as he proceeded appeared to gather confidence. Presently she said:

"You are an American."

"Yes. How did you know that?"

"I should know it and not forget it. Your passport saved me from arrest, and arrest for me meant a return to Russia, and that meant Siberia."

"Then I am more than pleased."

"Had I known that you were an American I would not have put you to sleep with a cigarette. I would have confided my situation to you and asked you to help me. America, as your national hymn says, is the 'land of the free,' and all oppressed peoples may find sympathy there."

"How did you leave the train?"

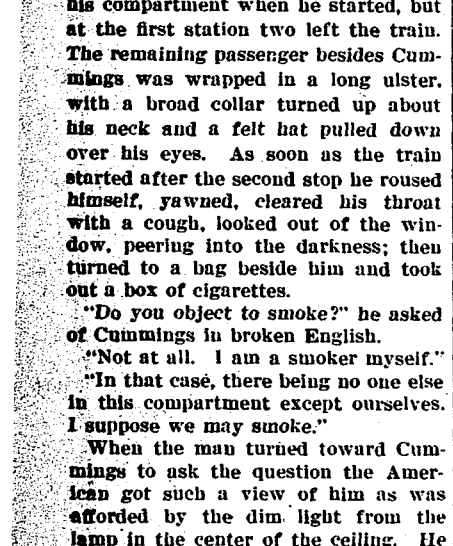
"I committed my soul to God and jumped in the darkness. There was no stop after I put you to sleep till the train reached Dover. I must jump or be arrested when I reached the terminal. I landed, fortunately, in a ditch beside the railroad or I should have been killed. I finished the journey on foot, but not to Dover. On reaching the coast I crossed the channel in a fishing boat."

"The passport—how did that help you?"

"Not then; later. I have traveled to Russia for consultation with fellow revolutionists as Henry Cummings and returned by using your passport."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the American. "What sacrifices are made for liberty!"

The two parted at Lucerne, and Cummings never saw the lady again. But she gave him her name, and long afterward he learned that she had illustrated the truth of the adage, "The pitcher that goes too often to the well is at last broken." He learned from a fellow countryman of hers that she had at last been caught and was in the Kara prison.



"YOUR PASSPORT SAVED ME FROM ARREST."

Not That Kind.

"I understand that your wealthy uncle has entirely given up hope."

"Don't you believe it. That man has never given up anything."—Houston Post.

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clears Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stops Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dul Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyay, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head o catarrhal sore thoat will be gone.

End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils: penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostril closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarr will surely disappear.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

Children's Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Children's Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs. W. I. Swoope, on Thursday afternoon at 2.00. It is earnestly requested that all members make an effort to be present as there is much work to be done.

April 27 3t .

Hospital Bridge Whist Club.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs. George Bigler on Wednesday, April 29, at 2 o'clock sharp. Tbles will be provided for other games, if desired. Please notify hostess. Secretary.

May Flower Contest.

The Woman's club which expected to hold a flower contest on May 2, has decided to give the contest through the latter's May day fete at the Driving park May 2.

Queer People of Papua.

In the Girara country, Papua, a district of New Guinea, where the country is almost entirely submerged, the natives are said to claim descent from the dog. They possess five totems, which are drawn on all their houses. Their villages are erected on hillocks so as to be clear of the water, and the people of each village inhabit one large, common house, sometimes as much as 400 to 500 feet long and 60 to 80 feet in width. The center of this huge building is a kind of common hall, which is used only by the men, while the walls of the structure are divided into cubicles in three or four floors, access to which is gained by means of ladders. The women are not allowed to enter the building by the same door as the men. A great deal of sorcery prevails in the western division. In the wilder parts of the country the chief is himself a head sorcerer. He claims to be able to separate his spirit from his body and to send it on various missions, including that of killing people.

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready to use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known at "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of muss

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

There is a remarkable interest in Home Baking and Cooking throughout the land.

This is a most encouraging indication that the battle against impure, improper food is going to be won.

The credit for the victory will belong to the women of the country.

Home cooking has the backing of science and the approval of fashion. It adds to housekeeping a pride; to our food, healthfulness.

It is acknowledged by experts, and by the women who know, that the best cooking in the world to-day is with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

The Woman's Club

Announces the Wild Flower Contest to be held with the Junior Chautauqua, May Fete at the Lower Witmer Park, Saturday, May 2, 1914, at 2:30 P. M. A committee will be in charge to receive the baskets.

Prizes will be offered as fol ows:

For Basket Containing the Greatest variety of Wild Flowers,

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

For Basket Most Tastefully Arranged.

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

Contests will be open to all school children in the grades. In case of rain or inclement weather contest will be postponed to Saturday, May 9.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL

WILLIAM F. POWELL

23 So. Second St.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances—you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs—they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.

18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

TRY AN AD IN THE PROGRESS. IT WILL PLEASE YOU

10,000 TROOPS NOW IN VERA CRUZ

Funston, With Fifth Brigade, Takes Charge of City.

ANTI-HUERTA FEELING GROWS

Secret Circular Warning Against Him Is Distributed In Capital—Foreigners Allowed to Come and Go as They Please—Stores Reopen and Confidence Largely Restored.

Vera Cruz, April 28.—The four regiments of the Fifth brigade, under command of Brigadier General Funston, were landed at Vera Cruz.

The detachment of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers was ordered to land immediately on its arrival.

With the arrival of the troops under General Funston it is possible to marshal a force of 10,000 men in Vera Cruz in case of attack. It is believed, however, that the marines and bluejackets may be withdrawn and that the land operations may now be left to the army.

The territory guarded by the outposts under the command of Major Butler has been extended several miles, and trenches have been thrown up by the marines.

Machine guns have been mounted, but the infantry and artillery will now probably relieve the men from the ships in guarding the approach to the city.

Funston In Command Ashore.

General Funston is in supreme command ashore. Vera Cruz is now completely under martial law. The natives are rapidly being disarmed, and from the constant line of men, women and children reporting to turn over rifles, revolvers, stilettos and other weapons it is estimated that at least 20 per cent of the population was armed. Hereafter any one found bearing arms will be promptly court martialed.

Rear Admiral Fletcher received information which leads him to believe that all Americans in the City of Mexico will receive better treatment than had been heretofore thought probable. Fletcher believes another train of refugees will arrive here from the capital.

Commander Tweedy of the British warship Essex should arrive in the City of Mexico with dispatches from Admiral Cradock to Sir Lionel Carden, the British minister. The real object of Tweedy's trip is to learn exactly how Americans are being treated in the capital and also to communicate to Minister Carden the exact conditions in Vera Cruz, so that he may treat with Huerta and urge the speedy liberation of all Americans. Strong pressure is to be brought to bear on Huerta to permit Americans to leave the capital, as well as other interior towns, at will.

Communication with the City of Mexico by cable was restored, and the first word in sixty hours was received.

All reports indicate that for the present conditions have improved in the City of Mexico, and the danger of Americans being attacked and murdered has abated.

This does not mean that Americans are free from insults or that they may not be molested, however. Another toss of the dice might be against foreigners in the capital.

In addition to the pacific influence of the submission of mediation plans probably exercised in the City of Mexico, there is a strong undercurrent of opposition to the dictator in the capital, which, refugees arriving here declare, began to assert itself before they left.

Many In Capital Against Huerta.

There are hundreds of Mexicans in the capital who are still against Huerta. Of course the opposition is not shown openly, but the existence of this anti-government faction has been indicated in many ways. The most recent was the secret distribution of a circular warning Mexicans against being drawn to Huerta's support by the anti-American demonstrations and pointing out that the United States was warring on the dictator and not upon the Mexican people.

This circular read:

Don't let Huerta fool you. He is encouraging the mobs in hopes of bringing Mexicans under his banner. He is trying to make them believe he is the fatherland and that the United States is fighting Mexico. Such is not the case. The United States is not fighting Mexico and Mexicans, but Huerta. Huerta has seized our government and does not represent Mexico.

The Strange Truth.

"Do you ever tell a lie to your wife?"

"Never, unless I am sure she won't believe the truth."—Detroit Free Press



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OFFICIAL LIST OF CASUALTIES

Americans Killed and Wounded In Tuesday's Fighting.

Washington, April 23.—The following official list of casualties at Vera Cruz was received at the navy department from Admiral Fletcher.

"Dead—J. F. Schumacher, coxswain; C. I. Poinsett, seaman; D. A. Haggarty, private; S. Martin, private.

"Seriously wounded—C. R. Harshberger, seaman; G. Draine, private; E A. Gisburne, electrician; E. P. Peterson, private; P. N. Nickerson, boatswain's mate, second class; J. L. Kwapick, seaman.

"Wounded—N. Swartz, ordinary seaman; W. M. Davidson, private; J. McMillan, private; F. Nauz, ordinary seaman; R. Shoker, private; J. Copeland, seaman; V. J. Reed, private; W. A. Mangels, seaman.

"Other men slightly wounded were not reported."

YPIRANGA IS DOCKED.

United States In Possession of 15,000,000 Rounds of Ammunition.

Washington, April 23.—The German steamer Ypiranga was docked at Vera Cruz, and the United States forces are in possession of the 15,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 200 field guns consigned to Huerta.

The Ypiranga unloaded at the custom house, which the United States marines and bluejackets hold.

Official confirmation of this was sent to the navy department by Rear Admiral Fletcher.

CORN CONTEST

The County National Bank of Clearfield, Pennsylvania

For the purpose of encouraging the improvement of farm products and the soil on which they are grown this bank offers for the year 1914, the following prizes, to wit:

For the best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $50.00.

For the second best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $25.00.

For the third best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more tha twenty years of age, $15.00.

For the fourth best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more tha twenty years of age, $10.00.

The contest is to be open to all residents of Clearfield county within the age named.

Contestants must register with the bank either in person or by letter not later than May 15, 1914. When and as contestants register the rules governing the contest will be made known to them.

The prizes will be awarded by 3 practical farmers, who shall be named as judges by the committee of the bank's directors, which has the matter in charge.

H. B. POWELL,
April 20 1914. President.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel. Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large General Store

Rain Coats
- Men's and Ladies' Specials at $5.00
- Boy's Rain Coats, 8 to 12 years. 2.75
- Boy's Rain Coats, 12 to 18 years. 3.00
- Children's Rain Coats. 2.00

Ladies' House Dresses
- Nice New Line of House Dresses at $1.00
- Misses' and Children's Dresses. 50c. 98c. $1
- Middy Blouses. . . . 79c. $1

Kleinerts Dress Shields
- New Line Just Received
- Prices. . . . . 10c to 50c
- Ask to See The Gem Shield at . . 50c

Ladies' Neckwear
- New Shipment, the Latest at Popular Prices. . . 25c up

Salt Fish
- Lake Herring. . 8-lbs 75c. 10-lbs 90c. 15-lbs $1.20
- Mackerel . . . 5c; Larger Size 2 for 25c

Musterole Will Not Blister
- For Coughs and Colds in the Chest, Pneumonia, Asthma, Rheumatism, etc., in Jars . 25c and 50c

Turnips, Sweet Potatoes, Pine Apples, Cranberries, Spanish Onions, Texas Onions, Oranges, Bananas, Celery Lettuce, Cocoanuts, Grape Fruit.

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after yau start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit—come today.

Clearfield Trust Company

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Louis Dammers



PHILADELPHIA
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
Dimeling Hotel Parlors
Wednesday, April 29

Special Office Hours
9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

MY SPECIAL OFFER
$1.00 GLASSES
This Visit Only

I will make you a fine pair of glasses, including Dammers' eye examination, clear crystal lenses, a 12-karat solid gold filled frame and an elegant leather case.

ALL FOR $1.00

Thirty days' trial of glasses allowed. Others charge as high as $3 to $5 for these same glasses.

EYE EXAMINATION

by the Dammers' Scientific method, without drops, without asking questions, without test cards or charts

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer

SPECIAL NOTICE

Invisible Bifocals. Two pair in One. No Lines. No Cement. Last for Years. Regular Price, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00

MY PRICE $5.00

Special ground Lenses at lowest prices.

Monthly Visits to Clearfield

OFFICES—238 Mutual Life Building, 1011 Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROGRESS -:- -:- -:- -:- SUCCESS

POLLACK'S BARGAIN STORE

306 Market St. G. L. NORRIS BLDG. **Clearfield, Penn.**

We wish to announce to the people of Clearfield and vicinity that this ad is not a special sale advertisement, such as you sometimes see, but to call your attention to the fact that Pollack's Bargain Store the goods are sold at Sale Prices all the time. Every day throughout the week, month and year, is a Bargain Day there. Pollack commenced business here with the express purpose of treating you right. He intends to stay here, his methods of retailing will appeal to every one of his present or expected customers, because any purchase not satisfactory, he will refund your money. What more can you ask.

A visit to his Bargain Store, chock full of New and Up-to-date Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes--for this is a brand new store--will convince the most particular, that it is the place to buy.

We will let you judge for yourself of the Great Saving Event by mentioning some Prices--not all of them--space will not permit us to enumerate all our Big Bargains.

Men's Shoes

Regular price			Sale price
$ 2.50	men's black shoes, very dressy		$1.69
3.00	" " "		1.95
4.00	Russia tan shoes latest style		2.69
2.50	men's working shoes		1.79
3.00	" " "	extra heavy	1.90

Ladies' Shoes

$ 3.00	Ladies tan shoes		$ 1.95
3.00	"	gun metal	1.95
3.00	"	patent leather	1.95
3.00	"	vici kid, flexible sole	1.95
2.50	"	gun metal	1.79
2.00	"	very dressy shoe	1.48

Misses' Shoes

$ 2.00	Misses patent leather		$1.39
2.00	"	gun metal	1.39
1.75	"	dongola	1.25
1.50	"	gun metal	1.19
1.50	"	patent leather	1.19

Children's Shoes

$ 1.25	Children's dongola		98c
1.25	"	gun metal	98c
75c	"	patent leather kid top	60c
75c	"	tan	60c
75c	"	vici kid	55c
75c	"	tan	55c

Boys' Shoes

$ 2.00	Boy's black shoes		$ 1.49
2.00	"	tan "	1.49

A full assortment of Baby Shoes 8c and 21c a pair, all colors.

A full assortment of Men's working shirts worth 50c for 39c, all sizes.

Men's soft dress shirts worth 50c for 39c.

Men's extra fine dress shirts, $1.25 for85c.

A large assortment of Men's linen collars 9c each.

Men's and Boys' black and tan belts worth 25c for 19c.

Men's suspenders worth 35c for 19; extra heavy, worth 50 for 23c.

Men's red, white and blue Handkerchiefs worth 5c, two for 5c.

Ladies black and tan Hosiery, 8c pair

Children's black and white stockings 8c pair.

Men's working Socks worth 10c pr. for 6c.

Men's dress Socks worth 10c pair for 8c.

Men's extra dressy Socks worth 25c for 13c pair.

Men's Summer Underwear worth $1.00 suit for 78c.

Men's SummerUnderwear worth 75c, as a bargain for 44c suit.

Men's Overalls, Railroaders specials,	69c
Men's Overalls, double knee,	69c
Men's Jackets, all sizes,	69c
Boys' Overalls	22c
Boys' Blouses	22c
Boys' Shirts	25c

A full assortment of Handbags and Valises worth from $1.00 to $3.00. for 79c to $1.98.

When you spend $2.00 be sure to ask for a FREE premium worth 50c.

Are you ready for these Bargains? Read the list over carefully and then follow the crowd for your square deal. Be sure to come and bring your fkiends to

Pollack's Bargain Store,

G. L. Norris Building **306 Market Street** **Clearfield, Penn.**

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularaly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - -	$225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - -	865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - -	$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

...OOPS TO END COLORADO WAR

Ammons Proclaims Martial Law Over Entire State.

SEVEN KILLED IN BATTLE.

Guards Killed at Walsen—Two Men Dead and Two Persons Wounded, One a Woman, at McNally—Sheriff Reports That Fifty Troopers Are Outnumbered Ten to One.

Washington, April 29.—Following a lengthy series of conferences, a general discussion in the cabinet and a conference between President Wilson and Secretary of War Garrison, the president ordered federal regular troops immediately to proceed to the strike zone and restore order.

At the same time President Wilson prepared a proclamation, which was telegraphed to Colorado and will be published there immediately, calling upon all persons to lay down their arms and repair to their homes.

Call For Volunteers.

Denver, April 29.—Governor E. M. Ammons issued a call for volunteers for the state militia and simultaneously declared the whole state of Colorado under martial law. The governor declares that "a state of insurrection exists" and he calls on all peace officers to arrest all persons found arming themselves and against the authorities. He also ordered 100 troops from Canon City to Boulder county to restore order there. The soldiers left Canon City by special train.

The governor said Sheriff Buster and a force of deputies and mine guards are cornered in the Hecla mine and in danger of extermination.

The fighting at Walsenburg and the sending of troops to Boulder county have effectively shattered the armed truce which was declared last Friday.

SEVEN DEAD IN WALSEN.

All the Dead Are Mine Guards—Troops Sent as Re-enforcements.

Walsenburg, Colo., April 29.—Sheriff Jeff Farr reported that firing continued at the Walsen mine, near here, and that seven men had been killed. All of the dead, he said, were mine guards. Troops arrived and at once set out for the mine.

Later Sheriff Farr reported that the fighting at the Walsen mine had grown more serious. The fifty members of the state militia are outnumbered ten to one, and a clash between them and the strikers is expected. No further fatalities were reported. Fighting continued all night.

Much uneasiness is felt here for the safety of the troops. The troopers marched directly to the mine upon detraining here, each provided with 100 rounds of ammunition.

The union officials had made no report to the sheriff of the fatalities on either side.

NO AMERICANS HELD.

Brazilian Minister Says None Was Killed In Mexico City.

Washington, April 29.—No Americans have been killed in Mexico City, none is in danger and only one is under arrest, according to assurances to the state department from the Brazilian minister in that capital.

The only man under arrest is held at Aguas Calientes under a judicial proceeding, which is in no way connected with the anti-American demonstrations.

The minister declared he had "full assurances" that all foreigners will be allowed to leave Mexico City and that arrangements were under way to get them out if they cared to go.

THIS OLD TOWN WILL JUST HUM

Continued from First page.

Dozens of big attractions are writing in for these dates and a number will be contracted with and will be announced from time to time as they are signed up.

Watch the newspapers and posters from now on and be prepared to enjoy a big day's sport and recreation.

Watch the newspapers and posters from now on and be prepared to enjoy a big day's sport and recreation.

The town will be beautifully decorated, the hospitable people of Clearfield will welcome all visitors, the hotel accommodations will be first class—as they always are—so, "Here's to the American Eagle! Loud may he ever scream."

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

TOO MANY CIHLDREN AT LARGE ON SABBATH

Attendance at Sunday School Not as Large as Should be

G. A. Brooks and wife, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. H. C. Walker.

Solomon Jaffey is all smiles. Cause—a bouncing baby girl at his house.

The attendance at the Sunday schools in this place last Sunday shows only 268 present. This village has a population of more than 1200 people and by a little home missionary work among dilinquents it is possible to raise the attendance to 600. Our efforts should not be confined to getting new scholars on the roll, but strive to get the ones already enrolled to attend.

Sunday, May 3, will be observed as Mother's day in the churches. All turn out and make this day a record breaker in attendance and then continue it throughout the year.

We have a few young ladies in this town who could get married if they would, and a whole lot who would if they could.

Mrs. H. O. Barger transacted business in Clearfield Monday.

D. F. Baird, who has been confined to the house for the past ten days with a bealing on his foot, is able to be around again.

Rev. I. J. Duke, pastor of the United Brethren church, of Rockwood Pa., delivered an able sermon to a large congregation in the U. B. church of tis place Sunday evening.

This town is at present without a barber shop, a drug store, a nickelodeum and a cash grocery.This is one of the best towns in Central Pennsylvania for the size, and any one looking for a location for either of the above businesses will do well to pay this place a visit before locating elsewhere.

James Polkinghorn, who has charge of the Harbison-Walker Ref. Co's. operations at Marta, Pa., spentSunday with his family. Mr. Polkinghorn expects to move to Martha just as soon as he can find a desirable property to move into.

H. B. Varner is receiving congratulations over the arrival of a new daughter at his home, Sunday evening.

A day should be set aside in our village for "Clean Up Day." It is now the time of year to wage war on the onslaught of the fly and mosquito, besides a little redding up will add greatly to the appearance of your property; also it is essential to the good health of the community.

George Cole and wife, of Punxsutawney, are visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Miss Eva Wilson, who is employed at the silk mill in Clearfield spent Sunday with her parents.

If you want to be progressive and be conversant with the happenings in town and county, subscribe for the Progress .The obliging news agent, Master James Baird, will be pleased to deliver the paper to your door each night for the small sum of 25 cents per month, and your correspondent promises to give you the news "hot off the griddle" at least once a week.

R. D. Pearce, of Clearfield, was in town Sunday evening. "Bob" is a hustling insurance agent, but there is something more attractive than prospects that lure him here so frequently.

I. N. Conrad has purchased a Ford automobile. He can manipulate the machine like an old-timer.

Advertise in the Progress.

EXPECT CARRANZA AND VILLA TO CLASH

"Showdown" Comes as Rebel Leaders Meet Each Other.

El Paso, Tex., April 29.—The arrest of Villa by Carranza or the seizure and deposition of Carranza by Villa will not surprise those who have been following developments of the last few days in Constitutionalist circles.

Villa has hurried south on a special train, taking with him a carload of ammunition supposed to have been smuggled across the border. His destination was Chihuahua, where Carranza and several military lieutenants of Villa are reported to have been plotting the overthrow of the conqueror of Torreon. Villa, although he gave no intimation of his plans before he left, is supposed to have gone to have "a showdown."

The difficulty has arisen over Carranza's announced disapproval of American interference in Mexico, that being directly counter to Villa's avowed attitude of friendliness toward the United States and approval of all steps taken thus far by President Wilson.

Villa's ten day absence from the army, it is certain, has been taken advantage of by enemies in his own camp to stir up feeling against him. Villa's troops, however, are intensely loyal to him personally, in the main.

European Surgeons In Boston.

Boston, April 29.—European members of the International Surgical society concluded their visit to this city by attending additional clinics at several hospitals. Numerous difficult operations were performed under their observation by Boston surgeons.

Killed In Motor Upset.

Norwich, Conn., April 29.—John Blumley, thirty-five years old, was killed instantly and Dr. Frank H. Coles severely injured when the automobile in which they were driving skidded and turned over when descending a steep hill near here.

Embassy Not United States Property.

Washington, April 29.—Should anti-American demonstrations develop an attack on the American embassy in Mexico City the offenders will be injuring Mexican property and not American. The United States does not own the embassy building in the Mexican capital, and its lease expires June 1 next.

Representative Hardy asked congress to thank Captain Paul H. Kreibohm, officers and crew of the Kroonland, heroes of the Volturno disaster

Destroying Line to Vera Cruz.

Washington, April 29.—That the railroad between Vera Cruz and Mexico City was being rapidly destroyed by federals from Tejeria was reported in state department dispatches from Consul Canada on authority of a Vera Cruz refugee. He said the ties were being burned and the tracks loaded on cars.

Drinks Coffee Fast; Dies.

Wallingford, Conn., April 29.—A cup of coffee swallowed in haste caused the death of Frank Boesl, aged forty-five, in a local lunch room. After drinking the coffee Boesl was seized with a choking spell and died in a few moments. The medical examiner's verdict was death due to choking.

Keystone Carpet Cleaning Company

Is prepared to clean your CARPET and RUGS at the shortest possible notice

We have installed our new electric motor which gives the best of satisfaction.

All carpets called for and promptly returned, sweet and clean. Three cents per yard.

E. G. OGDEN, Mgr.
H. & C. Phone, Hillsdale.

Frederick's
WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE.

New Victor Records For May

Every one is Cordially Invited to our Store and Enjoy These
Wonderful Selections



Come Whether you are an Owner of a **VICTROLA** or not. Here you may hear the greatest artists in the musical world.

Our Record Approval Service
Will Interest You.

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

Sugar, Coffee and Butter Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell
100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.50
White House Coffee, lb for 35c
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for 30c
3-lb con for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to 35c

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY

G. N. Ellenberger, ...Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.. ....Clearfield
J. S Beahan.....Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ...Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,....Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars,.....Hyde
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile,.....Curwensville
Harry Teats, ...Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ...Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ...Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,.....Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,.Grampian
W. E. Derrick,. .... .Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth, ..Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles,. .... .Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,. .Bigler
Ed. Shaw,. ..... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Olanta
D. B. Hile, ... Lumber City
F. B. Johnston, ... Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum
DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

Your Gardener

To produce the best results should be supplied with good tools. It matters not how good the seed may be if he does not thoroughly cultivate the soil you are "throwing good money to the birds." We have a line of

Garden Tools

All moderately priced and hard to beat. Shovels, hoes, spading forks, rakes, trowels, weeders, hand plows, barrows, mattocks, watering cans, pruning shears, etc.

And remember too that gardens and chickens do not mix well, i. e,—not well for the garden. So if you expect to get any "garden sass" it would be gaining a strategic point to throw a peaceable blockade around the chickens just now—and we have the material with which to do it—

Poultry Netting

Galvanized after weaving in both one and two inch mesh from one to six feet high. Cambria and Youngstown Poultry Fence, thirty-four to fifty-eight inches high. For the farm, barbed and smooth wire, hog and cattle woven fence.

Orders by telephone receive careful attenton .

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET



Big Special Cut Price ON Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits			Ladie's Coats and Suits		
$ 8.50 Suits, only		$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit		$ 5.98
10.00	"	" 7.25	10.00	"	" 6.75
12.50	"	" 9.00	12.50	"	" 8.50
15.00	"	" 11 00	15.00	"	" 9.95
18.00	"	" 13.25	16.50	"	" 10.75
20.00	"	" 15.00	18.00	"	" 12.75
22.00	"	" 16.50			
25.00	"	" 18.50			

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros. Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

ROBINSON & CO.

CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE

Cost More—Worth Most

"Waverly" Oils and Gasolines

Gasolines—Illuminants—Lubricants—Wax—Specialties
Waverly Oil Works Co. Pittsburgh



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50
Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a.

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII | Clearfield, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, April 29, 1914 | Number 256

THIS OLD TOWN WILL JUST HUM

American Eagle Will Scream as He Never Before Screamed

JULY FOURTH CELEBRATION

A Two-Day Program of Amusements Being Prepared by the Executive Committee — Balloon Ascensions, Baseball and Horse Racing—Prizes for Automobile and Horse Floats.

The following statement has been issued by the executive committee of the Fourth of July celebration:

To the industrial, business and professional men of Clearfield:

Gentlemen:

Before July 4, the war will be over and Mexico will be whipped to astandstill. This being a foregone conclusion, let us prepare to celebrate not only the Declaration of Independence, but our victory over the "Greasers" as well, by all joining in and helping along the Big Celebration now being arranged for under the joint auspices of the Clearfield fire department and the Clearfield Hospital association.

In connection with the coming celebration, to be held on July 3rd and 4th, the committee in charge is arranging a mammoth industrial parade as one of the big features, to be held in the forenoon of July 4th, and we take this means of appealing to all progressive business men who know the value of up-to-the-minute advertising, to participate. During the centennial held a few years ago the industrial parade was one of the big features and brought thousands of people to Clearfield on that day to witness it.

The Industrial Parade.

The industrial parade this year will surpass that one if it lies in the power of the committee to "produce the goods," and we think it does, with the help of all who desire to show their patriotism and public spirit.

The committee is already in touch with a number of the best brass bands in Central Pennsylvania and will have five or six, besides home bands in the line of march.

As an extra inducement to the different business places and citizens generally to take part in the big parade the committee is offering prizes amounting to $50, divided as follows: $15 and $10 for the best and second best auto floats: $15 and $10 for the best and second best horse drawn floats.

Will be a Mile Long.

Besides the floats and bands the home and visiting fire departments, with apparatus, all fraternal organizations—many in uniform and regalia—Dark Town fire brigade, fantastics, saddle and harness horses, draft horses, pony carts, etc,. etc., will stretch the parade to at least a mile in length.

With a view of getting a line on all those who desire to participate in the big parade a sub-committee will visit the different business and industrial establishments in the near future and it is hoped that all who are in a position to do so will signify their intention and willingness to join in and help make this the biggest affair of its kind ever witnessed in Clearfield.

Balloon Ascension.

To give you a slight idea of what has already been accomplished, the executive committee announces that it has secured as one of the attractions the world famous "King Kelly", aeroncut, who will pull off three balloon ascensions with double and triple parachute drops, something never before seen in Clearfield.

Another feature of this attraction will be a balloon ascension in the evening with a fine display of fireworks from the balloon a thousand feet in the air, another stunt never witnessed in our town.

The lovers of base ball and horse racing will have an opportunity of indulging in their favorite sports each day; fast ball teams and faster horses having been secured for the occasion.

Only a Few of Attractions.

The above are only a few of the big things in store for those who will visit Clearfield on July 3rd and 4th.

Continued on 4th page.

FUNSTON'S MEN HOLD VERA CRUZ

Army Replaces Bluejackets and Maintains Order.

NO EXTENSION OF CONTROL.

Huerta Continues Policy of Leaving Americans Alone—Result of Mediation Plans Awaited Before Extending Territory Under American Control. City Conquered.

Vera Cruz, April 29.—The army transports bringing Brigadier General Funston's troops from Galveston arrived in the harbor at dawn. The disembarkation of the troops was completed in the afternoon. The bluejackets, who have been ashore since the occupation of Vera Cruz, were withdrawn, and all returned to their respective ships. The marines will remain ashore for the time being.

President Huerta has decided not to attempt to try conclusions with the American forces near Vera Cruz. This is indicated by reports brought to the city by passengers arriving from the outlying districts. The passengers said they saw General Maas, the former commandant at Vera Cruz, and his men making their way farther into the interior from Soledad. With him were the few cadets who escaped from the Naval academy after the battle fought there in the second day's engagement.

The American forces are tolerant of almost all Mexicans who enter their lines, and it is not improbable that any Mexican officer might with safety openly enter and depart from the city.

Rodrigo de Llano, a reporter of El Imparcial of Mexico City, arrived at Vera Cruz. He visited the American headquarters and surveyed the entire field of operations without molestation. He plans to return to the capital with his story on the first train he can get to take him out.

No Extension of Control.

It is generally understood that there will be no effort to extend the territory now held until further orders to that effect come from Washington. This attitude, it is supposed, is the result of the negotiations regarding mediation, little information of which is reaching here, and because of the desire to continue efforts to bring Americans in Mexico City and elsewhere to the coast.

Several naval officers now administering municipal affairs were not disturbed when the army staff took hold. Among these is Commander Stickney of the Prairie, captain of the port, who is now directing affairs inside the breakwater. Since the Prairie is a marine transport, with all her men ashore, it is not probable that any change will be made so far as the position of captain of the port is concerned.

N. Y. C. OPERATOR DEAD

Lloyd High Unexpectedly Passes Away at Burnside.

Lloyd High, a N. Y. C. operator at Burnside, died very unexpectedly on last Saturday and was buried at New Millport, the home of his wife's people, this morning at 11 o'clock. Mr. High had gone to the Hellwood hospital for an operation, and was thought to be recovering. He wrote his wife that he was getting along well, and before the letter reached Burnside a telegram was received announcing his death.

Mr. High had two brothers, who are well known in this section. One is Prof. High, of Mahaffey, and the other is a resident of New Millport.

AEDRESSED THE STUDENTS

High School Pupils Told of Value of a College Education.

Professor Hutchinson, who holds a chair in Dickinson college, addressed the students of the Clearfield High school Tuesday afternoon on the necessity for a college education. The professor told the students that the government of the nation would in a few years fall upon the shoulders of the boys and girls of today and they could not perform their duties successfully if they had not acquired a college education.

DEATHS OF A DAY.

Sir George Doughty, Liberal-Unionist member of parliament for Grimsby, died in London.

Mme. Jeane Dureau, wife of Albert Dureau, a writer, and daughter of Paul Durand-Ruel, the artist, died in Paris. She was the sister of George and Joseph Durand-Ruel of Paris.

WILSON FRAMES HIS DEMANDS

Stipulates That Dictator Huerta Must Surrender Rule

"STRONG MAN" NOW SOUGHT

One on Whom All Factions In Mexico Can Unite Is Needed to Assume Presidency—Carranza and Villa Out of the Question—Mediators Begin Work, and War Ceases Until Climax Is Reached.

General Huerta may be given only seventy-two hours to accede to United States terms, including demand for his abdication. He has accepted the principle of mediation.

General Funston and his expeditionary army of 4,000 landed at Vera Cruz.

Admiral Fletcher seizes Vera Cruz property of the Terminal company, a British concern, over which the British flag was flying.

Generals Villa and Carranza were in a conference which may end in break between the two over Villa's friendliness toward the United States.

Hundreds of American refugees are fleeing from Mexico.

Twenty-one states east of the Mississippi have offered a total of 70,513 militiamen.

American women refugees jailed at Cordoba are being tortured by death threats.

Representative Mendell, speaking in the house, charged Consul General Hanna and Consul Canada with being sensationalists. Consul General Hanna was declared to be a friend of the Mexican rebels.

Envoys of Brazil, Argentina and Chile resumed their sessions to perfect a plan for the settlement of the Mexican trouble which they will lay before both President Wilson and General Huerta.

The Americans remaining in Mexico City leave for the gulf coast by special train.

Tension Is Lessened.

Washington, April 29.—The war tension here has greatly lessened with the formal acceptance by the Huerta government of the offer of Argentina, Brazil and Chili to use their good offices for peace.

Great as are the obstacles in the way of successful mediation, the indications are that the parleys, even if nothing comes of them finally, will stave off war for some days. Formal proposals on each side will soon be made, and these will be thrashed over. Considerable time will doubtless be consumed in this process, so that even if war is to come there will be some waiting.

Making due allowance for the feeling in many quarters that Huerta is merely playing for time and position, and also making allowance for the belief of some that the mediators are not really friendly to this country and are likely to put the United States in a hole if they get a chance, it is also true that this government, having consented to mediation, is bound to give it a sincere trial and not look for an excuse to let loose the war dogs.

In its formal proposals this government will insist on Huerta getting out, and in his proposals Huerta will presumably proceed on the basis of himself remaining and our forces leaving Vera Cruz. While this would seem to point to a quick impasse and speedy blocking of negotiations, the probabilities are that the first proposals on each side will not be followed by immediate rejection by this government or by Huerta, but by repeated exchange of views through the mediators.

It is believed this government will not resume war operations in a hurry, even if it becomes convinced Huerta cannot be pried loose by diplomatic means, provided the president is convinced the Huerta power is being rapidly undermined and the Constitutionalists are going forward rapidly, as they say they are.

As yet the initial steps only have been taken in the effort to settle the difficulties between the two countries without further resort to arms.

Much remains to be done before the outlook can assume any definite form. The stage now reached—that of framing the conditions of mediation—is extremely delicate.

On the other hand, the attitude of Carranza is bound to have an important bearing on the outlook.

The Constitutionalists at present control a large proportion of Mexico, including the important cities of Juarez, Chihuahua and Torreon.

New Pastor for Winburne.

Rev. Andrew Houser, of Altoona, ordained a minister by the Erie Evangelical church conference, in session at Altoona this week, has been appointed to the charge at Winburne.

Mrs. D. L. Krebs and Mrs. J. K. Horton are in Philadelphia.

PASSENGER CAR PLAYS A STUNT

Rear of Coach Jumps From Track on The N. Y. C.

HITS TIES LONG DISTANCE

Train Was Running at Moderate Rate of Speed, and Passengers Escaped With Shaking—A Serious Accident Narrowly Averted—A Queer Performance.

A peculiar accident occurred on the N. Y. C. railroad at a point near "J" tower about a mile below Mahaffey, on Tuesday evening, when th front truck on a passenger coach left the rails and for a distance of several hundred feet rode cross-ways on the tracks, tearing up the ties and temporarily tying up traffic. Owing to the fact that the train was traveling at a very low rate of speed at the time, what might have been a very serious accident was averted.

When the train passed the tower it slowed down to take orders. The brakeman had secured his orders, and was standing on the rear platform, when he noticed that somethin was wrong with the smoking car, which was attached to the baggage car. He reached for the bell cord and was thrown from the train. At the same moment the conductor scented trouble and gave the signal to slow up. The train was quickly brought to a stop and a bad accident was narrowly averted.

The accident is peculiar in that the wheels did not leave the rails at a switch, neither was there anything wrong with the equipment, according to officials of the road. The persons riding in the smoker had the ride of their lives for about a minute, but no one was injured.

The wreck train straightened out the matter, and the performing car was in use again today.

LATEST FROM MEXICO

Most Authentic News of the Conflict in the Republic.

The war with Mexico is on, and thousands of Uncle Sam's boys are either in Mexico or on their way, to uphold the dignity of the United States. Men have been killed, buildings dynamited, and thousands of refugees are moving toward theAmerican border for protection.

These are stirring times, history is being made, and you will wish to read every line in connection with this struggle.

The North American has special correspondents and photographers on the field, which, together with leased lines and Associated Press dispatches will enable them to give their reade s the latest and most authentic reports obtainable, together with photographic illustrations taken on the field.

If you are not a regular subscriber to The North American, place your order with the nearest agent, and have him serve you with a copy each day.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Hike for Boys on Saturday—To Form a Gun Club

On Saturday, May 2, there will be a hike for all boys of the Y. M. C. A. All those who are going are requested to meet at the "Y" on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Everyone be sure to bring his dinner. The hike will be out towards Rockton.

There will be a meeting on Monday May 4, at 7.30, to organize a gun club. Every one that is interested and wants to get into the fun should be present at this meeting.

June 8 is the date set for the six day bicycle trip, and the objective place is Pittsburgh. Details of the trip may be obtained by inquiring at the office. All those who would like to or can go are asked to give their names to the secretary or physical director as soon as possible.

Married at U. B. Parsonage.

Guy Lansberry and Miss Grace Lomadue were married at the parsonage of the U. B. church, East End, yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. F. Kelly officiating. They will reside on a farm.

Accident at Houtzdale.

Several men were injured at Houtzdale Monday when powder they were unloading exploded.

EXERCISES HELD IN DARKNESS

Lights go Out at Mahaffey H. S. Commencement

STUDENTS ARE UNDISMAYED

Occasion Made Rather Sorrowful Because Death of Brother Calls Away the Principal of the School—Program Carried Out Despite Untoward Circumstances.

With the principal who had trained them unexpectedly called away on account of the death of his brother, and with the building in which the commencement exercises were being held in darkness, was the peculiar experienc of the graduating class of the Mahaffey High school on Tuesday evening.

The town of Mahaffey is famed for its graduating classes, and these occasions are always largely enjoyed by the good people of that section.

On Tuesday evening the Lutheran church was beautifully decorated with potted plants and the colors of the class. The orchestra was in place and ready for the opening number when the electric lights disappeared for an instant. There was a murmur of amusement until the performance was repeated three times, a signal which in Mahaffey means trouble. There was a hurried search for oil lamps and the class took its position on the platform and carried out the program in a darkness that all but obliterated the speakers.

The exercises were nicely arranged and the graduates displayed evidence of careful training and unusual talent. The following program was given:

Music, orchestra.

Invocation, Rev. I. P. Hawkins.

"A New Phase of Banking," Lisle Stephenson.

"The Life of Clara Barton," Nora Roberts.

Music, orchestra.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun," Martha Sunderlin.

"Future History of the Present Centuries," Florence Conrath.

Presentation of diplomas, T. M. Davidson, secretary of board.

Music, orchestra.

"With the Captain on the Bridge," Supt. W. M. Pierce, of Ridgway.

Benediction, Rev. Hawkins.

County Superintendent Tobias, of this place, was present and introduced Prof. Pierce.

MINERS DISCUSS THE OPERATORS' PROPOSAL

Some of The Men Against Acceptance of 1912 Scale

A meeting of miners of DuBois, Sykesville, Big Soldier, Erlton, and Hildrup mines was held at DuBois, on Tuesday afternoon, and the question of returning to work until it was seen how the men voted on the proposition to accept the scale of 1912 at the election next Monday resulted, as well as the sentiment of the miners relative to how they should vote on that question were discussed.

Speeches were made by Patrick Egan, District President Purcell, National Organizer Reese Watson, J. E. Brown and William Broad. While the speakers did not advise the men to go back to work several of them pointed out that the national organization favored that step. Mr. Brown was in favor of remaining out until an agreement with the operators could be effected. It is believed that unless the men in the DuBois section change their minds they will vote next Monday against accepting the scale of 1912.

The meeting, at which there were about 1500 miners, passed resolutions denouncing the civil war in Colorado and calling upon President White, of the national organization, to call a national strike of all miners under his jurisliction, in protest against "government by gunmen as practiced in Colorado, unless these practices end."

In a number of the mines in this field the miners are working.

Subscribe for the Prorgess.

MANY CRIMES ON THE LIST

Defendants Who Will be Tried at the May Term

TWO MURDER CASES LISTED

Burglaries, Larcenies, Attempts to Kill, Wife Desertions and Dangerous Assault and Battery Suits Will Keep the Court Busy Next Week—Some Will be Settled.

May criminal court, which begins on Monday next, promises to be one of the largest in the history of the county. There are crimes on the list ranging from murder to assault and battery. Two alleged murderers—Philip Cimo and Clay Hutton—are to be tried, the three other men charged with murder appearing later in the month.

The list of cases, with the exception of a few which will be added later, is as follows:

Two Murder Cases.

Murder—Philip Cimo, Clayton Hutton.

Assault and battery with intent to kill—John Spanogle, Dan B. Kline.

Burglary—Joe Howard and John Doe, John Koski and Bernard Kozlowichv, Arthur McCall and Daniel Sheridon, August Piare, Jack Daley.

Wife desertion—Harry Nolan, Anson Perrett.

Wife desertion and non-support—George Redding, Mike Rinkus.

Non-support—Lee Slaughter.

Violating mining law—John Stevenson, H. B. Swoope, Daniel J. Hopkins, William Orr, Samuel O. Wolford, Guy Sankey, Harry Hughes.

Three Liquor Cases.

Violating liquor laws—Fred Tost, Solomon Rye, Louis Valentine.

F. & B.—James Stockman, Jacob Yarger, August Courtiet, Ray McFate, George Stephenson, Fred Gallagher, Fred Cameron, Burt Phillips, W. Guy Miller, Sylvester Fetner.

Larceny—Emma Kocsick, Lloyd Rowles, Lewis Eddinger, Gust Cocsick, Dan Brandon and Arthur McCall, Charles Peters.

A. & B.—J. B. Stier, Gust Mahaska and Fred Kashihick, Philip Dotts, Lamer Dotts and Philip S. Dotts, Francis Kerin, John Lachum, Clara Fullerton, Matt Szozedos, Joseph Bilik, David Barto.

Married Too Often.

Bigamy—Arnold E. Poorman.

False pretense—C. P. Umenzie, A. J. Murphy, William Kramer.

Threats—Michael Hippler, Mariana Binaralla.

Statutory rape—John Swan.

Embezzlement — Charles Fowler, Cort Hess.

Fradulent representation — G. A. Schrock.

Burglary and entry—Walter Gallagher.

Charged With Robbery.

Intent to rob—John Willie.

Disorderly conduct and lewdness—Annie Seaburn.

A. & B., desertion and non-support—Mike Rankas.

Receiving and concealing stolen goods—August Piarre.

Larceny and receiving stolen goods—August Piarre.

Maintaining disorderly house—William C Goss.

Assault and attempt to rape—Steve Damit.

The district attorney expects that a number of these cases will be settled and that several defendants will plead guilty when their cases are called next week.

CLERKS AND CARRIERS

Examination of Applicants for Positions at Local Postoffice.

A civil service examination for clerk and city carrier in the postoffice at Clearfield will be held in the High school building, Clearfield, on Saturday, May 9. The salaries of these positions range from $800 to $1200 per annum.

Application blanks may be had of R. C. Ogden, at the Clearfield postoffice, who will give applicants all the information regarding the examination they may desire.

Stop at Jersey Shore.

After next Sunday all New York Central trains will stop at Jersey Shore, and passengers going east will change to the Reading at that town.

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A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

HOUSE-CLEANING SALE Of the ELECTRIC Brand HOUSE-DRESSES



Hundreds of the best made House-Dresses have been selected in America's foremost House-Dress factory for this "House-Cleaning" Sale. Here is your opportunity to secure neat, perfect fitting and thoroughly practical House-Dresses at economy prices--and just when you need them most.

Your first thought on seeing them will be "How is it possible at the price." And there is more to Electric Dresses than the low price. You will note the dependable materials and the superior workmanship. These "Electrics" are the smartest creations in House-Dresses ever shown; they are really the last thought of the style artists. They are famous for comfortable and correct fit at the shoulder, bust, hips, and every other point. During house-cleaning time you need House-Dresses. This special event has been staged particularly for you. Come.



The Best Dollar's Worth of Dress You Ever Purchased

THE ROCHESTER

A smart, semi-round neck model with stitched-down collar of plain color cambric; bias folds of dress material ending in wider fold of plain color used as trimming at front of waist. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves are made of dress material, decorated by tabs of solid color cambric. A special feature of this model is the new peplum belt that fits correctly, long or short-waisted figures. All sizes can be had in this style—16 and 18 years, also 34 to 46 bust measure. Large assortment of checks, figures stripes, in good percales, at only **$1.00**

EVERY ILLUSTRATION.

In this advertisement is an exact reproduction of the original House-Dress and the descriptions are just as you will find garments and assortments to be. In addition to the House-Dresses mentioned here, we have dozens of other fresh and new styles direct from the makers.



THE DETROITER

Here is a model of unusual value. A specially attractive round-neck style with stitched down stole collar of dress material and edged with piping of contrasting color. Loops of cambric and pearl buttons are cambric and pearl buttns are also used as trimming on collar Three-quarter length sleeves and dainty pointed cuff neatly tailored pocket on waist At the back of skirt, at top, are clusters of fine tucks. This charming dress is made in splendid quality percale in small figure patterns, also stripes, checks and solid colors Complete assortment of sizes in all colors and patterns, Price .. **$1.00**

THE CLEARFIELDER.

A classic model, displaying the stylish Poiret collar and turn-back cuff points on the three-quarter length sleeves, corresponding with collar. Piping of contrasting material extends down front of waist and around the waist line. Neatly tailored pocket on the waist. Back of skirt has cluster of fine tucks at top. This desirable model can be had in neat striped and checked percales, with solid color trimmings; also solid color Yale blue percale with figured cambric trimmings. We are showing this model in all sizes: 16 and 18 years, also 36 to 46 bust measure, at only **$1.00**





MATERNITY DRESS.

A Dress for a purpose and constructed to accomplish that purpose.

The outlet for fullness on Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is at the back. The extra fullness is concealed under the back panel in the form of one pleat, and this fullness is let out by simply unbuttoning wo pearl buttons on the back tab. The buttons can be moved to any location that suits the wearer. No matter how much adjustment is necessary the lap-over pleats at the back contain enough fullness.

The outlet for altering the length of Electric Brand Maternity Dresses is in the extra deep hem which can be let out at any point desired and thus drape the dress to an even length all the way round. Note that the hem is basted with a chain stitch which can be pulled out quickly in altering the length.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are entirely washable. They contain no metal devices, no elastic bands, no draw strings; therefore, they can be laundered like any other House Dress.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses are designed so that they hang gracefully at all times. They are exactly like ordinary House Dresses in appearance before it becomes necessary to let them out, and when the necessity for using the extra fullness ceases, the dresses again become normal House Dresses. Thus their usefulnes is not over until they are completely worn out.

Electric Brand Maternity Dresses can be used to advantage by invalids and Convalescents because they can be let out through the waists and hips, thus making them roomy and comfortable without altering their graceful appearance. Price **$2.25**

THE HANDY DANDY.

A reversible, double-front combination House Dress and Apron, a dress especially desirable for house-cleaning days, because it can be worn as a house dress or slipped on over another to get into when in a hurry, and "Dandy" because it looks so neat and comfortable. Made of a good quality percale, in light and dar patterns, bound around neck, down edges of front, at top of pockets, around arm holes and waist line Slips on like a coat and fastens at the neck and under waist line with loop buttons and four buttons on skirt. Really the "Handiest," "Dandiest" Combination Dress and Apron we have ever seen. Every woman will want one. Priced only **$1.00**

Extraordinary House-Dresses at a Dollar and a Half

THE NEW DELAWARE.

A charming model combining style, neatness and practicability, for which Electric Dresses are famous. Several late style ideas are featured in this model, yet its desirability as a house dress or semi-street dress is unexcelled. Note the loops and buttons on waist, skirt and cuffs; the wide demi-stitched band made of solid color cambon, skirt gives, it the fashionable neck, with stitched down yoke collar. Fancy cuffs on three-quarter length sleeves. Waist line is finished with the new peplum belt. Seams of the skirt are all double stitched, and tape bound. Your size will be found in our assortment of thes $2.50 dresses and you can buy one for **$1.50**





THE CLEVELANDER.

House-cleaning days require house dresses that have maximum of wearing quality. We are showing this sensible and stylish model made of America's best cambric—a cloth unexcelled for long, hard service. Fancy center to side opening of waist in front. Deep pointed yoke collar that is stitched down and outlined with piping. The sleeves are three-quarter length with neat cuffs that are piped. Waist line also is defined with piping. Wide side pleat extends down center at back of skirt; all seams of skirt being double stitched and tape-bound. We have stocked a splendid assortment of colors and patterns in all sizes of this model. In addition to the regular sizes, 16 and 18 and 34 to 46, we have out-sizes 48 to 56 bust measure at $2.00. Regular sizes at only **$1.50**

THE EXTRA-SIZE MODEL

How often we have heard our stout customers remark, "I cannot be fitted with anything ready-to-wear." At last we hae found House Dresses that will fit out-of-proportion women with ease and comfort. Bust measu e sizes 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56. Made of standard quality percales in light and dark patterns. This model has a comfortable round neck, large, roomy armholes, three-quarter length sleeves that are wide enough to allow the arm to bend, and plenty of width in the skirt at hips. Trimming consists of piping which edges the stitched-down stole collar, the pointed cuffs, pointed tab on pocket and defines the slightly raised waist line. A sensible, comfortable and practical house dress designed for stout women priced at only $1.25

IMPORTANT TO CITY CUSTOMERS.

You can order any of these House-Dresses by telephone Just give name, size and color wanted. Out-of-town readers of this "ad" can obtain any dress desired by Mail. Order by name, giving size and color desired.

Orders by mail will be given prompt and careful attention.

Misses' and Children's Wash Dresses

2 to 14 Years

At 29c Dainty little Russian Dresses with low neck and short sleeves, made of striped percales in assorted colors, trimmed with plain colors.

At 59c Quite inexpensive Wash Dresses for every day wear, made of plain chambray, trimmed with bands of colored plaid gingham, buttons, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At 75c A clever but inexpensive little Dress in striped percales, with plain blue chambray edge, V-shaped neck, three-quarter sleeves.

At 98c A dainty model, having a style distinction not usually found in a Wash-Dress at this price, made of plain chambray, with neck, belt and sleeves trimmed with white pique.

At $1.50 A sensible and stylish model in plain pink poplin, white button-hole stitch, scalloped edge trimmed, wide belt, round neek, short sleeves.

At $2.50 Stylish model, combining neatness and practicability, pretty little plaid gingham Wash-Dresses, colored band trimmings, square neck, short sleeves, assorted colors.

At $3.00 A real snappy design in plain blue chambray, embroidery and insertion trimmed, wide belt, square neck and three-quarter sleeves.

At $3.25 Here is a Dress of unusual style, made of plain granite cloth, in copen and neil rose, and has neck, sleeves and belt trimmed with black embroidery, fancy pearl buttons.

White and Colored Aprons in Great Assortments

Large shipment of Aprons in every style and size, brings our showing today to the top notch of efficiency. We can truthfully say that never have we shown so many dainty aprons as you'll find here this week.

Bungalo Aprons These popular Aprons are much in demand at this time and the assortment of check gingham, striped and figured percales are all that you could wish. Price 50c and 59c.

Bib Aprons The cover up wed Bib Aprons in gingham and percale, size 34x44. 25c and 50c.

Children's Aprons Dainty little plain colored chambray for the little ones, 2 to 6 years, 25c, 39c and 48c.

Nurses' Aprons Made of white batiste, with drop H. S hem, others are tucked, and some insertion trimmed. Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Maid's Aprons Made of white batiste, plain or bib, in lace or emb. trimmed, 50c, 75c, $1,

Waitress' Aprons Dainty little white Aprons, with plain hem, at 15c.

Plain White Aprons With lace and embroidery trimmed, at 25c to $1.

Market Street A. W. LEONARDSON CO. Clearfield, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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A Revolutionist

She Passed Through Hairbreadth Escapes

By KATHLEEN EVERSHAM

Henry Cummings, an American, traveling on a train between London and Dover on his way to Paris, left London by an evening train soon after dark. There were four passengers in his compartment when he started, but at the first station two left the train. The remaining passenger besides Cummings was wrapped in a long ulster, with a broad collar turned up about his neck and a felt hat pulled down over his eyes. As soon as the train started after the second stop he roused himself, yawned, cleared his throat with a cough, looked out of the window, peering into the darkness; then turned to a bag beside him and took out a box of cigarettes.

"Do you object to smoke?" he asked of Cummings in broken English.

"Not at all. I am a smoker myself."

"In that case, there being no one else in this compartment except ourselves, I suppose we may smoke."

When the man turned toward Cummings to ask the question the American got such a view of him as was afforded by the dim light from the lamp in the center of the ceiling. He saw a youthful, feminine face, without the sign of a beard, hair of a very light hue and steel gray eyes. The voice, too, was very soft for a man's. He offered his box of cigarettes to Cummings, who noticed that the hand holding it was round and exquisitely shaped.

Cummings took a cigarette from that side of the box nearest him, and the young man took one from the other side before closing and putting it in his bag. Cummings took a silver box from his pocket and, scratching a match on it, held the match for the other to light his cigarette. This gave a better illumination of his fellow passenger's face, and Cummings was very much struck with it. He was sure if he ever saw it again he would know it. It was a serious face, the face of one who might be expected to have some great object in life, and had it not been too feminine it would have been handsome. But only a glimpse was to be had while the young man lighted his cigarette, and Cummings lighted his from the same match. Then the American leaned back to enjoy his smoke.

"I fancy," he said presently, "there is a trace of opium in these cigarettes of yours."

"Do you think so?"

"I am quite sure of it. But nearly all cigarettes that are made now contain some opium. I don't mind a little of it."

A very pleasant languor came over Cummings, and, not having anything in common with the stranger to talk about, he permitted himself to fall into a doze.

He was awakened by a rough shake.

"Wake up!"

A man in police uniform was bending over him. Cummings found it hard to keep his eyes open and closed them again, whereupon he was shaken anew. This time he roused himself and began to take in the situation.

The train was at a standstill. There was no one in the compartment except himself and the policeman, though he could see several persons standing without. On the seat opposite him was an ulster which he recognized as belonging to his fellow passenger. His bag lay open beside him.

"Where is the young man who was in the coach with me?" Cummings asked.

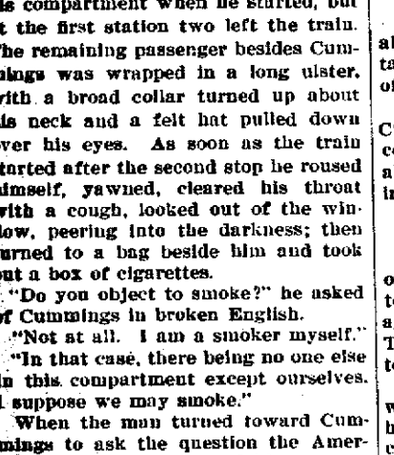
"Was there a young man with you?" asked the policeman quickly.

"Yes; there is his ulster. He g[ave] me a cigarette to smoke, and it [put] me to sleep." Diving into the [open] bag, he pulled out most of the contents. "My passport!" he exclaimed. "It is gone!"

"We're too late," said the policeman, and, taking Cummings' name and nationality that he might identify the passport if found, he withdrew. Cummings felt for his money, and it was safe. He called to the policeman to ask him for what the missing man was wanted, but the guard slammed the door, locked it, and the train moved on.

The next stop was Dover. Cummings while passing on to the Calais boat asked certain railway officials he met if they knew of what had occurred in his compartment, but none of them could give him any information. Fortunately passports are not needed in most European countries nowadays unless called for specially, and Cummings found no difficulty in entering France without one. He heard nothing from the one that had been taken from him or the person who had taken it. Indeed, no explanation of the matter came to him. There was only the supposition that the young man who had put him to sleep was some one attempting to evade the law.

Two years passed when by a singular freak of fortune Cummings encountered the fugitive from the law again. He was a globe trotter and during the interval had been to America but once and then only for a few months. It is to be admitted that traveling continually he was far more likely to meet any particular person than if he remained in one place.



"YOUR PASSPORT SAVED ME FROM ARREST."

He was traveling northward from Italy. Leaving Lugano one morning for Lucerne, in the same compartment with him was a lady twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who the moment he looked at her attracted his attention. He was sure that he had seen her before, though he could not tell when or where. Then suddenly it flashed upon him that she was the counterpart of the man who two years before had stolen his passport. From this he came very soon to the conclusion that she was the same person, and that person was not a man, but a woman.

Now that he met her again and knew her he had a great advantage, for she didn't seem to know that she had ever met him before. He looked at her steadily. She looked away, as any lady would when being stared at by a man, but showed no embarrassment. Not caring to let her know that he recognized her, he turned away his glance. He desired to satisfy his curiosity with regard to her and determined not to lose her.

She was evidently traveling alone. There was a man in the compartment besides Cummings and another woman. The woman soon left the train. There being no notice that smoking was permitted in the compartment, the man went to another to light a cigar, leaving Cummings temporarily alone with the lady.

"Madame or mademoiselle," he said, "do you object to smoking?"

"I do not."

"This is not a smoking compartment, but if you don't object I will avail myself of your permission."

"Do so, by all means."

Cummings took a box of cigarettes from his pocket and handed it to the lady.

"Thank you very much, but I never smoke."

"You mean that you do not smoke now, not that you have never smoked. If I mistake not, I have had the pleasure of smoking with you and one of your own cigarettes."

The woman gave him a piercing glance, and her face became a shade whiter.

"It was in a coach," he went on, "between London and Dover. The cigarette you offered me was rather heavily charged with opium or some other drug. At any rate, it put me to sleep, and when I awoke you were gone. I have always been curious to know how you left the train."

The young woman's gaze was fixed upon Cummings without reply for some time. She was evidently much frightened, but as he proceeded appeared to gather confidence. Presently she said:

"You are an American."

"Yes. How did you know that?"

"I should know it and not forget it. Your passport saved me from arrest, and arrest for me meant a return to Russia, and that meant Siberia."

"Then I am more than pleased."

"Had I known that you were an American I would not have put you to sleep with a cigarette. I would have confided my situation to you and asked you to help me. America, as your national hymn says, is the 'land of the free.' All oppressed peoples may find sympathy there."

"How did you leave the train?"

"I committed my soul to God and jumped in the darkness. There was no stop after I put you to sleep till the train reached Dover. I must jump or be arrested when I reached the terminal. I landed, fortunately, in a ditch beside the railroad or I should have been killed. I finished the journey on foot, but not to Dover. On reaching the coast I crossed the channel in a fishing boat."

"The passport—how did that help you?"

"Not then; later. I have traveled to Russia for consultation with fellow revolutionists as Henry Cummings and returned by using your passport."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the American. "What sacrifices are made for liberty!"

The two parted at Lucerne, and Cummings never saw the lady again. But she gave him her name, and long afterward he learned that she had illustrated the truth of the adage, "The pitcher that goes too often to the well is at last broken." He learned from a fellow countryman of hers that she had at last been caught and was in the Kara prison.

Not That Kind.

"I understand that your wealthy uncle has entirely given up hope."

"Don't you believe it. That man has never given up anything."—Houston Post.

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clears Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stops Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dull Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyay, just to try it--Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head o catarrhal sore thoat will be gone.

End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils: penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostril closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in"Ely's Cream Balm"and your cold or catarr will surely disappear.

ELECTION DATA

Information of Interest to Candidates and Voters of State.

May 1—Before 4 p. m. last day for withdrawal of candidates who have filed petitions for party offices in counties.

May 9—Last day to have errors in party enrollment corrected.

May 19—Primary election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

June 3—Last day for filing statement of primary expenses.

Sept. 2—Last day to be assessed for November election.

Oct. 3—Last day to pay tax to qualify for November election.

Nov. 3—General election—7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Dec. 3—Last day for filing November election expenses.

Children's Aid Society.

The regular meeting of the Children's Aid society will be held at the home of Mrs. W. I. Swoope, on Thursday afternoon at 2.00. It is earnestly requested that all members make an effort to be present as there is much work to be done.

April 27 3t .

Hospital Bridge Whist Club.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet with Mrs. George Bigler on Wednesday, April 29, at 2 o'clock sharp. Tbles will be provided for other games, if desired. Please notify hostess. Secretary.

May Flower Contest.

The Woman's club which expected to hold a flower contest on May 2, has decided to give the contest through the latter's May day fete at the Driving park May 2.

Queer People of Papua.

In the Girara country, Papua, a district of New Guinea, where the country is almost entirely submerged, the natives are said to claim descent from the dog. They possess five totems, which are drawn on all their houses. Their villages are erected on hillocks so as to be clear of the water, and the people of each village inhabit one large, common house, sometimes as much as 400 to 500 feet long and 60 to 80 feet in width. The center of this huge building is a kind of common hall, which is used only by the men, while the walls of the structure are divided into cubicles in three or four floors, access to which is gained by means of ladders. The women are not allowed to enter the building by the same door as the men. A great deal of sorcery prevails in the western division. In the wilder parts of the country the chief is himself a head sorcerer. He claims to be able to separate his spirit from his body and to send it on various missions, including that of killing people.

COMB SAGE TEA INTO GRAY HAIR

Darkens Beautifully and Restores Its Thickness and Lustre at Once.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready to use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known at "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of muss

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

The Woman's Club

Announces the Wild Flower Contest to be held with the Junior Chautauqua, May Fete at the Lower Witmer Park, Saturday, May 2, 1914, at 2:30 P. M. A committee will be in charge to receive the baskets.

Prizes will be offered as follows:

For Basket Containing the Greatest variety of Wild Flowers.

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

For Basket Most Tastefully Arranged.

First Prize $1.00; Second Prize 50c.

Contests will be open to all school children in the grades. In case of rain or inclement weather contest will be postponed to Saturday, May 9.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Good Advice

Spring Is at hand and there are many little things you need in the way of Tools to work about in the garden and lawn. We have anticipated your wants by laying in the most complete stock of Garden Tools ever carried by a Clearfield house. We have a full line of Keen Kutter Garden Tools, and in fact everything in the way of Garden Furniture. Pay us a visit and be convinced. You are welcome

BOTH PHONES

A SQUARE DEAL

WILLIAM F. POWELL

23 So. Second St.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Open all day and evenings until 9 o'clock.



Artistic Wall Papers Shown In Your Own Home

The choicest designs and colorings. Every pattern new.

We will deliver all purchases in town and to the Railroad Stations for out-of-town buyers.

CLEARFIELD DECORATING CO.

Painting and Paper Hanging Done Promptly

Store on Third Street Below Market

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

There is a remarkable interest in Home Baking and Cooking throughout the land.

This is a most encouraging indication that the battle against impure, improper food is going to be won.

The credit for the victory will belong to the women of the country.

Home cooking has the backing of science and the approval of fashion. It adds to housekeeping a pride; to our food, healthfulness.

It is acknowledged by experts, and by the women who know, that the best cooking in the world to-day is with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

What are you going to do with your last Season's Tires . . . . ?

Bring them in and let us look 'em over carefully—we may be able to save those old ones. We know of many casings that have been sold to the junk dealer that could have been repaired by an expert vulcanizer. Yes, and given the owner at least another thousand miles or two of good service.

You don't want to discard your old tires by outside appearances---you may be throwing away actual dollars. We will honestly tell you if you need a new tire or if our **Vulcanizing Plant** can repair it. It is certainly to our interest to tell you the absolute truth and we will not tell you a repair can save a tire when the best move would be to buy a new casing. You can depend on our repairs---they're done with the best material, by a man who knows his work from A to Z.

Clearfield Vulcanizing Co.

18 South Third St. Clearfield, Pa.

TRY AN AD IN THE PROGRESS. IT WILL PLEASE YOU

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®



The padre spread his hands. "What a way women have of modifying either good or bad impulses! It would have been fine of you to have stopped when you said you were sorry."

"Padre, one would believe that you had taken up his defense!"

"If I had I should have to leave it after today. I return to Rome tomorrow and shall not see you again before you go to America. I have bidden good-by to all save you. My child, my last admonition is, be patient; observe; guard against that impulse born in your blood to move hastily, to form opinions without solid foundations. Be happy while you are young, for old age is happy only in that reflected happiness of recollection. Write to me, here. I return in November. Benedicite?" smiling.

Nora bowed her heard and he put a hand upon it.

* * * * * * * *

Celeste stood behind Abbott and studied his picture through half-closed, critical eyes. "You have painted it over too many times." Then she looked down at the shapely head. Ah, the longing to put her hands upon it, to run her fingers through the tousled hair, to touch it with her lips! But no! "Perhaps you are tired; perhaps you have worked too hard Why not put aside your brushes for a week?"

"I've a good mind to chuck it into the lake. I simply can't paint any more." He flung down the brushes. "I'm a fool, Celeste, a fool. I'm crying for the moon, that's what the matter is. What's the use of beating about the bush? You know as well as I do that it's Nora."

Her heart contracted, and for a little while she could not see him clearly.

"But what earthly chance have I?" he went on, innocently but ruthlessly. "No one can help loving Nora."

"No," in a small voice.

"It's all rot, this talk about affinities. There's always some poor devil left outside. But who can help loving Nora?" he repeated.

"Who indeed!"

"And there's not the least chance in the world for me."

"You never can tell until you put it to the test."

"Do you think I have a chance? Is it possible that Nora may care a little for me?" He turned his head toward her eagerly

"Who knows?" She wanted him to have it over with, to learn the truth that to Nora Harrigan he would never be more than an amiable comrade. He would then have none to turn to but her. What mattered it if her own heart ached so she might soothe the hurt in his? She laid a hand upon his shoulder, so lightly that he was only dimly conscious of the contact.

"It's a rummy old world. Here I've gone alone all these years . . ."

"Twenty-six!" smiling.

"Well, that's a long time. Never bothered my head about a woman. Selfish, perhaps. Had a good time, came and went as I pleased. And then I met Nora."

"Yes."

"If only she'd been stand-offish, like those other singers, why, I'd have been all right today. But she's such a good fellow! She treats us all alike; sings when we ask her to; always ready for a romp. Think of her making us all take the Kneipcure the other night! And we marched around the fountain singing 'Mary had a little lamb.' Barefooted in the grass! When a man marries he doesn't want a wife half so much as a good comrade; somebody to slap him on the back in the morning to hearten him up for the day's work; and to cuddle him up when he comes home tired, or disappointed, or unsuccessful. No matter what mood he's in. Is my English getting away from you?"

"No; I understand all you say." Her hand rested a trifle heavier upon his shoulder.

"Nora would be that kind of a wife. 'Honor, anger, valor, fire,' as Stevenson says. Hang the picture, what am I going to do with it?"

"'Honor, anger, valor, fire,'" Celeste repeated slowly. "Yes, that is Nora." A bitter little smile moved her lips as she recalled the happenings of the last two days. But no; he must find out for himself; he must meet the hurt from Nora, not from her. "How long, Abbott, have you known your friend Mr. Courtlandt?"

"Boys together," playing a light tattoo with his mahlstick.

"How old is he?"

"About thirty-two or three."

"He is very rich?"

"Oceans of money; throws it away, but not fast enough to get rid of it."

"He is what you say in English . . . wild?"

"Well," with mock gravity, "I shouldn't like to be the tiger that crossed his path. Wild; that's the word for it."

"You are laughing. Ah, I know! I should say dissipated."

"Courtlandt? Come, now, Celeste; does he look dissipated?"

"No-o."

"He drinks when he chooses, he flirts with a pretty woman when he chooses, he smokes the finest tobacco there is when he chooses; and he gives them all up when he chooses. He is like the seasons; he comes and he goes, and nobody can change his habits."

"He has had no affair?"

"Why, Courtlandt hasn't any heart. It's a mechanical device to keep his blood in circulation, that's all I am the most intimate friend he has, and yet I know no more than you how he lives and where he goes."

She let her hand fall from his shoulder. She was glad that he did not know.

"But look!" she cried in warning.

Abbott looked.

A woman was coming serenely down the path from the wooded promontory, a woman undeniably handsome in a cedar-tinted linen dress, exquisitely fashioned, with a touch of vivid scarlet on her hat and a most tantalizing flash of scarlet ankle It was Flora Desimone, fresh from her morning bath and a substantial breakfast. The errand that had brought her from Aix-les-Bains was confessedly a merciful one. But she possessed the dramatist's instinct to prolong a situation. Thus, to make her act of mercy seem infinitely larger than it was, she was determined first to cast the Apple of Discord into this charming corner of Eden. The Apple of Discord, as every man knows, is the only thing a woman can throw with any accuracy.

The artist snatched up his brushes, and ruined the painting forthwith, for all time. The foreground was, in his opinion, beyond redemption, so, with a savage humor, he rapidly limned in a score of impossible trees, turned midday into sunset, with a riot of colors which would have made the Chinese New Year in Canton a drab and sober event in comparison He hated Flora Desimone, as all Nora's adherents properly did, but with a hatred wholly reflective and adapted to Nora's moods.

"You have spoiled it!" cried Celeste. She had watched the picture grow, and to see it ruthlessly destroyed this way hurt her "How could you!"

"Worst I ever did." He began to change the whole effect, chuckling audibly as he worked. Sunset divided honors with moonlight. It was no longer incongruous; it was ridiculous He leaned back and laughed "I'm going to send it to L'Asino, and call it an afterthought"

"Give it to me."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Nonsense! I'm going to touch a match to it. I'll give you that picture with the lavender in bloom."

"I want this"

"But you cannot hang it."

"I want it"

"Well!" The more he learned about women the farther out of mental reach they seemed to go. Why on earth did she want this execrable daub? "You may have it; but all the same, I'm going to call an oculist and have him examine your eyes."

"Why, it is the Signorina Fournier!"

In preparing studiously to ignore Flora Desimone's presence they had forgotten all about her

"Good morning, signora," said Celeste in Italian

"And the Signore Abbott, the painter, also!" The Calabrian raised what she considered her most deadly weapon, her lorgnette.

"What is it?" asked Flora, squinting.

"It is a new style of the impressionist which I began this morning," soberly.

"It looks very natural," observed Flora.

"Natural!" Abbott dropped his mahlstick.

"It is Vesuv', is it not, on a cloudy day?"

This was too much for Abbott's gravity, and he laughed.

"It was not necessary to spoil a good picture . . . on my account," said Flora, closing the lorgnette with a snap.

"The signora is wrong. I did not spoil it on her account. It was past helping yesterday. But I shall, however, rechristen it Vesuvius, since it represents an eruption of temper."

Flora tapped the handle of her parasol with the lorgnette. It was distinctly a sign of approval. These Americans were never slow-witted. She swung the parasol to and fro, slowly, like a pendulum.

"It is too bad," she said, her glance roving over the white walls of the villa.

"It was irrevocably lost," Abbott declared.

"No, no; I do not mean the picture. I am thinking of La Toscana. Her voice was really superb; and to lose it entirely . . . !" She waved a sympathetic hand.

Abbott was about to rise up in vigorous protest. But fate itself chose to rebuke Flora From the window came—"Sai cos' ebbe cuore!"—sung as only Nora could sing it.

The ferrule of Flora Desimone's parasol bit deeply into the clover-turf.

* * * * * * * *

"Am I all right?" asked Harrigan.

Courtlandt nodded. "You look like a soldier in mufti, and more than that, like the gentleman that you naturally are," quite sincerely

The ex-gladiator blushed. "This is the reception-room. There's the ballroom right out there. The smoking-room is on the other side Now, how in the old Harry am I going to get across without killing some one?"

Courtlandt resisted the desire to laugh. "Supposing you let me pilot you over?"

"You're the referee. Ring the gong."

"Come on, then."

"What! While they are dancing?" backing away in dismay.

The other caught him by the arm. "Come on."

And in and out they went, hither and thither, now dodging, now pausing to let the swirl pass, until at length Harrigan found himself safe on shore, in the dim cool smoking-room

"I don't see how you did it," admiringly.

"I'll drop in every little while to see how you are getting on," volunteered Courtlandt. "You can sit by the door if you care to see them dance I'm off to see Mrs. Harrigan and tell her where you are. Here's a cigar"

Harrigan turned the cigar over and over in his fingers, all the while gazing at the young man's diminishing back. He sighed. That would make him the happiest man in the world. He examined the carnelian band encircling the six inches of evanescent happiness "What do you think of that!" he murmured. "Same brand the old boy used to smoke. And if he pays anything less than sixty apiece for 'em at wholesale, I'll eat this one."

He lighted his cigar, and gave himself up to the delights of it.

Courtlandt loomed in the doorway. "Comfortable?"

"Perfectly. Good cigar, comfortable chair, fine view"

Young men began to drift in and out. The air became heavy with smoke, the prevailing aroma being that of Turkish tobacco of which Harrigan was not at all fond. But his cigar was so good that he was determined not to stir until the coal began to tickle the end of his nose. Since Molly knew where he was there was no occasion to worry

Abbott came in, pulled a cigarette case out of his pocket, and impatiently struck a match His hands shook a little and the flare of the match revealed a pale and angry countenance.

"Hey, Abbott, here's a seat. Get your second wind"

"Thanks." Abbott dropped into the chair and smoked quickly. "Very stuffy out there. Too many."

"You look it. Having a good time?"

"Oh, fine!" There was a catch in the laugh which followed, but Harrigan's ear was not trained for these subtleties of sound. "How are you making out?"

"I'm getting acclimated Where's the colonel tonight? He ought to be around here somewhere"

"I left him a few moments ago"

"When you see him again, send him in. He's a live one, and I like to hear him talk."

"I'll go at once," crushing his cigarette in the Jeypore bowl.

"What's your hurry? You look like a man who has just lost his job"

"Been steering a German countess. She was wound up to turn only one way, and I am groggy. I'll send the colonel over By by"

"Now, what's stung the boy?"

Nora was enjoying herself famously The men hummed around her like bees around the sweetest rose. From time to time she saw Courtlandt hovering about the outskirts. She was glad he had come, the lepidopterist is latent or active in most women, to impale the butterfly, the moth, falls easily into the daily routine She was laughing and jesting with the men Her mother stood by, admiringly

This time Courtlandt gently pushed his way to Nora's side

"May I have a dance?" he asked

"You are too late," evenly She was becoming used to the sight of him, much to her amazement.

"I am sorry"

"Why, Nora, I didn't know that your card was filled!" said Mrs Harrigan. She had the maternal eye upon Courtlandt.

"Nevertheless," said Nora sweetly, "it is a fact."

"I am disconsolate," replied Courtlandt, who had approached for form's sake only, being fully prepared for a refusal "I have the unfortunate habit of turning up late," with a significance which only Nora understood

"So, those who are late must suffer the consequences."

"Supper?"

"The Barone rather than you."

The music began again, and Abbott whirled her away. She was dressed in Burmese taffeta, a rich orange. In the dark of her beautiful black hair there was the green luster of emeralds, an Indian-princess necklace of emeralds and pearls was looped around her dazzling white throat

Unconsciously Courtlandt sighed audibly, and Mrs. Harrigan heard this note of unrest.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs Harrigan.

"Flora Desimone's husband, the duke. He and Mr. Harrigan were having quite a conversation in the smoke room"

"What!" in consternation.

"They were getting along finely when I left them"

Mrs. Harrigan felt her heart sink. The duke and James together meant nothing short of a catastrophe; for James would not know whom he was addressing, and would make all manner of confidences. She knew something would happen if she let him out of her sight. He was eternally talking to strangers.

"Would you mind telling Mr. Harrigan that I wish to see him?"

"Not at all."

Nora stopped at the end of the ballroom. "Donald, let us go out into the garden. I want a breath of air Did you see her?"

"Couldn't help seeing her. It was the duke, I suppose. It appears that he is an old friend of the duchess. We'll go through the conservatory. It's a short-cut."

The night was full of moonshine; it danced upon the water; it fired the filigree tops of the solemn cypress; it laced the lawn with quivering shadows; and heavy hung the cloying perfume of the box-wood hedges.

"O bellissima notta!" she sang. "Is it not glorious?"

"Nora," said Abbott, leaning suddenly toward her.

"Don't say it, Donald; please don't. Don't waste your love on me. You are a good man, and I should not be worthy the name of woman if I did not feel proud and sad. I want you always as a friend; and if you decide that cannot be, I shall lose faith in everything. I have never had a brother, and in the two short years I have grown to look on you as one I am sorry. But if you will look back you will see that I never gave you any encouragement. I was never



"I Hate You and Detest You!"

more than your comrade. I have many faults, but I am not naturally a coquette I know my heart; I know it well"

"Is there another?" in despair.

"Once upon a time, Donald, there was There is nothing now but ashes. I am telling you this so that it will not be so hard for you to return to the old friendly footing You are a brave man. Any man is who takes his heart in his hand and offers it to a woman You are going to take my hand and promise to be my friend always."

"Ah, Nora!"

"You mustn't, Donald. I can't return to the ballroom with my eyes red. You will never know how a woman on the stage has to fight to earn her bread And that part is only a skirmish compared to the ceaseless war men wage against her She has only the fortifications of her wit and her presence of mind Was I not abducted in the heart of Paris? And but for the cowardice of the man, who knows what might have happened? If I have beauty, God gave it to me to wear, and wear it I will My father, the padre, you and the Barone, I would not trust any other men living. I am often unhappy, but I do not inflict this unhappiness on others Be you the same Be my friend, be brave and fight it out of your heart"

Quickly she drew his head toward her and lightly kissed the forehead. "There! Ah, Donald, I very much need a friend"

All right, Nora," bravely indeed, for the pain in his young heart cried out for the ends of the earth in which to hide "All right! I'm young, maybe I'll get over it in time Always count on me You wouldn't mind going back to the ballroom alone, would you? I've got an idea I'd like to smoke over it No, I'll take you to the end of the conservatory and come back I can't face the rest of them just now"

Nora had hoped against hope that it was only infatuation, but in the last few days she could not ignore the truth that he really loved her. She had thrown him and Celeste together in vain. Poor Celeste, poor lovely Celeste, who wore her heart upon her sleeve, patent to all eyes save Donald's! Thus, it was with defined purpose that she had lured him this night into the garden. She wanted to disillusion him

The baron, glooming in an obscure corner of the conservatory, saw them come in Abbott's brave young face deceived him. At the door Abbott smiled and bowed and returned to the garden. The Barone rose to follow him. He had taken but a step forward, when a tableau formed by the door, causing him to pause irresolutely

Nora was face to face at last with Flora Desimone.

"I wish to speak to you," said the Italian abruptly.

"Nothing you could possibly say would interest me," declared Nora, haughtily and made as if to pass

"Do not be too sure," insolently

Their voices were low, but they reached the ears of the Barone, who wished he was anywhere but here He moved silently behind the palms toward the exit

"Let me be frank. I hate you and detest you with all my heart," continued Flora "I have always hated you, with your supercilious airs, you, whose father "

"Don't you dare to say an ill word of him!" cried Nora, her Irish blood throwing hauteur to the winds "He is kind and brave and loyal, and I am proud of him Say what you will about me, it will not bother me in the least."

CHAPTER XIII.

Courtlandt Tells a Story.

The colonel and his guests at luncheon had listened to Courtlandt without sound or movement beyond the occasional rasp of feet shifting under the table. He had begun with the old familiar phrase—"I've got a story."

"Tell it," had been the instant request.

At the beginning the men had been leaning at various negligent angles—some with their elbows upon the table, some with their arms thrown across the backs of their chairs. The partridge had been excellent, the wine delicious, the tobacco irreproachable. Burma, the tinkle of bells in the temples, the strange pictures in the bazaars, long journeys over smooth and stormy seas; romance, moving and colorful, which began at Rangoon, had zig-zagged around the world, and ended in Berlin.

"And so," concluded the teller of the tale, "that is the story. This man was perfectly innocent of any wrong, a victim of malice on the one hand and of injustice on the other."

"Is that the end of the yarn?" asked the colonel.

"Who in life knows what the end of anything is? This is not a story out of a book." Courtlandt accepted a fresh cigar from the box which Rao passed to him, and dropped his dead weed into the ash-bowl.

"Has he given up?" asked Abbott, his voice strangely unfamiliar in his own ears.

"A man can struggle just so long against odds, then he wins or becomes broken. Women are not logical; generally they permit themselves to be guided by impulse rather than by reason. This man I am telling you about was proud; perhaps too proud. It is a shameful fact, but he ran away. True, he wrote letter after letter, but all these were returned unopened. Then he stopped."

"A woman would a good deal rather believe circumstantial evidence than not. Humph!" The colonel primed his pipe and relighted it. "She couldn't have been worth much."

"Worth much!" cried Abbott. "What do you imply by that?"

"No man will really give up a woman who is really worth while, that is, of course, admitting that your man, Courtlandt, is a man. Perhaps, though, it was his fault. He was not persistent enough, maybe a bit spineless. The fact that he gave up so quickly possibly convinced her that her impressions were correct. Why, I'd have followed her day in and day out, year after year, never would I have let up until I had proved to her that she had been wrong"

"The colonel is right," Abbott approved, never taking his eyes off Courtlandt, who was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the bread crumbs under his fingers

"And more, by hook or crook, I'd have dragged in the other woman by the hair and made her confess."

"I do not doubt it, colonel," responded Courtlandt, with a dry laugh. "And that would really have been the end of the story The heroine of this rambling tale would then have been absolutely certain of collusion between the two"

"That is like a woman," the Barone agreed, and he knew something about them "And where is this man now?"

"Here," said Courtlandt, pushing back his chair and rising. "I am he." He turned his back upon them and sought the garden.

Tableau!

"Dash me!" cried the colonel, who, being the least interested personally, was first to recover his speech.

The Barone drew in his breath sharply. Then he looked at Abbott.

"I suspected it," replied Abbott to the mute question Since the episode of last night his philosophical outlook had broadened He had lost Nora, but had come out of the agony of love refused to fuller manhood. As long as he lived he was certain that the petty affairs of the day were never again going to disturb him.

"Let him be," was the colonel's suggestion, adding a gesture in the direction of the casement door through which Courtlandt had gone. "He's as big a man as Nora is a woman. If he has returned with the determination of winning her, he will!"

They did not see Courtlandt again. After a few minutes of restless to-and-froing, he proceeded down to the landing, helped himself to the colonel's motor-boat, and returned to Bellaggio. At the hotel he asked for the duke, only to be told that the duke and madame had left that morning for Paris Courtlandt saw that he had permitted one great opportunity to slip past. He gave up the battle. One more good look at her, and he would go away. The odds had been too strong for him, and he knew that he was broken.

When the motor-boat came back, Abbott and the baron made use of it also. They crossed in silence, heavy-hearted.

On landing Abbott said "It is probable that I shall not see you again this year I am leaving tomorrow for Paris It's a great world, isn't it, where they toss us around like dice? Some throw sixes and others deuces And in this game you and I have lost two out of three"

"I shall return to Rome," replied the Barone 'My long leave of absence is near its end"

"What in the world can have happened?" demanded Nora, showing the two notes to Celeste 'Here's Donald going to Paris tomorrow and the Barone to Rome. They will bid us good-by at tea I don't understand Donald was to remain until we left for America, and the Barone's leave does not end until October."

"Tomorrow?" dim-eyed, Celeste returned the notes.

"Yes. You play the fourth ballade and I'll sing from Madame. It will be very lonesome without them." Nora gazed into the wall mirror and gave a pat or two to her hair.

When the men arrived, it was impressed on Nora's mind that never had she seen them so amiable toward each other. They were positively friendly. And why not? The test of the morning had proved each of them to his own individual satisfaction, and had done away with those stilted mannerisms that generally make rivals ridiculous in all eyes save their own. The revelation at luncheon had convinced them of the futility of things in general and of woman in particular. They were, without being aware of the fact, each a consolation to the other. The old adage that misery loves company was never more nicely typified.

If Celeste expected Nora to exhibit any signs of distress over the approaching departure, she was disappointed. In truth, Nora was secretly pleased to be rid of these two suitors, much as she liked them. The Barone had not yet proposed, and his sudden determination to return to Rome eliminated this disagreeable possibility. She was glad Abbott was going because she had hurt him without intention, and the sight of him was, in spite of her innocence, a constant reproach. Presently she would have her work, and there would be no time for loneliness.

The person who suffered keenest was Celeste. She was awake; the tender little dream was gone; and bravely she accepted the fact. Never her agile fingers stumbled, and she played remarkably well, from Beethoven, Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein, MacDowell. And Nora, perversely enough, sang from old light opera.

When the two men departed, Celeste went to her room and Nora out upon the terrace. It was after five. No one was about, so far as she could see. She stood enchanted over the transformation that was affecting the mountains and the lakes. How she loved the spot! How she would have liked to spend the rest of her days here! And how beautiful all the world was today!

She gave a frightened little scream. A strong pair of arms had encircled her. She started to cry out again, but the sound was muffled and blotted out by the pressure of a man's lips upon her own. She struggled violently, and suddenly was freed.

"If I were a man," she said, "you should die for that!"

"It was an opportunity not to be ignored," returned Courtlandt. "It is true that I was a fool to run away as I did, but my return has convinced me that I should have been as much a fool had I remained to tag you about, begging for an interview. I wrote you letters. You returned them unopened. You have condemned me without a hearing. So be it. You may consider that kiss the farewell appearance as dear to the operatic heart," bitterly.

He addressed most of this to the back of her head, for she was already walking toward the villa into which she disappeared with the proud air of some queen of tragedy. She was a capital actress.

A heavy hand fell upon Courtlandt's shoulder. He was irresistibly drawn right about face.

"Now, then, Mr. Courtlandt," said Harrigan, his eyes blue and cold as ice, "perhaps you will explain?"

With rage and despair in his heart, Courtlandt flung off the hand and answered: "I refuse!"

"Ah!" Harrigan stood off a few steps and ran his glance critically up and down this man of whom he had thought to make a friend. "You're a husky lad. There's one way out of this for you."

"So long as it does not necessitate any explanations," indifferently.

"In the bottom of one of Nora's trunks is a set of my old gloves. There will not be anyone up at the tennis court this time of day. If you are not a mean cuss, if you are not an ordinary low-down imitation of a man, you'll meet me up there inside of five minutes. If you can stand up in front of me for ten minutes, you need not make any explanations. On the other



"If You Can Stand Up in Front of Me for Ten Minutes You Need Make No Explanations."

hand, you'll hike out of here as fast as boats and trains can take you. And never come back."

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THE PLACE OF HONEYMOONS

Continued from second page.

"I am nearly twenty years younger than you, Mr. Harrigan."

"Oh, don't let that worry you any," with a truculent laugh.

"Very well. You will find me there. After all, you are her father."

"You bet I am!"

Harrigan stole into his daughter's room and soundlessly bored into the bottom of the trunk that contained the relics of past glory. As he pulled them forth, a folded oblong strip of parchment came out with them and fluttered to the floor; but he was too busily engaged to notice it, nor would he have bothered if he had. The bottom of the trunk was littered with old letters and programs and operatic scores. He wrapped the gloves in a newspaper and got away without being seen. He was as happy as a boy who had discovered an opening in the fence between him and the apple orchard. He was rather astonished to see Courtlandt kneeling in the clover patch, hunting for a four-leaf clover. It was patent that the young man was not troubled with nerves.

"Here!" he cried, brusquely, tossing over a pair of gloves. "If this method of settling the dispute isn't satisfactory, I'll accept your explanations."

For reply Courtlandt stood up and stripped to his undershirt. He drew on the gloves and laced them with the aid of his teeth. Then he kneaded them carefully. The two men eyed each other a little more respectfully than they had ever done before

"This single court is about as near as we can make it. The man who steps outside is whipped."

"I agree," said Courtlandt.

"No rounds with rests; until one or the other is outside. Clean breaks. That's about all. Now, put up your dukes and take a man's licking. I thought you were your father's son, but I guess you are like the rest of 'em, hunters of women."

Courtlandt laughed and stepped to the middle of the court. Harrigan did not waste any time He sent in a straight jab to the jaw, but Courtlandt blocked it neatly and countered with a hard one on Harrigan's ear, which began to swell.

"Fine!" growled Harrigan. "You know something about the game. It won't be as if I was walloping a baby" He sent a left to the body, but the right failed to reach his man.

For some time Harrigan jabbed and swung and uppercut; often he reached his opponent's body, but never his face It worried him a little to find that he could not stir Courtlandt more than two or three feet Courtlandt never followed up any advantage, thus making Harrigan force the fighting, which was rather to his liking. But presently it began to enter his mind convincingly that apart from the initial blow, the younger man was working wholly on the defensive As if he were afraid he might hurt him! This served to make the old fellow furious He bored in right and left, left and right, and Courtlandt gave way, step by step until he was so close to the line that he could see it from the corner of his eye This glance, swift as it was came near to being his undoing. Harrigan caught him with a terrible right on the jaw. It was a glancing blow, otherwise the fight would have ended then and there Instantly he lurched forward and clinched before the other could add the finishing touch.

The two pushed about, Harrigan fiercely striving to break the younger man's hold. He was beginning to breathe hard besides. A little longer, and his blows would lack the proper steam. Finally Courtlandt broke away of his own accord. His head buzzed a little, but aside from that he had recovered. Harrigan pursued his tactics and rushed. But this time there was an offensive return. Courtlandt became the aggressor. There was no withstanding him And Harrigan fairly saw the end; but with that indomitable pluck which had made him famous in the annals of the ring, he kept banging away. The swift, cruel jabs here and there upon his body began to tell. Oh, for a minute's rest and a piece of lemon on his parched tongue! Suddenly Courtlandt rushed him tigerishly, landing a jab which closed Harrigan's right eye Courtlandt dropped his hands, and stepped back. His glance traveled suggestively to Harrigan's feet He was outside the "ropes"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for losing my temper."

"What's the odds? I lost mine You win" Harrigan was a true sportsman. He had no excuses to offer He had dug the pit of humiliation with his own hands He recognized this as one of two facts The other was, that had Courtlandt extended himself, the battle would have lasted about one minute It was gall and wormwood, but there you were.

"And now, you ask for explanations. Ask your daughter to make them' Courtlandt pulled off the gloves and got into his clothes. "You may add, sir, that I shall never trouble her again with my unwelcome attentions I leave for Milan in the morning' Courtlandt left the field of victory without further comment

"Well, what do you think of that?" mused Harrigan, as he stooped over to gather up the gloves. 'Any one would say that he was the injured party. I'm in wrong on this deal somewhere I'll ask Miss Nora a question or two"

It was not so easy returning He ran into his wife He tried to dodge her, but without success

"James, where did you get that black eye?" tragically

"It's a daisy, ain't it, Molly?' pushing past her into Nora's room and closing the door after him

"Father'"

"That you, Nora?" blinking.

"Father, if you have been fighting with him, I'll never forgive you."

"Forget it, Nora. I wasn't fighting. I only thought I was."

He raised the lid of the trunk and cast in the gloves haphazard. And then he saw the paper which had fallen out. He picked up and squinted at it, for he could not see very well Nora was leaving the room in a temper.

"Going, Nora?"

"I am. And I advise you to have your dinner in your room."

Alone, he turned on the light. It never occurred to him that he might be prying into some of Nora's private correspondence. He unfolded the parchment and held it under the light. For a long time he stared at the writing, which was in English, at the date, at the names. Then he quietly refolded it and put it away for future use, immediate future use.

"This is a great world," he murmured, rubbing his ear tenderly.

CHAPTER XIV.

Journey's End.

Harrigan dined alone. He was in disgrace, he was sore, mentally as well as physically, and he ate his dinner without relish, in simple obedience to those well-regulated periods of hunger that assailed him three times a day, in spring, summer, autumn and winter. By the time the waiter had cleared away the dishes, Harrigan had a perfecto between his teeth (along with a certain matrimonial bit), and smoked as if he had wagered to finish the cigar in half the usual stretch. He then began to walk the floor, much after the fashion of a man who has the toothache, or the earache, which would be more to the point. To his direct mind no diplomacy was needed; all that was necessary was a few blunt questions. Nora could answer them as she chose. Nora, his baby, his little girl that used to run around barefooted and laugh when he applied the needed birch! How children grew up! And they never grew too old for the birch, they certainly never did.

They heard him from the drawing room, tramp, tramp, tramp.

"Let him be, Nora," said Mrs. Harrigan, wisely. "He is in a rage about something And your father is not the easiest man to approach when he's mad. If he fought Mr. Courtlandt, he believed he had some good reason for doing so"

"Mother, there are times when I believe you are afraid of father."

"I am always afraid of him It is only because I make believe I'm not that I can get him to do anything. It was dreadful. And Mr Courtlandt was such a gentleman. I could cry. But let your father be until tomorrow."

"And have him wandering about with that black eye? Something must be done for it. I'm not afraid of him"

"Sometimes I wish you were."

So Nora entered the lion's den fearlessly "Is there anything I can do for you, dad?"

"You can get the witch hazel and bathe this lamp of mine," grimly.

She ran into her own room and returned with the simpler devices for reducing a swollen eye. She did not notice, or pretended that she didn't, that he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. He sat down in a chair, under the light, and she went to work deftly.

"I've got some make-up, and tomorrow morning I'll paint it for you"

"You don't ask any questions," he said, with grimness.

"Would it relieve your eye any?" lightly.

He laughed "No; but it might relieve my mind."

"Well, then, why did you do so foolish a thing? At your age! Don't you know that you can't go on whipping every man you take a dislike to?"

"I haven't taken any dislike to Courtlandt But I saw him kiss you"

"I can take care of myself"

"Perhaps I asked him to explain. He refused One thing puzzled me, though I didn't know what it was at the time Now, when a fellow steals a kiss from a beautiful woman like you, Nora, I don't see why he should feel mad about it When he had all but knocked your daddy to by by, he said that you could explain.

Don't press so hard," warningly. "Well, can you?"

"Since you saw what he did, I do not see where explanations on my part are necessary"

"Nora, I've never caught you in a lie. I never want to When you were little you were the truthfullest thing I ever saw. No matter what kind of a licking was in store for you, you weren't afraid; you told the truth. . . There, that'll do. Put some cotton over it and bind it with a handkerchief It'll be black all right, but the swelling will go down. I can tell 'em a tennis ball hit me It was more like a cannon ball, though Say, Nora, you know I've always poohpoohed these amateurs. People used to say that there were dozens of men in New York in my prime who could have laid me cold I used to laugh Well, I guess they were right Courtlandt's got the stiffest kick I ever ran into. A pile driver, and if he had landed on my jaw, it would have been dormi bene as you say when you bid me good night in dago That's all right now until tomorrow. I want to talk to you. Draw up a chair. There! As I said, I've never caught you in a lie, but I find that you've been living a lie for two years You haven't been square to me, nor to your mother, nor to the chaps that came around and made love to you You probably didn't look at it that way, but there's the fact I'm not Paul Pry, but accidentally I came across this," taking the document from his pocket and handing it to her. "Read it. What's the answer?"

Nora's hands trembled.

"Takes you a long time to read it. Is it true?"

"Yes."

"And I went up to the tennis court with the intention of knocking his head off; and now I'm wondering why he didn't knock off mine. Nora, he's a man; and when you get through with this, I'm going down to the hotel and apologize."

"You will do nothing of the sort; not with that eye."

"All right. I was always worried for fear you'd hook up with some duke you'd have to support. Now, I want to know how this chap happens to be my son-in law. Make it brief, for I don't want to get tangled up more than is necessary."

Nora crackled the certificate in her fingers and stared unseeingly at it for some time "I met him first in Rangoon," she began slowly, without raising her eyes

"When you went around the world on your own?"

"Yes. Oh, don't worry I was always able to take care of myself."

"An Irish idea," answered Harrigan complacently

"I loved him, father, with all my



"I Beg Your Pardon, Mr. Harrigan, for Losing My Temper."

heart and soul He was not only big and strong and handsome, but he was kindly and tender and thoughtful. Why, I never knew that he was rich until after I had promised to be his wife. When I learned that he was the Edward Courtlandt who was always getting into the newspapers, I laughed There were stories about his escapades There were innuendoes regarding certain women, but I put them out of my mind as twaddle. Ah, never had I been so happy! In Berlin we went about like two children It was play. He brought me to the Opera and took me away, and we had the most charming little suppers I never wrote you or mother because I wished to surprise you"

"You have. Go on'

"I had never paid much attention to Flora Desimone, though I knew that she was jealous of my success. Several times I caught her looking at Edward in a way I did not like"

"She looked at him, huh?"

"It was the last performance of the season We were married that afternoon We did not want anyone to know about it I was not to leave the stage until the end of the following season We were staying at the same hotel with rooms across the corridor This was much against his wishes, but I prevailed."

"I see"

"Our rooms were opposite, as I said. After the performance that night I went to mine to complete the final packing. We were to leave at one for the Tyrol. Father, I saw Flora Desimone come out of his room"

Harrigan shut and opened his hands.

'Do you understand? I saw her She was laughing I did not see him My wedding night! She came from his room My heart stopped, the world stopped, everything went black All the stories that I had read and heard came back When he knocked at my door I refused to see him I never saw him again until that night in Paris when he forced his way into my apartment"

"Hang it, Nora, this doesn't sound like him!"

"I saw her"

"He wrote you?"

"I returned the letters, unopened"

'That wasn't square You might have been wrong"

"He wrote five letters After that he went to India, to Africa and back to India, where he seemed to find consolation enough"

Harrigan laid it to his lack of normal vision, but to his single optic there was anything but misery in her beautiful blue eyes True, they sparkled with tears, but that signified nothing, he hadn't been married these thirty-odd years without learning that a woman weeps for any of a thousand and one reasons.

"Do you care for him still?"

'Not a day passed during these many months that I did not vow I hated him.'

"Anyone else know?'

"The padre I had to tell some one or go mad But I didn't hate him I could no more put him out of my life than I could stop breathing Ah, I have been so miserable and unhappy'' She laid her head upon his knees and clumsily he stroked it. His girl!

"That's the trouble with us Irish, Nora. We jump without looking, without finding whether we're right or wrong. Well, your daddy's opinion is that you should have read his first letter. If it didn't ring right, why, you could have jumped the traces. I don't believe he did anything wrong at all. It isn't in the man's blood to do anything underboard."

"But I saw her," a queer look in her eyes as she glanced up at him.

"I don't care a kioodle if you did. Take it from me, it was a put-up job by that Calabrian woman. She might have gone to his room for any number of harmless things. But I think she was curious."

"Why didn't she come to me, if she wanted to ask questions?"

"I can see you answering them. She probably just wanted to know if you were married or not She might have been in love with him, and then she might not. These Italians don't know half the time what they're about, anyhow. But I don't believe it of Courtlandt. He doesn't line up that way. Besides, he's got eyes. You're a thousand times more attractive. He's no fool. Know what I think? As she was coming out she saw you at your door; and the devil in her got busy."

Nora rose, flung her arms around him and kissed him.

"Look out for that tin ear!"

"Oh, you great big, loyal, true-hearted man! Open that door and let me get out to the terrace. I want to sing, sing!"

"He said he was going to Milan in the morning"

She danced to the door and was gone.

"Nora!" he called, impatiently. He listened in vain for the sound of her return. "Well, I'll take the count when it comes to guessing what a woman's going to do. I'll go out and square up with the old girl. Wonder how this news will harness up with her social bug?"

Courtlandt got into his compartment at Varenna He had tipped the guard liberally not to open the door for any one else, unless the train was crowded As the shrill blast of the conductor's horn sounded the warning of "all aboard," the door opened and a heavily veiled woman got in hurriedly. The train began to move instantly. The guard slammed the door and latched it. Courtlandt sighed the futility of trusting these Italians, of trying to buy their loyalty! The woman was without any luggage whatever, not even the usual magazine. She was dressed in brown, her hat was brown, her veil, her gloves, her shoes. But whether she was young or old was beyond his deduction He opened his Corriere and held it before his eyes; but he found reading impossible The newspaper finally slipped from his hands to the floor, where it swayed and rustled unnoticed. He was staring at the promontory across Lecco, the green and restful hill, the little earthly paradise out of which he had been unjustly cast. He couldn't understand He had lived cleanly and decently, he had wronged no man or woman, nor himself And yet, through some evil twist of fate, he had lost all there was in life worth having The train lurched around a shoulder of the mountain He leaned against the window In a moment more the villa was gone

What was it? He felt irresistibly drawn Without intending to do so he turned and stared at the woman in brown Her hand went to the veil and swept it aside Nora was as full of romance as a child She could have stopped him before he made the boat, but she wanted to be alone with him

"Nora!"

She flung herself on her knees in front of him 'I am a wretch!' she said

He could only repeat her name

"I am not worth my salt Ah, why did you run away? Why did you not pursue me, importune me until I wearied? perhaps gladly? There were times when I would have opened my arms had you been the worst scoundrel in the world instead of the dearest lover, the patientest! Ah, can you forgive me?"

Forgive you, Nora?' He was numb

'I am a miserable wretch' I doubted you I' When all I had to do was to recall the way people misrepresented things I had done! I sent back your letters and read and re-



"I Am a Wretch," She Said.

read the old blue ones Don't you remember how you used to write them on blue paper? . . . Flora told me everything. It was only because she hated me, not that she cared anything about you She told me that night at the ball She was at the bottom of the abduction. When you kissed me . . . didn't you know that I kissed you back. Edward, I am a miserable wretch, but I shall follow you wherever you go, and I haven't even a vanity box in my handbag!" There were tears in her eyes. "Say that I am a wretch!"

He drew her up beside him. His arms closed around her so hungrily, so strongly, that she gasped a little. He looked into her eyes; his glance traveled here and there over her face, searching for the familiar dimple at one corner of her mouth.

"Nora!" he whispered.

"Kiss me!"

And then the train came to a stand, jerkily. They fell back against the cushions

"Lecco!" cried the guard through the window.

They laughed like children.

"I bribed him," she said gaily. "And now . . ."

"Yes, and now?" eagerly, if still bewildered.

"Let's go back!"

THE END.

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean thus avoiding serious complications.

A well known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

Too Commercial.

"Remember that this is a commercial age, said a colleague to Senator Sherman, in justification of the doubtful practices of a certain magnate.

"A little too commercial," Senator Sherman replied. 'Take the artist's experience.

"A picture dealer entered a well known artist s studio in Boston the other day and bargained for a large canvas—a landscape of meadowland and cattle When the price was agreed on and paid, the dealer took out his knife and, to the artist's horror, with one sweep of the blade, cut the canvas in two

"'There now,' said the dealer complacently I have two pictures, one of beautiful meadowland and a lake, the other of an interesting group of cattle I can get for each about what I paid you for the whole canvas Now just sign this half, too, please'"

Her Quest Ended.

An elderly lady from the country one day decided to adopt two children from the county orphan asylum

She walked several miles before reaching the car line. It was the first time she had been on a car She stared wide eyed at everything she saw, then her gaze stopped on a sign, she read thus

"The Ohio Traction company—Children under twelve years of age 3 cents, or two for 5 cents"

Well,' she said, "that is the best bargain ever" Calling the conductor she said 'Young man, I'll take two of those children for 5 cents right now, a boy and a girl please"—National Monthly

Woman Explorer of Arabia.

A Russian woman, Countess Molitor, has just started on an attempt to cross Arabia at its widest part from west to east, penetrating the Desert of Roba-el Khali This huge desert is absolutely blank on the maps, has never been entered by a European and is practically unknown even to the natives of adjoining parts of Arabia The countess proposes to dress as a Mohammedan and to become an [illegible]

Professional Sagacity

Dentist's Wife Why do you open the door of the patients room when I ring? Dentist Want to let the waiter know it isn't the patients.—Columbia Jester

If the power to do hard work is not talent it is the best possible substitute for it Garfield

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Christy Mathewson at Practice in California.



Photo by American Press Association.

Christy Mathewson, idol of the New York fans, is bound to get in another record breaking season in the big leagues. Last year the veteran was the most consistent winner in the National league, and he is now working out in the warm air of southern California in an endeavor to strike a winning stride at the season's opening.

Matty figures on thirty victories during the coming pennant chase and predicts another winning team for the Giants

Power Boat Races.

Preparations are being made for the southern championship speed boat races, which will be held over the Matanzas course at St. Augustine, Fla., during the first week of April. Secretary Hopkins already has a fine list of entries, including many of the fastest speed boats afloat, and a number of others are still to be heard from For the accommodation of the boats which have to be removed from the water in case of damage during a race work has begun on the erection of a suitable house just south of the Power Boat club. This structure will be built to accommodate at least six boats and will be fitted out with hoisting facilities to quickly handle the craft and lift them from the water

Princeton in Soccer League.

Princeton will compete in the Intercollegiate Soccer league in their spring series, according to the action taken by the executive committee of the Athletic association The Tigers have been making progress in this sport, and it is expected that with membership in the league even more interest will be shown Sixty men reported to Captain McMaster in the fall for the autumn season which resulted in seven victories, two defeats and one tie. Practice for the league series of games with Harvard, Haverford, Columbia, Cornell, Yale and Pennsylvania will commence this month The opening game will take place in March

Childs to Coach Indiana Eleven.

Clarence C Childs was chosen football coach at Indiana university to succeed James Sheldon, who resigned at the close of last season Mr Childs if he accepts will begin his duties Sept 1 next and will remain at the university during the entire school year Mr. Childs is a graduate of Yale 1912 and has a successful record as a football coach at Wooster university, Wooster, O He played guard and tackle on the Yale eleven and as a burdlet was a member of the American team that won the majority of the track events at the Olympic games in Stockholm in 1912 Mr Childs is twenty nine years old

Richards Can't Compete.

The faculty committee on student affairs at Cornell refuses to sanction Alma Richards participation in track athletics in any outside meet Richards, who captured first high jump honors in the Olympic games at Stockholm in 1912, has received many invitations to compete in games in New York city and elsewhere Richards is a freshman and will be allowed to compete only in meets in which Cornell's freshman team participates

Hard on Gavigan

Tommy Gavigan the American middleweight who has been fighting in Paris is disgusted with the place and will soon sail for home Tommy fought a French fighter a few weeks ago and after being forced to pay $125 for being two pounds overweight he lost the decision and also only received $125 for his end.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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10,000 TROOPS NOW IN VERA CRUZ

Funston, With Fifth Brigade, Takes Charge of City.

ANTI-HUERTA FEELING GROWS

Secret Circular Warning Against Him Is Distributed In Capital—Foreigners Allowed to Come and Go as They Please—Stores Reopen and Confidence Largely Restored.

Vera Cruz, April 28.—The four regiments of the Fifth brigade, under command of Brigadier General Funston, were landed at Vera Cruz.

The detachment of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers was ordered to land immediately on its arrival.

With the arrival of the troops under General Funston it is possible to marshal a force of 10,000 men in Vera Cruz in case of attack. It is believed, however, that the marines and bluejackets may be withdrawn and that the land operations may now be left to the army.

The territory guarded by the outposts under the command of Major Butler has been extended several miles, and trenches have been thrown up by the marines.

Machine guns have been mounted, but the infantry and artillery will now probably relieve the men from the ships in guarding the approach to the city.

Funston In Command Ashore.

General Funston is in supreme command ashore. Vera Cruz is now completely under martial law. The natives are rapidly being disarmed, and from the constant line of men, women and children reporting to turn over rifles, revolvers, stilettos and other weapons it is estimated that at least 20 per cent of the population was armed. Hereafter any one found bearing arms will be promptly court martialed.

Rear Admiral Fletcher received information which leads him to believe that all Americans in the City of Mexico will receive better treatment than had been heretofore thought probable. Fletcher believes another train of refugees will arrive here from the capital.

Commander Tweedy of the British warship Essex should arrive in the City of Mexico with dispatches from Admiral Cradock to Sir Lionel Carden, the British minister. The real object of Tweedy's trip is to learn exactly how Americans are being treated in the capital and also to communicate to Minister Carden the exact conditions in Vera Cruz, so that he may treat with Huerta and urge the speedy liberation of all Americans. Strong pressure is to be brought to bear on Huerta to permit Americans to leave the capital, as well as other interior towns, at will.

Communication with the City of Mexico by cable was restored, and the first word in sixty hours was received.

All reports indicate that for the present conditions have improved in the City of Mexico, and the danger of Americans being attacked and murdered has abated.

This does not mean that Americans are free from insults or that they may not be molested, however. Another toss of the dice might be against foreigners in the capital.

In addition to the pacific influence of the submission of mediation plans probably exercised in the City of Mexico, there is a strong undercurrent of opposition to the dictator in the capital, which, refugees arriving here declare, began to assert itself before they left.

Many In Capital Against Huerta.

There are hundreds of Mexicans in the capital who are still against Huerta. Of course the opposition is not shown openly, but the existence of this anti-government faction has been indicated in many ways. The most recent was the secret distribution of a circular warning Mexicans against being drawn to Huerta's support by the anti-American demonstrations and pointing out that the United States was warring on the dictator and not upon the Mexican people.

This circular read:

Don't let Huerta fool you. He is encouraging the mobs in hopes of bringing Mexicans under his banner. He is trying to make them believe he is the fatherland and that the United States is fighting Mexico. Such is not the case. The United States is not fighting Mexico and Mexicans, but Huerta. Huerta has seized our government and does not represent Mex-

The Strange Truth.

"Do you ever tell a lie to your wife?"

"Never, unless I am sure she won't believe the truth."—Detroit Free Press



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OFFICIAL LIST OF CASUALTIES

Americans Killed and Wounded In Tuesday's Fighting.

Washington, April 23.—The following official list of casualties at Vera Cruz was received at the navy department from Admiral Fletcher.

"Dead—J. F. Schumacher, coxswain; C. J. Poinsett, seaman; D. A. Haggarty, private; S. Martin, private.

"Seriously wounded—C. R. Harshberger, seaman; G. Draine, private; E. A. Gisburne, electrician; E. P. Peterson, private; P. N. Nickerson, boatswain's mate, second class; J. L. Kwapick, seaman.

"Wounded—N. Swartz, ordinary seaman; W. M. Davidson, private; J. McMillan, private; F. Nauz, ordinary seaman; R. Shoker, private; J. Copeland, seaman; V. J. Reed, private; W. A. Mangels, seaman.

"Other men slightly wounded were not reported."

YPIRANGA IS DOCKED.

United States In Possession of 15,000,000 Rounds of Ammunition.

Washington, April 23.—The German steamer Ypiranga was docked at Vera Cruz, and the United States forces are in possession of the 15,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 200 field guns consigned to Huerta.

The Ypiranga unloaded at the custom house, which the United States marines and bluejackets hold.

Official confirmation of this was sent to the navy department by Rear Admiral Fletcher.

CORN CONTEST

The County National Bank of Clearfield, Pennsylvania

For the purpose of encouraging the improvement of farm products and the soil on which they are grown this bank offers for the year 1914, the following prizes, to wit:

For the best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $50.00.

For the second best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $25.00.

For the third best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $15.00.

For the fourth best acre of corn grown by a boy or girl not more than twenty years of age, $10.00.

The contest is to be open to all residents of Clearfield county within the age named.

Contestants must register with the bank either in person or by letter not later than May 15, 1914. When and as contestants register the rules governing the contest will be made known to them.

The prizes will be awarded by 3 practical farmers, who shall be named as judges by the committee of the bank's directors, which has the matter in charge.

H. B. POWELL,
President.

April 20 1914.

Automobile Agent Clearfield district for moderate priced car. Mr. James, Dimeling Hotel. Apr. 22 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

Clearfield's Large General Store

Rain Coats
Men's and Ladies' Specials at . . . $1.00
Boy's Rain Coats, 8 to 12 years, . . . 2.75
Boy's Rain Coats, 12 to 18 years, . . . 3.00
Children's Rain Coats, ... 2.00

Ladies' House Dresses
Nice New Line of House Dresses at $1.00
Misses' and Children's Dresses, 50c, 98c, $1
Middy Blouses, . . . 79c, $1

Kleinerts Dress Shields
New Line Just Received
Prices, ... 10c to 50c
Ask to See The Gem Shield at . . 50c

Ladies' Neckwear
New Shipment, the Latest at Popular Prices. . . 25c up

Salt Fish
Lake Herring, . 8-lbs 75c, 10-lbs 90c, 15-lbs $1.20
Mackerel . . . 5c; Larger Size 2 for 25c

Musterole Will Not Blister
For Coughs and Colds in the Chest, Pneumonia, Asthma, Rheumatism, etc., in Jars . 25c and 50c

Turnips, Sweet Potatoes, Pine Apples, Cranberries, Spanish Onions, Texas Onions, Oranges, Bananas, Celery Lettuce, Cocoanuts, Grape Fruit.

ROSS & WOODS.

Seven Days in the Week.

No time lost on Sundays or Holidays, but instead interest runs on automatically when money is deposited in our Savings Department

We'll take the best of care of it after yau start to save. But you must make the start and the sooner you start the sooner you can put your money to work where it will work for you.

There is more to this but we would rather you would call and hear it personally.

Don't postpone your visit---come today.

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J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

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PHILADELPHIA
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ONE DAY ONLY
CLEARFIELD
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Special Office Hours
9 a. m. to 7 p. m.

MY SPECIAL OFFER
$1.00 GLASSES
This Visit Only

I will make you a fine pair of glasses, including Dammers' eye examination, clear crystal lenses, a 12-karat solid gold filled frame and an elegant leather case.

ALL FOR $1.00

Thirty days' trial of glasses allowed. Others charge as high as $3 to $5 for these same glasses.

EYE EXAMINATION

by the Dammers' Scientific method, without drops, without asking questions, without test cards or charts

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE

Don't fail to take advantage of this remarkable offer

SPECIAL NOTICE

Invisible Bifocals. Two pair in One. No Lines. No Cement. Last for Years. Regular Price, $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00

MY PRICE $5.00

Special ground Lenses at lowest prices.

Monthly Visits to Clearfield

OFFICES—238 Mutual Life Building, 1011 Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROGRESS -:- -:- -:- -:- SUCCESS

POLLACK'S BARGAIN STORE

306 Market St. G. L. NORRIS BLDG. Clearfield, Penn.

We wish to announce to the people of Clearfield and vicinity that this ad is not a special sale advertisement, such as you sometimes see, but to call your attention to the fact that Pollack's Bargain Store the goods are sold at Sale Prices all the time. Every day throughout the week, month and year, is a Bargain Day there. Pollack commenced business here with the express purpose of treating you right. He intends to stay here, his methods of retailing will appeal to every one of his present or expected customers, because any purchase not satisfactory, he will refund your money. What more can you ask.

A visit to his Bargain Store, chock full of New and Up-to-date Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, Ladies' Men's and Children's Shoes--for this is a brand new store--will convince the most particular, that it is the place to buy.

We will let you judge for yourself of the Great Saving Event by mentioning some Prices--not all of them--space will not permit us to enumerate all our Big Bargains.

Men's Shoes

Regular price			Sale price
$ 2.50	men's black shoes,	very dressy	$1.69
3.00	" "	"	1.95
4.00	Russia tan shoes	latest style	2.69
2.50	men's working shoes		1.79
3.00	" "	" extra heavy	1.90

Ladies' Shoes

$ 3.00	Ladies tan shoes		$ 1.95
3.00	"	gun metal	1.95
3.00	"	patent leather	1.95
3.00	"	vici kid, flexible sole	1.95
2.50	"	gun metal	1.79
2.00	"	very dressy shoe	1.48

Misses' Shoes

$ 2.00	Misses patent leather		$1.39
2.00	"	gun metal	1.39
1.75	"	dongola	1.25
1.50	"	gun metal	1.19
1.50	"	patent leather	1.19

Children's Shoes

$ 1.25	Children's dongola		98c
1.25	"	gun metal	98c
75c	"	patent leather kid top	60c
75c	"	tan	60c
75c	"	vici kid	55c
75c	"	tan	55c

Boys' Shoes

$ 2.00	Boy's black shoes		$ 1.49
2.00	"	tan "	1.49

A full assortment of Baby Shoes 8c and 21c a pair, all colors.

A full assortment of Men's working shirts worth 50c for 39c, all sizes.

Men's soft dress shirts worth 50c for 39c.

Men's extra fine dress shirts, $1.25 for 85c.

A large assortment of Men's linen collars 9c each.

Men's and Boys' black and tan belts worth 25c for 19c.

Men's suspenders worth 35c for 19; extra heavy, worth 50 for 23c.

Men's red, white and blue Handkerchiefs worth 5c, two for 5c.

Ladies black and tan Hosiery, 8c pair

Children's black and white stockings 8c pair.

Men's working Socks worth 10c pr. for 6c.

Men's dress Socks worth 10c pair for 8c.

Men's extra dressy Socks worth 25c for 13c pair.

Men's Summer Underwear worth $1.00 suit for 78c.

Men's SummerUnderwear worth 75c, as a bargain for 44c suit.

Men's Overalls, Railroaders specials,	69c
Men's Overalls, double knee,	69c
Men's Jackets, all sizes,	69c
Boys' Overalls	22c
Boys' Blouses	22c
Boys' Shirts	25c

A full assortment of Handbags and Valises worth from $1.00 to $3.00. for 79c to $1.98.

When you spend $2.00 be sure to ask for a FREE premium worth 50c.

Are you ready for these Bargains? Read the list over carefully and then follow the crowd for your square deal. Be sure to come and bring your fkiends to

Pollack's Bargain Store,

G. L. Norris Building 306 Market Street Clearfield, Penn.

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - $1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

The County National Bank

OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and th practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - -	$225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - -	865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - -	$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.

We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

TROOPS TO END COLORADO WAR

Ammons Proclaims Martial Law Over Entire State.

SEVEN KILLED IN BATTLE.

Guards Killed at Walsen—Two Men Dead and Two Persons Wounded, One a Woman, at McNally—Sheriff Reports That Fifty Troopers Are Outnumbered Ten to One.

Washington, April 29—Following a lengthy series of conferences, a general discussion in the cabinet and a conference between President Wilson and Secretary of War Garrison, the president ordered federal regular troops immediately to proceed to the strike zone and restore order

At the same time President Wilson prepared a proclamation, which was telegraphed to Colorado and will be published there immediately, calling upon all persons to lay down their arms and repair to their homes

Call For Volunteers.

Denver, April 29—Governor E M Ammons issued a call for volunteers for the state militia and simultaneously declared the whole state of Colorado under martial law The governor declares that "a state of insurrection exists" and he calls on all peace officers to arrest all persons found arming themselves and against the authorities. He also ordered 100 troops from Canon City to Boulder county to restore order there The soldiers left Canon City by special train

The governor said Sheriff Bustet and a force of deputies and mine guards are cornered in the Hecla mine and in danger of extermination.

The fighting at Walsenburg and the sending of troops to Boulder county have effectively shattered the armed truce which was declared last Friday

SEVEN DEAD IN WALSEN.

All the Dead Are Mine Guards—Troops Sent as Re-enforcements.

Walsenburg, Colo., April 29—Sheriff Jeff Farr reported that firing continued at the Walsen mine, near here, and that seven men had been killed All of the dead, he said, were mine guards Troops arrived and at once set out for the mine

Later Sheriff Farr reported that the fighting at the Walsen mine had grown more serious The fifty members of the state militia are outnumbered ten to one, and a clash between them and the strikers is expected No further fatalities were reported Fighting continued all night

Much uneasiness is felt here for the safety of the troops The troopers marched directly to the mine upon detraining here, each provided with 100 rounds of ammunition

The union officials had made no report to the sheriff of the fatalities on either side

NO AMERICANS HELD.

Brazilian Minister Says None Was Killed In Mexico City.

Washington, April 29—No Americans have been killed in Mexico City none is in danger and only one is under arrest, according to assurances to the state department from the Brazilian minister in that capital

The only man under arrest is held at Aguas Calientes under a judicial proceeding which is in no way connected with the anti-American demonstrations

The minister declared he had "full assurances" that all foreigners will be allowed to leave Mexico City and that arrangements were under way to get them out if they cared to go

THIS OLD TOWN WILL JUST HUM

Continued from First page.

Dozens of big attractions are writing in for these dates and a number will be contracted with and will be announced from time to time as they are signed up

Watch the newspapers and posters from now on and be prepared to enjoy a big day's sport and recreation

Watch the newspapers and posters from now on and be prepared to enjoy a big day's sport and recreation

The town will be beautifully decorated, the hospitable people of Clearfield will welcome all visitors, the hotel accommodations will be first class—as they always are—so, "Here's to the American Eagle' Loud may he ever scream"

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

TOO MANY CIHLDREN AT LARGE ON SABBATH

Attendance at Sunday School Not as Large as Should be

G A Brooks and wife, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs H C Walker

Solomon Jaffey is all smiles Cause—a bouncing baby girl at his house

The attendance at the Sunday schools in this place last Sunday shows only 268 present. This village has a population of more than 1200 people and by a little home missionary work among dilinquents it is possible to raise the attendance to 600 Our efforts should not be confined to getting new scholars on the roll, but strive to get the ones already enrolled to attend

Sunday, May 3, will be observed as Mother's day in the churches All turn out and make this day a record breaker in attendance and then continue it throughout the year

We have a few young ladies in this town who could get married if they would, and a whole lot who would if they could

Mrs. H O Barger transacted business in Clearfield Monday

D F Baird, who has been confined to the house for the past ten days with a bealing on his foot, is able to be arcund again

Rev. I J Duke, pastor of the United Brethren church, of Rockwood Pa, delivered an able sermon to a large congregation in the U B church of tis place Sunday evening

This town is at present without a barber shop, a drug store a nickelodeum and a cash grocery This is one of the best towns in Central Pennsylvania for the size, and any one looking for a location for either of the above businesses will do well to pay this place a visit before locating elsewhere

James Polkinghorn, who has charge of the Harbison-Walker Ref Co's operations at Marta, Pa, spentSunday with his family Mr Polkinghorn expects to move to Martha just as soon as he can find a desirable property to move into

H B Varner is receiving congratulations over the arrival of a new daughter at his home, Sunday evening

A day should be set aside in our village for "Clean Up Day" It is now the time of year to wage war on the onslaught of the fly and mosquito, besides a little redding up will add greatly to the appearance of your property, also it is essential to the good health of the community

George Cole and wife, of Punxsutawney, are visiting relatives and friends here this week

Miss Eva Wilson, who is employed at the silk mill in Clearfield spent Sunday with her parents

It you want to be progressive and be conversant with the happenings in town and county, subscribe for the Progress The obliging news agent, Master James Baird, will be pleased to deliver the paper to your door each night for the small sum of 25 cents per month, and your correspondent promises to give you the news "hot off the griddle" at least once a week

R D Pearce, of Clearfield, was in town Sunday evening 'Bob" is a hustling insurance agent, but there is something more attractive than prospects that lure him here so frequently

I N Conrad has purchased a Ford automobile He can manipulate the machine like an old timer

Advertise in the Progress

EXPECT CARRANZA AND VILLA TO CLASH

"Showdown" Comes as Rebel Leaders Meet Each Other.

El Paso, Tex April 29—The arrest of Villa by Carranza or the seizure and deposition of Carranza by Villa will not surprise those who have been following developments of the last few days in Constitutionalist circles

Villa has hurried south on a special train, taking with him a carload of ammunition supposed to have been smuggled across the border His destination was Chihuahua, where Carranza and several military lieutenants of Villa are reported to have been plotting the overthrow of the conqueror of Torreon. Villa although he gave no intimation of his plans before he left, is supposed to have gone to have "a showdown"

The difficulty has arisen over Carranza's announced disapproval of American interference in Mexico, that being directly counter to Villa's avowed attitude of friendliness toward the United States and approval of all steps taken thus far by President Wilson

Villa's ten day absence from the army, it is certain, has been taken advantage of by enemies in his own camp to stir up feeling against him Villa's troops, however, are intensely loyal to him personally, in the main

European Surgeons In Boston.

Boston April 29—European members of the International Surgical society concluded their visit to this city by attending additional clinics at several hospitals Numerous difficult operations were performed under their observation by Boston surgeons

Killed In Motor Upset.

Norwich Conn, April 29—John Blumley, thirty-five years old, was killed instantly and Dr Frank H Coles severely injured when the automobile in which they were driving skidded and turned over when descending a steep hill near here

Embassy Not United States Property.

Washington April 29—Should anti American demonstrations develop an attack on the American embassy in Mexico City the offenders will be injuring Mexican property and not American The United States does not own the embassy building in the Mexican capital, and its lease expires June 1 next

Representative Hardy asked congress to thank Captain Paul H Kreiboim officers and crew of the Kroonland, heroes of the Volturno disaster

Destroying Line to Vera Cruz.

Washington, April 29.—That the railroad between Vera Cruz and Mexico City was being rapidly destroyed by federals from Tejeria was reported in state department dispatches from Consul Canada on authority of a Vera Cruz refugee. He said the ties were being burned and the tracks loaded on cars

Drinks Coffee Fast; Dies.

Wallingford, Conn., April 29.—A cup of coffee swallowed in haste caused the death of Frank Boesi, aged forty-five, in a local lunch room. After drinking the coffee Boesi was seized with a choking spell and died in a few moments The medical examiner's verdict was death due to choking.

Keystone Carpet Cleaning Company

Is prepared to clean your CARPET and RUGS at the shortest possible notice

We have installed our new electric motor which gives the best of satisfaction.

All carpets called for and promptly returned, sweet and clean. Three cents per yard.

E. G. OGDEN, Mgr.
H. & C. Phone, Hillsdale.

Frederick's

WORLD'S LARGEST PIANO HOUSE

New Victor Records For May

Every one is Cordially Invited to our Store and Enjoy These **Wonderful Selections**



Come Whether you are an Owner of a **VICTROLA** or not. Here you may hear the greatest artists in the musical world.

Our Record Approval Service Will Interest You.

W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
Bell Phone 131-L
106 Third Street

Sugar, Coffee and [illegible] Cheaper

We are glad to announce a reduction on the above staple groceries. We can now sell
100 lbs Granulated Sugar $4.[illegible]
White House Coffee, lb for [illegible]
3 lbs for $1.00
Excelsior Coffee, 1 lb for [illegible]
3-lb can for 85c.
We reduced Alba Butter to [illegible]

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

IS FOR SALE BY THE FOLLOWING MERCHANTS IN CLEARFIELD AND VICINITY.

G. N. Ellenberger, ... Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.. .... Clearfield
J S Beahan..... Clearfield
McCloskey Bros., ... Clearfield
C. E. Shirey, ... Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland, ... Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,.... Clearfield
Sam Barone, ... Clearfield
A. P. Schnars,..... Hyde
Bickford Store Co., Curwensville
T. C. Hile,..... Curwensville
Harry Teats, ... Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son, Curwensville
G. M. Clute, ... Curwensville
C. F. Hays, ... Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son, Curwensville
W. A. Hipps, ... Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,..... Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,. Grampian
W. E. Derrick,. .... Grampian
A. McGrath, ... Grampian
H. P. Wrigleworth, .. Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld, ... Grampian
J. T. Pickles, ... Woodland
W. D Walker & Bro.,.. Bigler
Ed. Shaw,. ..... Shawville
C. P. Rowles, ... Olanta
D. B Hile, ... Lumber City
F B. Johnston, ... Curry Run

Geo. H. Lum
DUBOIS, PA.,
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.

Your Gardener

To produce the best results should be supplied with good tools. It matters not how good the seed may be if he does not thoroughly cultivate the soil you are "throwing good money to the birds." We have a line of

Garden Tools

All moderately priced and hard to beat. Shovels, hoes, spading forks, rakes, trowels, weeders, hand plows, barrows, mattocks, watering cans, pruning shears, etc.

And remember too that gardens and chickens do not mix well, i. e,—not well for the garden. So if you expect to get any "garden sass" it would be gaining a strategic point to throw a peaceable blockade around the chickens just now—and we have the material with which to do it -

Poultry Netting

Galvanized after weaving in both one and two inch mesh from one to six feet high. Cambria and Youngstown Poultry Fence, thirty-four to fifty-eight inches high. For the farm, barbed and smooth wire, hog and cattle woven fence.

Orders by telephone receive careful attenton .

Clearfield Hardware Company
125 MARKET STREET



Big Special Cut Price ON Coats and Suits Before Easter

Men's Suits		Ladie's Coats and Suits	
$ 8.50 Suits, only	$ 5.75	$ 8.00 Coat or Suit	$ 5.98
10.00 " "	7.25	10.00 " "	6.75
12.50 " "	9.00	12.50 " "	8.50
15.00 " "	11 00	15.00 " "	9.95
18.00 " "	13.25	16.50 " "	10.75
20.00 " "	15.00	18.00 " "	12.75
22.00 " "	16.50		
25.00 " "	18.50		

The Kirschbaum & Co. and Schloss Bros Clothes

Shoes, Oxfords, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats, Etc., For Easter.

All the newest shades and styles

New Waists, Shoes, Oxfords and Hosiery

Big reduction on all Hats in the Millinery Dept.

ROBINSON & CO.
CLEARFIELD CURWENSVILLE

Cost More—Worth Most

"Waverly" Oils and Gasolines

Gasolines—Illuminants—Lubricants—Wax—Specialties
Waverly Oil Works Co, Pittsburgh



April 15 to July 31

This is the Trout Fishing Season, the time in which it is lawful to catch the Speckled Beauties. We have the Tackle that will help get the big ones

DRY FLY FISHERMEN

We have the Genuine English Eyed Dri-Fly and the English Tapered Dri-Fly Leaders

Rods from 75c up
Silk Lines 15c up
Flies 1c up
Rod Cases 85c
Fly Books 25c to $4.50

Leaders from 5c to 50c
Baskets from 90c to $1.25
Landing Nets $1.25
Leader Boxes 25c
Everything for the Fisherman

HARDER'S GUN WORKS Clearfield, Penn'a.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published Every Day Except Sunday by the

The Progressive Publishing Co.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

Official organ of the Washington Party of Clearfield county.

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James H. Minds, Vice President.
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Harry A. Reed, Sec. and Gen. Mgr.
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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year	$3.00
Six Months	1.50
One Month	.25
Three Months	.75

Entered at the Post Office at Clearfield, Pa., as mail matter of the Second class.

Wednsday, April 29, 1914

COMING EVENTS.

Election of county superintendent of schools, May 5.
Primary election Tuesday, May 19.
General election Tuesday, Nov. 3.
Saturday, May 2, May Day at the Driving Park.

Good evening! Naturally you are taking advantage of these fine evenings to view the animated statuary on the street corners and in store doors.

MEDIATION.

Dictator Huerta has at last signified his willingness to accept the proposition that the dispute between President Wilson and himself shall be arbitrated. While this procedure is in operation war will not be declared by either country. There is a suspicion in many quarters that the offer of the Latin American states to bring about a peaceful termination of the disagreement was made with a view to preventing Huerta from receiving the chastisement he deserves and that in agreeing to permit a cessation of hostilities the United States has adopted a ruse that will result to her detriment in more ways than one.

There are few who believe that any beneficial result will follow the arbitration of the matter in dispute and that at the end the United States will find itself in the position of a big country being fooled by tricky nations who are combined to make things unpleasant for her. Members of congress do not look with favor up on the proposition which had been suggested by friends of Mexico, seeing in the scheme an attempt to bring discredit if not dishonor upon the United States. While the American government awaits the uncertain outcome of arbitration Huerta will undoubtedly take advantage of the armistice to strengthen his position.

THE CORN CLUB.

Clearfield county boys and girls should endeavor to prove that as good corn can be grown on the farms of this county as in any other part of the state. The opportunity to do this is given by the County National bank, which, in order to encourage agriculture in Clearfield county and not for its own aggrandizement, offers prizes aggregating one hundred dollars for the four best acres of corn grown by boys or girls, residents of the county.

The boys and girls should get busy The weather at present is good corn growing weather, and in a week or two the seeds should be planted. The prizes offered are of themselves sufficient value to cause the boys and girls to make an effort to grow big corn, while the fact that in growing this corn the children will be learning something which will be of incalculable value to them in after y rs should by no means be overlooked.

SWAT THE FLY.

It ought not to occupy more than an hour of your time in reading abou the Mexican situation, and by the time you have read that President Wilson is still watching and waiting while American citizens are slain in that country your anger may have reached such a pitch as to cause you to be ready to kill anything in sight. Then would be an excellent opportunity to display your ability as a warrior by swatting every fly within sight.

The fly that is now to be seen will multiply into millions by the end of the summer unless it is swatted. And while you are swatting the flies remember that there would be a less number of flies to swat if your and your neighbors' back yards were in a sanitary condition. Clean up your own premises and if your neighbor does not follow suit report his case to the board of health. Clearfield should be a flyless as well as a spotless town this summer.

Some of Clearfield's would-be warriors mourn because they are forced to remain at home to beat the carpets. Uncle Sam should not go to war in housecleaning season.

The male population should be prepared for almost anything in feminine fashions this winter. The tyrants of fashion have been living on Welsh rarebits all winter.

editorial .,.... ... .,... ... ,"" ""—

Doesn't matter much how you pronounce Huerta's name—but don't give voice to your thoughts of him before the children.

After much meditation Huerta has decided to accept mediation.

With General Funston in Mexico there is something sure to happen.

APRIL A WAR MONTH.

Of the nineteen wars in which the United States has engaged, ten have been declared in the month of April, as follows:

April, 1775—War of the Revolution.
April, 1831—Black Hawk Indian war.
April, 1836—Cherokee removal war.
April, 1846—War with Mexico.
April, 1849.—Apache, Navajo and Utah war.
April, 1850—Seminole Indian war.
April, 1861—Civil war.
April, 1898—Spanish-American war.
April, 1899—Philippine insurrection.
April, 1914.—Mexican disturbance.

PERSONAL MENTION

John W. Bailey, of DuBois, is one of the delegates to the big Shriner convention at Atlanta, Ga., May 13 and 14.

Mrs. Al Tompkins and two children, of Madera, are the guests of Miss Maggie O'Rourke, on Second street .

Mrs .Mitchell Graffius and son, Ray, of Woodland, were visitors to Clearfield yesterday.

Mrs. Pearl Mentzer, of Pittsburgh, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hannah Hipler of Fourth street.

Hon. Frank G. Harris is confined to his home on Fourth avenue, suffering from grip.

J. W. Reed, editor of the Houtzdale Citizen, stopped off here several hours yesterday. Mr. Reed was on his way to northern Michigan, where he will pay a visit to a brother.

Alfred Graham and William Kurtz, two well known West Market street residents, are on the sick list. The former's illness is caused by acute indigestion and Mr. Kurtz's trouble is said to be blood poison.

Mrs. Fred B. Kerr has returned from a visit to New York city and Atlantic City.

Mrs. W. A. Porter and children, who came here to bury the husband and father have returned to their home in Charleston, W. Va.

Mrs .S. A. Gaylor, of Jeannette,Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. V. Brown on Pine street.

Miss Pearl Moore, of Clearfield, and Miss Daisy Hegarty, of Madera, were guests of DuBois friends this week.

James Collins, of Punxsutawney, visited friends in this place this week.

J. E. Fry, of Penfield, had business in town yesterday.

J. H. Shafer, of DuBois, was at the county seat yesterday.

J. B. Beausinger, of Leconts Mills, was stopping at the Dimeling yesterday .

Harry Fred Bigler and William Wrigley have returned from a visit of several days in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Roland D. Swoope entertained a party of ladies from Clearfield and Curwensville at her home in Curwensville yesterday.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Gus Smith, of Springs Pa., and Beulah Hulliton, of Mahaffey.

Clyde Gawley, of Punxsutawney,and Ivie Smith of Irvona.

Walko Berezansky and Italia Trukan, both of Smoke Run.

LOST: a bunch of keys. Finder will please report same to Progress office.

GEN. FUNSTON'S FEATS IN WAR

Captured Aguinaldo Almost Single Handed.

WON HIM A BRIGADIERSHIP.

Leader of Fifth Brigade Into Mexico Entered Army in 1901—Wounded Ten Times In Battle—Such a Factor In Cuban Troubles That "Butcher" Weyler Set Price Upon His Head.

Fighting Fred Funston, who has been ordered to lead the first advance of the army to Vera Cruz, is the senior brigadier general of the American army, although he is now only forty-nine years old and did not enter the regular army until 1901. He came into the regular establishment with the rank he now holds, his commission having been given by President McKinley in appreciation of his remarkable feat in capturing almost single handed, Emilio Aguinaldo, the Filipino insurrecto leader.

Funston had been in the volunteer service from the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, when he recruited the Twentieth Kansas among the same kind of men forming the backbone of the rough riders. Before he engaged in the enterprise he had been for about two years a soldier in the Cuban army of liberation, and so big a factor was he in the warfare that "Butcher" Weyler, the Spanish generalissimo, set a price upon his head.

Daring Explorer and Soldier.

Funston is a product of the University of Kansas. After his student days he became a newspaper man, then entered the service of the United States department of agriculture and was sent to Alaska to study the flora. He showed the stuff of which he is made by floating down the Yukon alone in a canoe in 1893.

He was wounded ten times in battle. During his Cuban experience he took part in twenty-three engagements, and he kept that pace after entering the American volunteers. Once he was arrested in Cuba by Spaniards as he was trying to reach the seacoast. He represented himself as a deserter from the patriot army, having swallowed his passport, which indicated his rank. He was condemned to death, but eventually was liberated and got back to this country.

His Kansas regiment was assigned to Philippine duty, and on his way he met and married his present wife in San Francisco. He joined General Merritt before Manila, which he aided in reducing. Leading the pursuit of Aguinaldo in April, 1899, he came to the Muriac river, on the other side of which was a considerable force of the enemy. The bridge had been destroyed, but Funston, with twenty of the many men who volunteered, swam the river, drove the hostiles back and took eighty prisoners.

As "Prisoner," Took Aguinaldo.

A few days later he crossed the Rio Grande at Calumpit on a raft and drove the enemy, 2,500 strong, from an intrenched position. This feat won his brigadiership of volunteers.

It was in 1901 that he made his big mark. From his hiding place in the province of Isabella, Aguinaldo had called the insurgents to rendezvous near his headquarters. Funston captured the messenger who carried this command. He and several comrades made their way through the thick of a hostile country with eighty Macabebes, who passed as insurgent Tagalogs who had captured the Americans. Word was sent to Aguinaldo, and orders were given for the prisoners to be brought to him.

Before the strategy was suspected Funston had entered the rebel's house and taken him prisoner. That act broke the neck of the insurrection, and peace negotiations were at once begun.

Funston is a little man, with a limp, a memento of several wounds. He possesses a bubbling sense of humor.

SPECIAL SERVICE SHIPS.

Winslow's Command Recalls Schley's Famous "Flying Squadron."

The creation of the special service squadron for operations in Mexican waters recalls to naval veterans the assembly of the famous "flying squadron," under the command of the late Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, in the early days of the Spanish war. In the present instance the special service squadron is made up of most incongruous elements, ranging from the most powerful battleships in the world to the tiniest gunboats.

This squadron, starting with sixteen vessels and likely to be augmented to twoscore, will be serviceable for blockading purposes, and the smaller craft will be particularly useful for inshore work.

Rear Admiral Cameron McRae Winslow, commander of the squadron, is a nephew of the Winslow who commanded the famous old Kearsarge in her battle with the Alabama. In the Spanish war Rear Admiral Winslow, then a lieutenant, cut the telegraph cable near Santiago, Cuba, and was wounded in the hand. The cable cutting work was done from a small boat commanded by Lieutenant Winslow. Although himself wounded and the boat was subjected to a hot fire from the Spanish riflemen ashore. Winslow kept at the work until the cable had been grappled, hauled across the bow of the boat and a piece cut out of it.

Doctors Endorse

If we did not believe doctors endorsed *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* for coughs and colds, we would not offer it to you.

Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONGRESS.

Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 24, 1914.

I hereby announce as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Representative in Congress from the Twenty-first district. Your vote and influence respectfully solicited. Primary election Tuesday, May 19th.

WM. E. TOBIAS,
Clearfield, Pa.

For Congress—

CHARLES H. ROWLAND,
of Philipsburg,

announces his candidacy for nomination for congress in the 21st district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the district.

STATE SENATOR.

For State Senator—

A. S. MOULTHROP,
of DuBois Borough.,

subject to the decision of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held May 19,1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition Party of Clearfield county.)

I stand for and will support state prohibition, or any local option measure that offers relief to state, county, or smaller units.

I stand for and will support woman suffrage.

I stand for and will support a compensation bill, also a child labor bill

I am against Penrose first, last and all the time, and will seek by every honorable method to prevent his nomination and election.

ASSEMBLY.

For Assembly.—

G. H. PLANTEN,
of Westover Borough,

subject to the action of the Washington Party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

(Endorsed by the Prohibition party of Clearfield county.)

For Assembly—

A. G. WOODWARD,
of Curwensville Borough.

subject to the will of the Washington Party voters at the primaries May 19, 1914.

I will work and vote for those laws that will bring credit and honor to our State as advanced in the State platform of the Washington Party at the Harrisburg conference.

For local option first, last and all the time .

For Assembly—

EDWARD LIPPART,
of Lawrence township,

subject to the decision of the Washington party voters at the primary election to be held Tuesday, May 19, 1914.

J. G. MAINS
AUCTIONEER
R. F. D. No. 1, Woodland, Pa.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

SUMMER NORMAL
WILL BE CONDUCTED AT
Curwensville, Penn.

Special attention given to TEACHERS and those preparing to teach.

40 DAY TERM 40
Beginning May 5. Tuition $8

G. R. ZIEGENFUSS
L. J. GILLILAND

Geo. W. Johnson

Sanitary Plumbing, Tinning, Heating and Ventilating.

GIVE US A CALL

28 S. SECOND ST.,
CLEARFIELD, - PENN'A

The Whip of Interest Drives the Reader On



"PUT DOWN THAT WHIP, FATHER, OR I'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU!"

In "The Story of Waitstill Baxter"

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN,
Author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

It Will Be Our Next Serial

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTS

Eggs for Hatching.

Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Silver Wyandottes, 50 cts per setting. B. O. Williams, 605 Hannah street. H. & C. phone. April 1, tf.

Dressmaking.

For all kinds of dressmaking and ladies tailoring, call 416 E. Market street. Apr. 4, 1mo.

Awnings for sale and put up. Lee Hess, 17 S. 4th St. H. & C. phone 225. Mar. 31. tf.

Eggs For Hatching.

Kellerstrass, Crystal White Orpington. $1 for 15. Mrs. Amos Hess, 801 Third street, H. & C. 'Phone. April 29 6t.

Wood For Sale—Sawed to stove length. Apply to Witmer Steel Co., or C. L. Rishel, drayman. Apr. 14 tf.

FOR SALE—1913 four cylinder Hudson touring car, fully equipped cheap to quick byer. Address M., Progress office. Apr. 17 tf.

Let us demonstrate to you what our cleaner will do. No grease or other injurious ingredients used. Clearfield Sanitary Cleaning and Decorating company, No. 8, 4th St.

FOUND—String of rosary beads. Owner call at 434 Spruce.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS — Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving free pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1528Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Automobile agent—Clearfield territory for car selling for about $1200, fully equipped. A high grade car selling at a moderate price. Answer immediately. Address M., Progress office Apr. 17 tf.

Saturday, May 2, is May Day. Come to the Park and enjoy the May Fete.

Junior Chautauqua.

There will be a meeting of the Junior Chautauqua club Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock sharp. All the children are requested to be there. Apr. 28 2t.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



SUGAR BOWL
Ice Cream Factory

Pure Ice Cream and Ices
Delivered All Over town
Ask For Prices.
Wholesale and Retail. Market St.



A Residence Awning
Good Material and First Class Workmanship for
$2.35
Complete
Call on or Phone
A. LEA HESS,
17 S. Fourth Street

Get the Best...
Mother's Bread
Has no Superior. Few Equals.
CITY BAKERY
NO. 18 THIRD ST.
Clearfield, Penn'a.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
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